WINNOWED SONGS

FOR Sunday Schools

BY IRA D. SANKEY

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WINNOWED SONGS

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Edited and Compiled by

IRA D. SANKEY.

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PREFACE.

IN WINNOWED SONGS for Sunday Schools, may be found a number of *new* Hymns and Tunes never before published, together with a choice selection of the most useful and popular pieces to be found in the whole range of Sunday School Hymnody.

While we might have filled every page of this volume with the most classical music of foreign composers, and secured thereby for the book a very limited use and circulation, yet we have not felt called upon to do so. We have, however, retained a number of the most useful and practical of this class of tunes by such composers as DYKES, HOPKINS, SULLIVAN, BARNBY, HAYNE and others, but a large majority of the hymns and tunes are by our own American authors, whose "Gospel Songs" are now being sung around the world in every land where the gospel is proclaimed or the name of JESUS known.

This book has been compiled especially for Sunday Schools, largely from the same sources of Sacred Song which gave to the world the popular collection known as "Gospel Hymns."

We invite a careful examination of every page of WINNOWED SONGS, believing that the pieces will sing their way into the hearts of the children wherever used.

We desire to express our thanks to the large number of authors and composers whose names are found in this collection, for kind permission granted to use copyright pieces. Special thanks are due to HUBERT P. MAIN for valuable assistance in the preparation of this work.

IRA D. SANKEY.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

WINNOWED SONGS

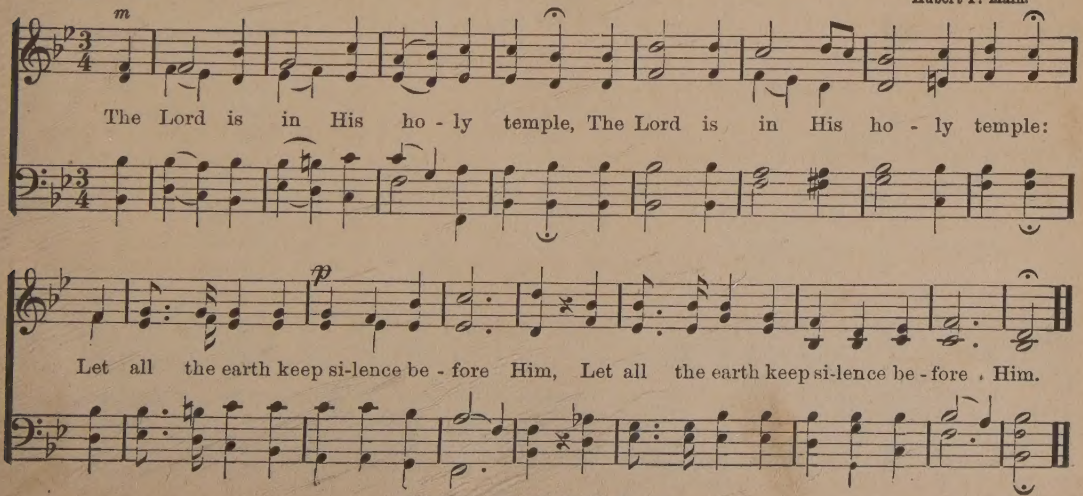
FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Lord is in His Holy Temple.

Hab. 2: 20.

Hubert P. Main.


m
The Lord is in His ho - ly temple, The Lord is in His ho - ly temple:
pp
Let all the earth keep si-lence be - fore Him, Let all the earth keep si-lence be - fore Him.

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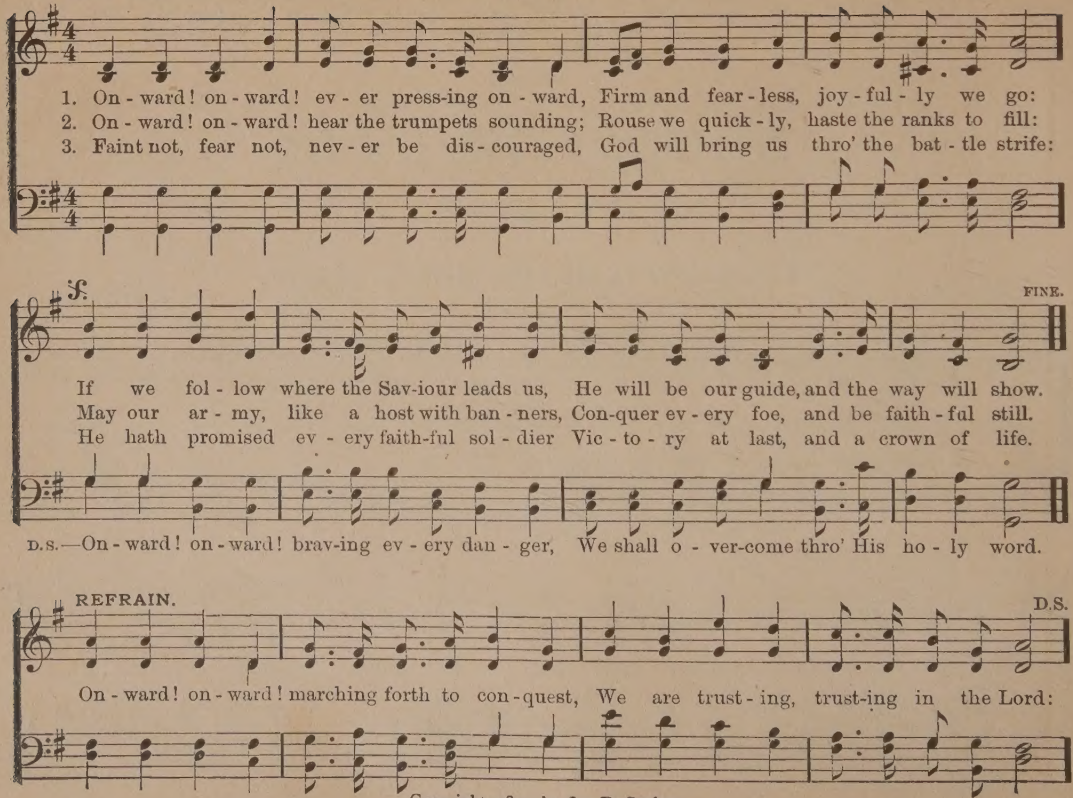
Onward, Pressing Onward.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.


1. On - ward! on - ward! ev - er press-ing on - ward, Firm and fear - less, joy - ful - ly we go:
2. On - ward! on - ward! hear the trumpets sounding; Rouse we quick - ly, haste the ranks to fill:
3. Faint not, fear not, nev - er be dis - couraged, God will bring us thro' the bat - tle strife:
If we fol - low where the Sav-iour leads us, He will be our guide, and the way will show.
May our ar - my, like a host with ban - ners, Con-quer ev - ery foe, and be faith - ful still.
He hath promised ev - ery faith-ful sol - dier Vic - to - ry at last, and a crown of life.
D.S.—On - ward! on - ward! brav-ing ev - ery dan - ger, We shall o - ver-come thro' His ho - ly word.
REFRAIN.
On - ward! on - ward! marching forth to con - quest, We are trust - ing, trust-ing in the Lord:

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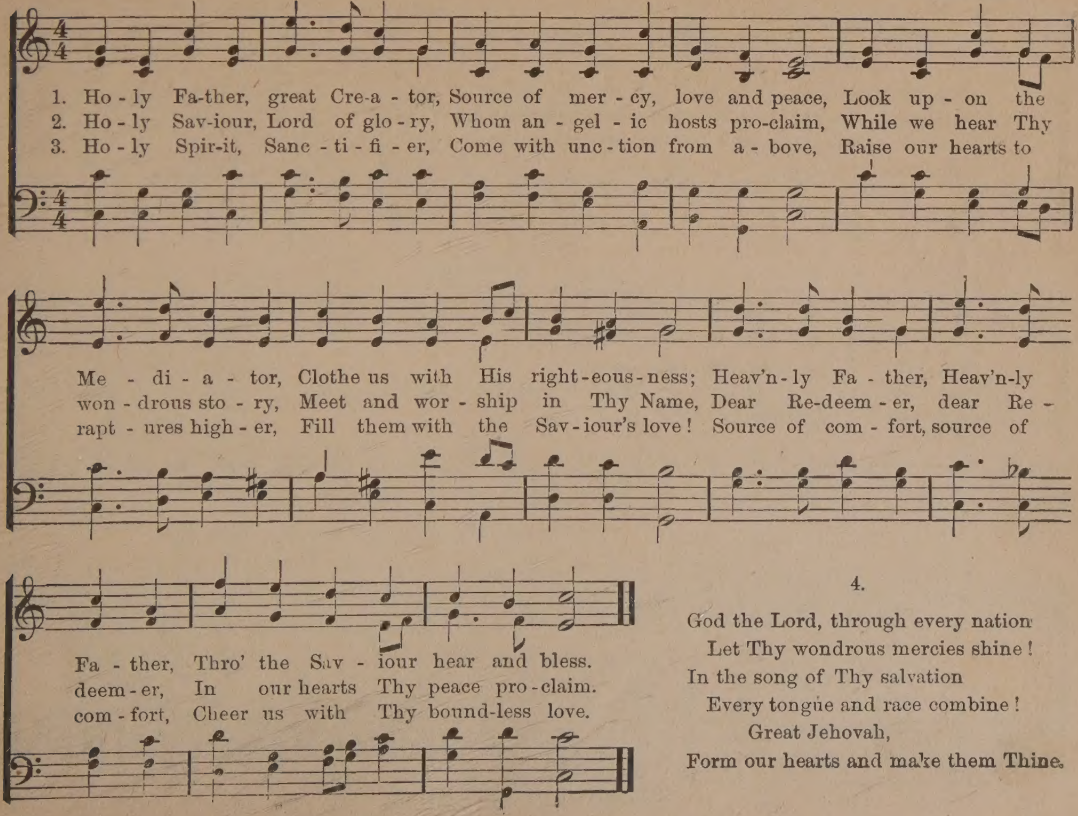
Holy Father, Great Creator.

Rev. A. V. Griswold. Henry Smart.


1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, great Cre-a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love and peace, Look up - on the
2. Ho - ly Sav-iour, Lord of glo - ry, Whom an - gel - ic hosts pro-claim, While we hear Thy
3. Ho - ly Spir-it, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Come with unc - tion from a - bove, Raise our hearts to
Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His right-eous-ness; Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Heav'n-ly
won - drous sto - ry, Meet and wor - ship in Thy Name, Dear Re-deem - er, dear Re -
rapt - ures high - er, Fill them with the Sav - iour's love! Source of com - fort, source of
Fa - ther, Thro' the Sav - iour hear and bless.
deem - er, In our hearts Thy peace pro - claim.
com - fort, Cheer us with Thy bound-less love.

4.

God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

Hide Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place; Rest - ing there beneath Thy
2. Hide me when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea; Like a dove on o - cean's
3. Hide me when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe; When in tears I seek the
REFRAIN.
glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
com - fort Thou can sta-lone be - stow.
Hide me, hide me, O bless - ed
Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me;
Sa - viour, hide me; O Sav-iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O, my Sav - iour, keep Thou me,

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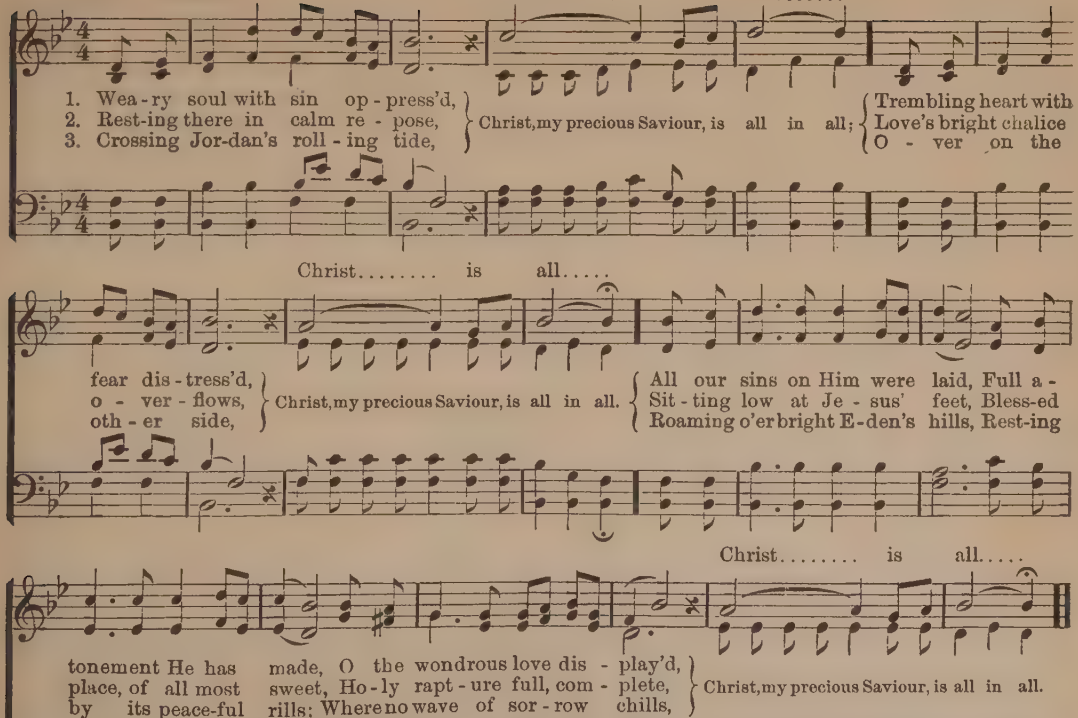
Christ is All.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.


Christ..... is all.....
1. Wea-ry soul with sin op-press'd,
2. Rest-ing there in calm re-pose,
3. Crossing Jor-dan's roll-ing tide,
Christ, my precious Saviour, is all in all;
Trembling heart with
Love's bright chalice
O-ver on the
Christ..... is all.....
fear dis-tress'd,
o-ver flows,
oth-er side,
Christ, my precious Saviour, is all in all.
All our sins on Him were laid, Full a-
Sit-ting low at Je-sus' feet, Bless-ed
Roaming o'er bright E-den's hills, Rest-ing
Christ..... is all.....
tonement He has made, O the wondrous love dis-play'd,
place, of all most sweet, Ho-ly rapt-ure full, com-plete,
by its peace-ful rills; Where no wave of sor-row chills,
Christ, my precious Saviour, is all in all.

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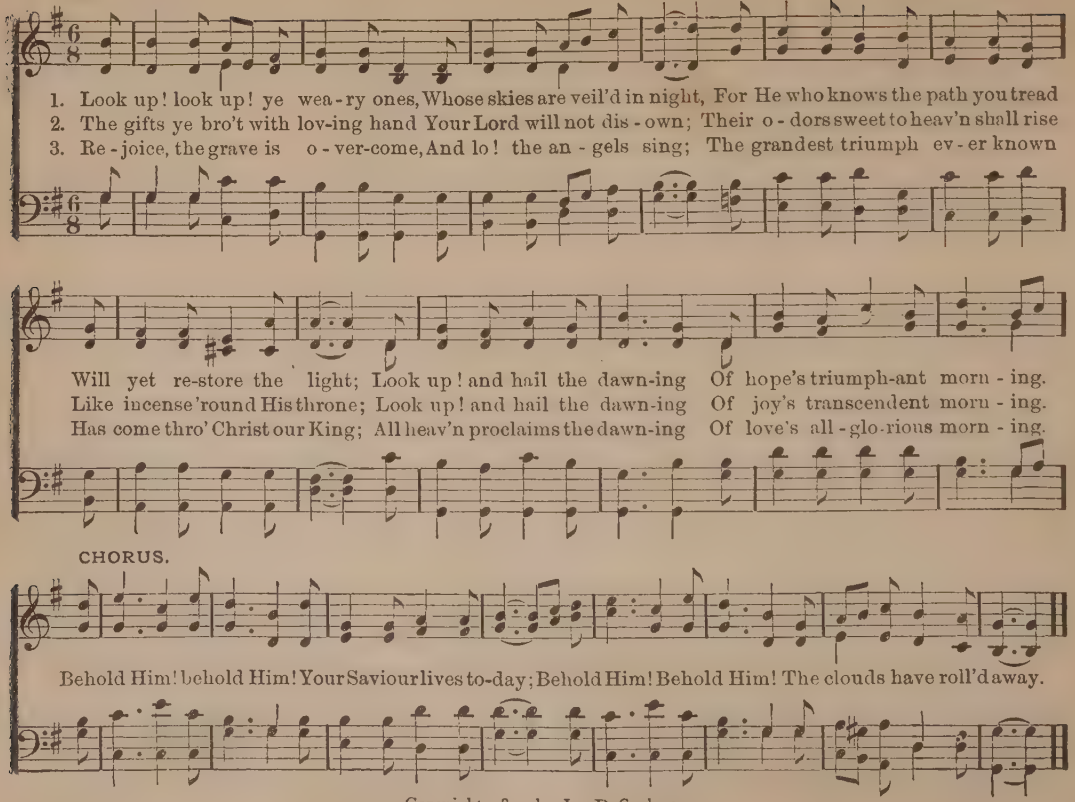
Behold Him! Behold Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Look up! look up! ye wea-ry ones, Whose skies are veil'd in night, For He who knows the path you tread
2. The gifts ye bro't with lov-ing hand Your Lord will not dis-own; Their o-dors sweet to heav'n shall rise
3. Re-joice, the grave is o-ver-come, And lo! the an-gels sing; The grandest triumph ev-er known
Will yet re-store the light; Look up! and hail the dawn-ing Of hope's triumph-ant morn-ing.
Like incense 'round His throne; Look up! and hail the dawn-ing Of joy's transcendent morn-ing.
Has come thro' Christ our King; All heav'n proclaims the dawn-ing Of love's all-glo-rious morn-ing.
CHORUS.
Behold Him! behold Him! Your Saviour lives to-day; Behold Him! Behold Him! The clouds have roll'd away.

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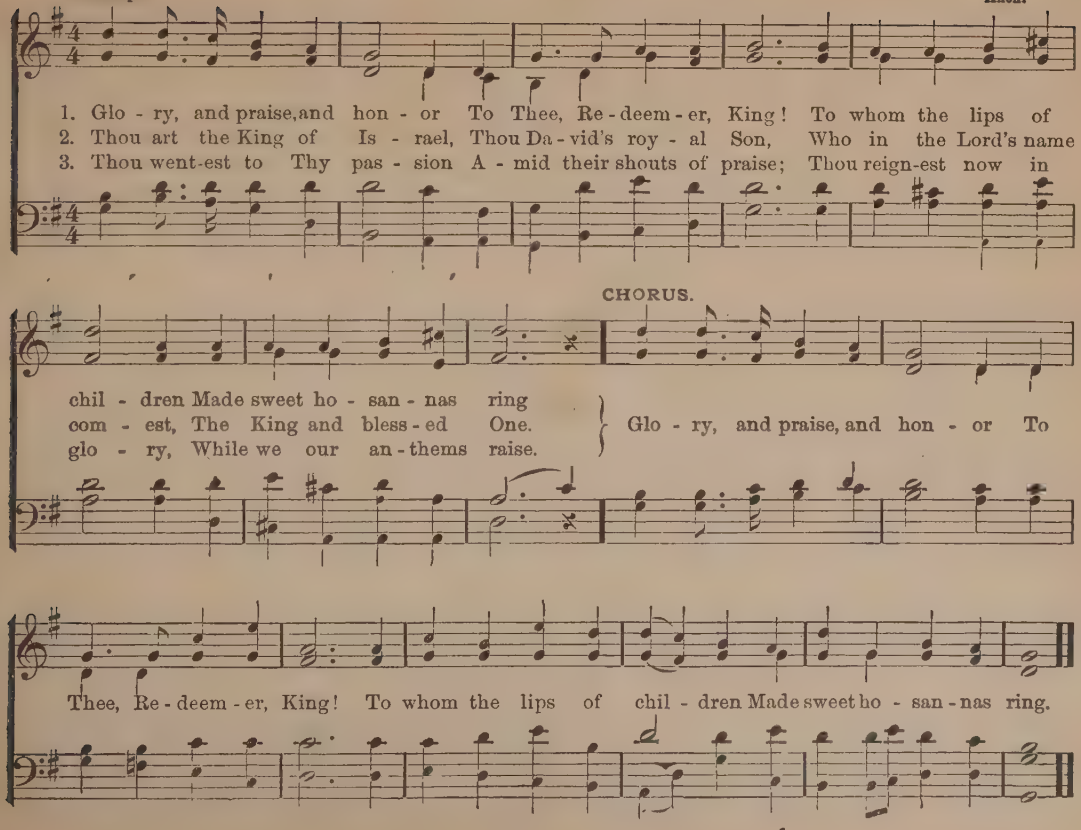
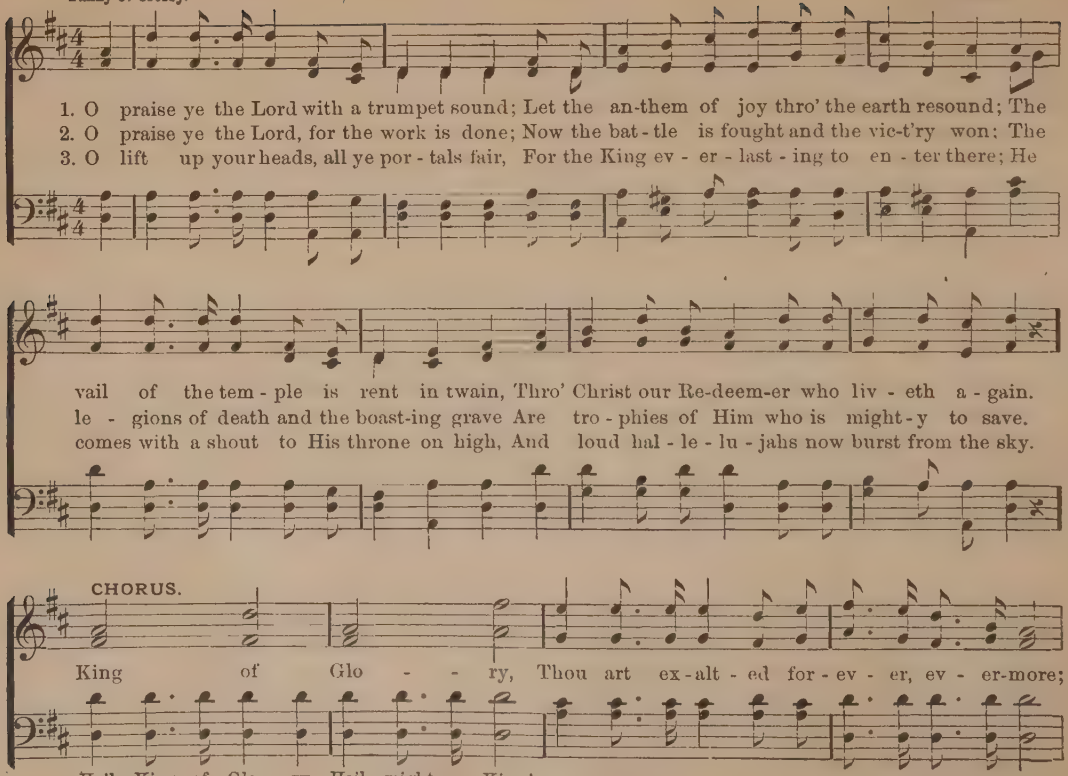
Glory, Praise, and Honor.

Theodulph. Anon.


1. Glo - ry, and praise, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King! To whom the lips of
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name
3. Thou went-est to Thy pas - sion A - mid their shouts of praise; Thou reign-est now in
CHORUS.
chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring
com - est, The King and bless - ed One.
glo - ry, While we our an - thems raise.
Glo - ry, and praise, and hon - or To
Thee, Re - deem - er, King! To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

King of Glory.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. O praise ye the Lord with a trumpet sound; Let the an-them of joy thro' the earth resound; The
2. O praise ye the Lord, for the work is done; Now the bat-tle is fought and the vic-t'ry won; The
3. O lift up your heads, all ye por-tals fair, For the King ev-er-last-ing to en-ter there; He
vail of the tem-ple is rent in twain, Thro' Christ our Re-deem-er who liv-eth a-gain.
le-gions of death and the boast-ing grave Are tro-phies of Him who is might-y to save.
comes with a shout to His throne on high, And loud hal-le-lu-jahs now burst from the sky.
CHORUS.
King of Glo-ry, Thou art ex-alt-ed for-ev-er, ev-er-more;
Hail, King of Glo-ry, Hail, might-y King!

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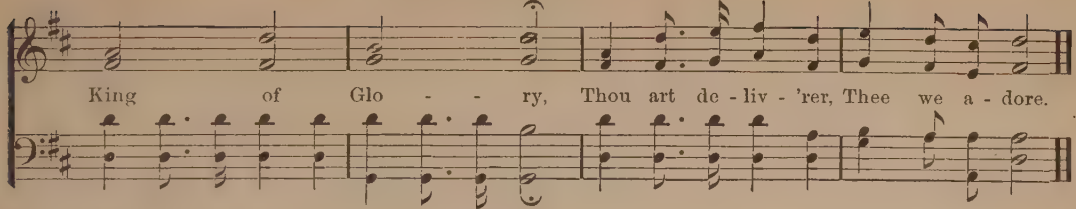
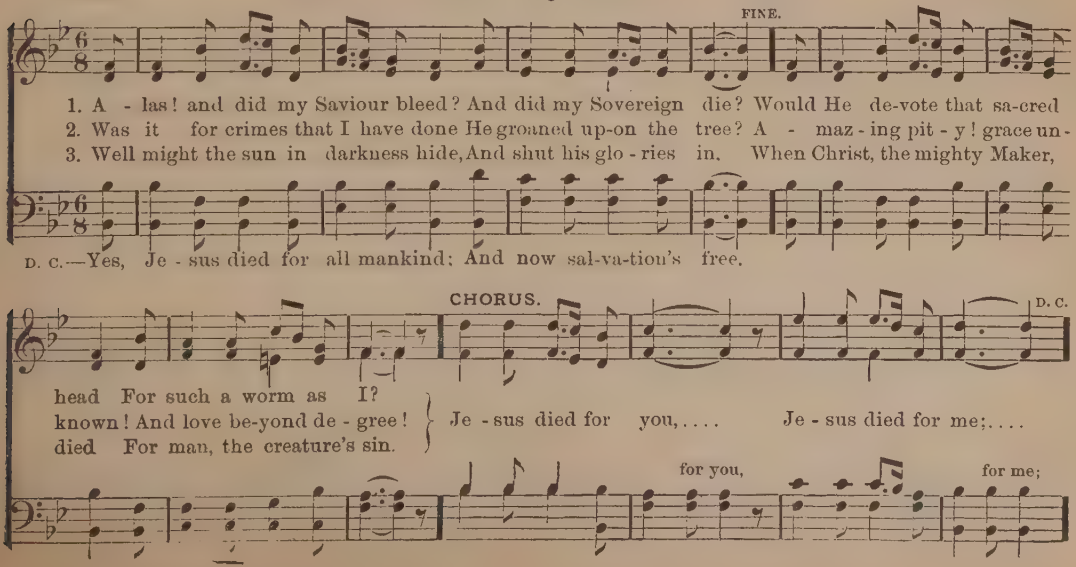
King of Glory.—Concluded.



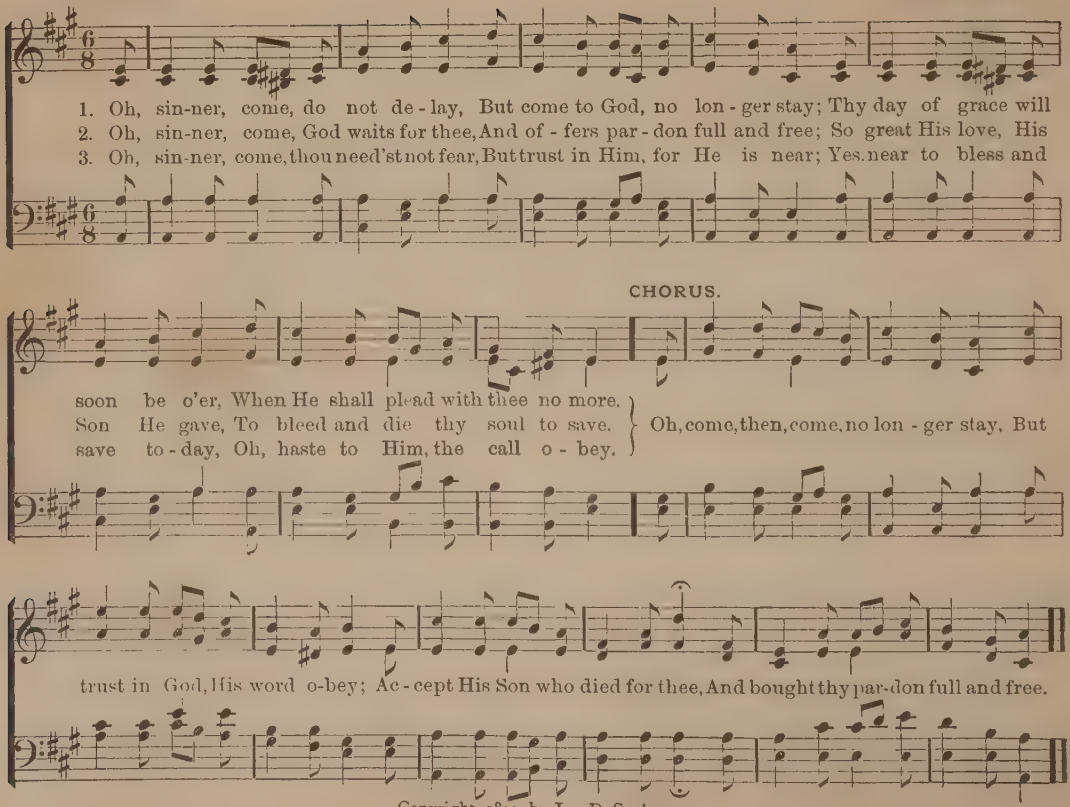
Alas! and did My Saviour Bleed?

I. Watts. S. J. Vail.


FINE.
1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He de-vote that sa-cred
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un -
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in. When Christ, the mighty Maker,
D. C.—Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind; And now sal-va-tion's free.
CHORUS.
D. C.
head For such a worm as I?
known! And love be-yond de - gree!
died For man, the creature's sin.
Je - sus died for you,.... Je - sus died for me;....
for you,
for me;

Oh, Sinner, Come.

William Mahone. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Oh, sin-ner, come, do not de-lay, But come to God, no lon-ger stay; Thy day of grace will
2. Oh, sin-ner, come, God waits for thee, And of-fers par-don full and free; So great His love, His
3. Oh, sin-ner, come, thou need'st not fear, But trust in Him, for He is near; Yes, near to bless and
CHORUS.
soon be o'er, When He shall plead with thee no more.
Son He gave, To bleed and die thy soul to save.
save to-day, Oh, haste to Him, the call o-bey.
Oh, come, then, come, no lon-ger stay, But
trust in God, His word o-bey; Ac-cept His Son who died for thee, And bought thy par-don full and free.

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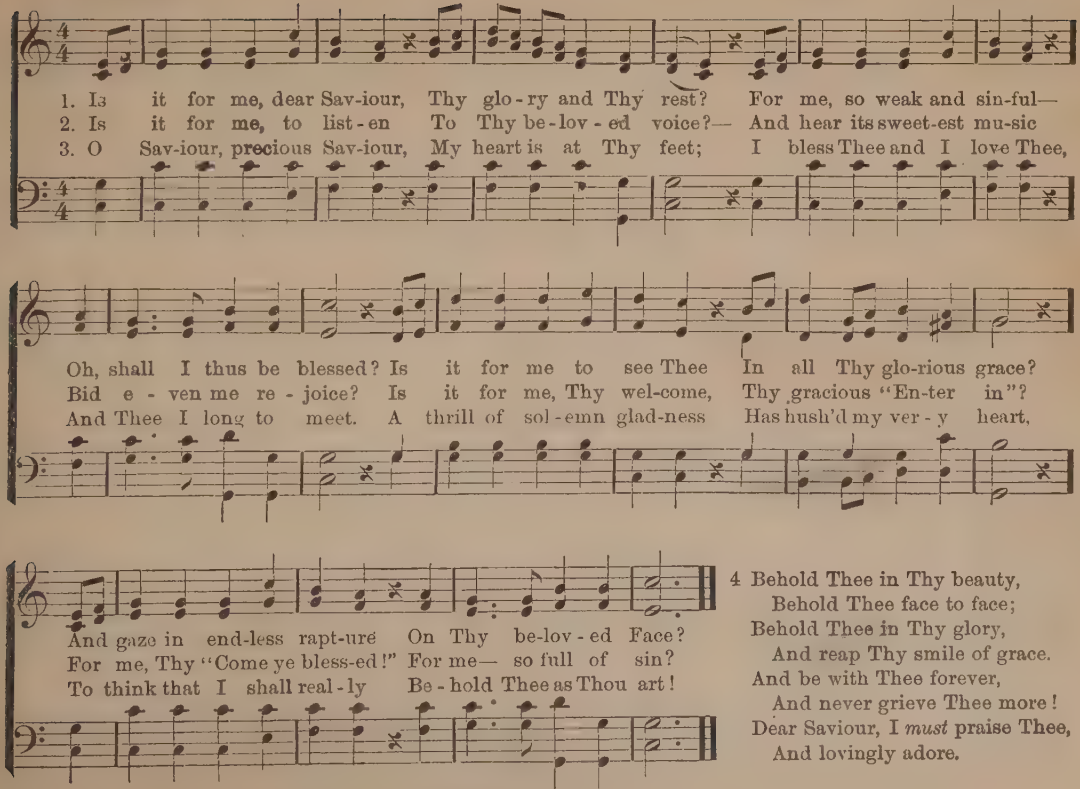
Is it for Me?

F. R. Havergal. Welsh Air, arr. by Ira D. Sankey.


1. Is it for me, dear Sav-iour, Thy glo-ry and Thy rest? For me, so weak and sin-ful—
2. Is it for me, to list-en To Thy be-lov-ed voice?— And hear its sweet-est mu-sic
3. O Sav-iour, precious Sav-iour, My heart is at Thy feet; I bless Thee and I love Thee,
Oh, shall I thus be blessed? Is it for me to see Thee In all Thy glo-rious grace?
Bid e-ven me re-joice? Is it for me, Thy wel-come, Thy gracious "En-ter in"?
And Thee I long to meet. A thrill of sol-emn glad-ness Has hush'd my ver-y heart.
And gaze in end-less rapt-ure On Thy be-lov-ed Face?
For me, Thy "Come ye bless-ed!" For me— so full of sin?
To think that I shall real-ly Be-hold Thee as Thou art!

4 Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace.
And be with Thee forever,
And never grieve Thee more!
Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,
And lovingly adore.

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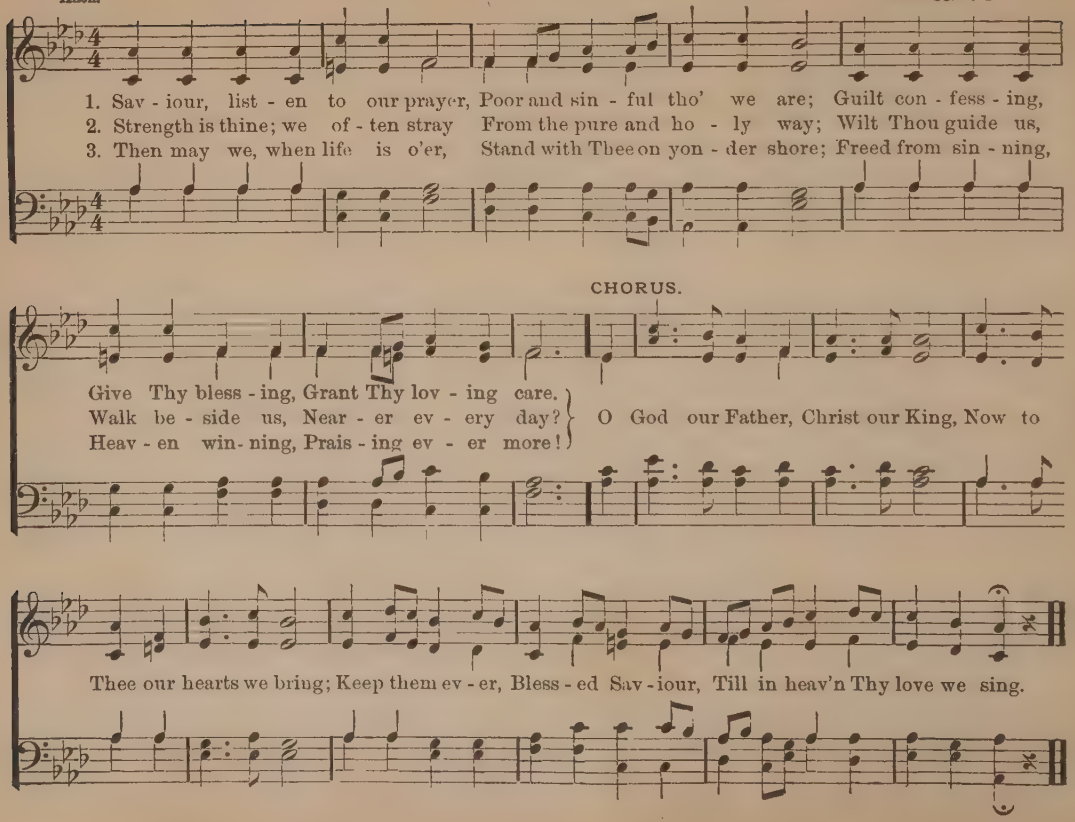
Saviour, Listen to Our Prayer.

Anon. E. W. Kellogg, by per.


1. Sav - iour, list - en to our prayer, Poor and sin - ful tho' we are; Guilt con - fess - ing,
2. Strength is thine; we of - ten stray From the pure and ho - ly way; Wilt Thou guide us,
3. Then may we, when life is o'er, Stand with Thee on yon - der shore; Freed from sin - ning,
CHORUS.
Give Thy bless - ing, Grant Thy lov - ing care.
Walk be - side us, Near - er ev - ery day?
Heav - en win - ning, Prais - ing ev - er more!
O God our Father, Christ our King, Now to
Thee our hearts we bring; Keep them ev - er, Bless - ed Sav - iour, Till in heav'n Thy love we sing.

Leave Me not, O Gentle Saviour.

L. Ashbaugh. Harry J. Kurzenknabe.

1. Leave me not, for I am lone-ly, And the way I can-not see; Lest I wan-der in - to
2. Leave me not, for darkness gathers Round a-bout the path I tread; Leave me not, but let my
3. Leave me not, for sin is near me; With temp-ta-tion life is fraught; Then thro' all life's toil - some

REFRAIN.

dan - ger, Keep me, Sav - iour, near to Thee.
foot-steps Ev - er by Thy hand be led.
jour-ney, O, my Sav - iour, leave me not.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Keep me near to
Leave me not, O, gen - tle Sav - iour,

Thee: Lest I wan - der in - to dan - ger, Keep me, Sav - iour near to Thee.
Keep me near to Thee,

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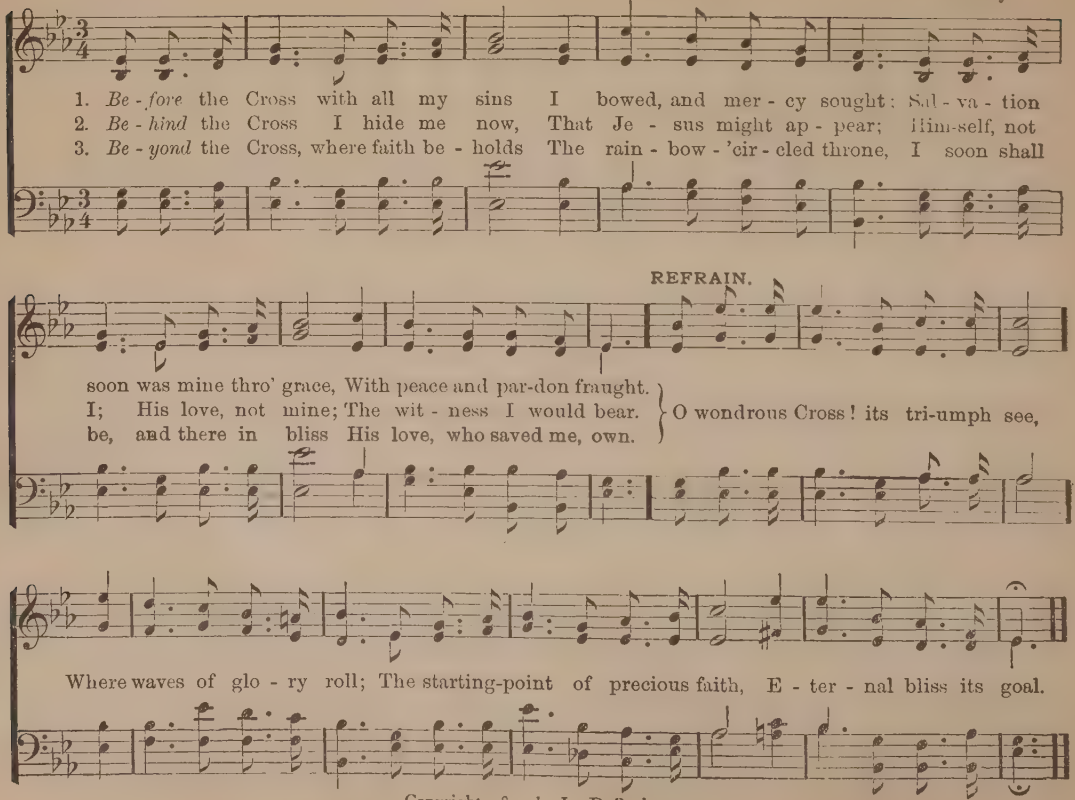
The Cross of Christ.

Albert Midlane. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Be - fore the Cross with all my sins I bowed, and mer - cy sought; Sal - va - tion
2. Be - hind the Cross I hide me now, That Je - sus might ap - pear; Him-self, not
3. Be - yond the Cross, where faith be - holds The rain - bow - 'cir - cled throne, I soon shall
REFRAIN.
soon was mine thro' grace, With peace and par-don fraught.
I; His love, not mine; The wit - ness I would bear.
be, and there in bliss His love, who saved me, own.
O wondrous Cross! its tri-umph see,
Where waves of glo - ry roll; The starting-point of precious faith, E - ter - nal bliss its goal.

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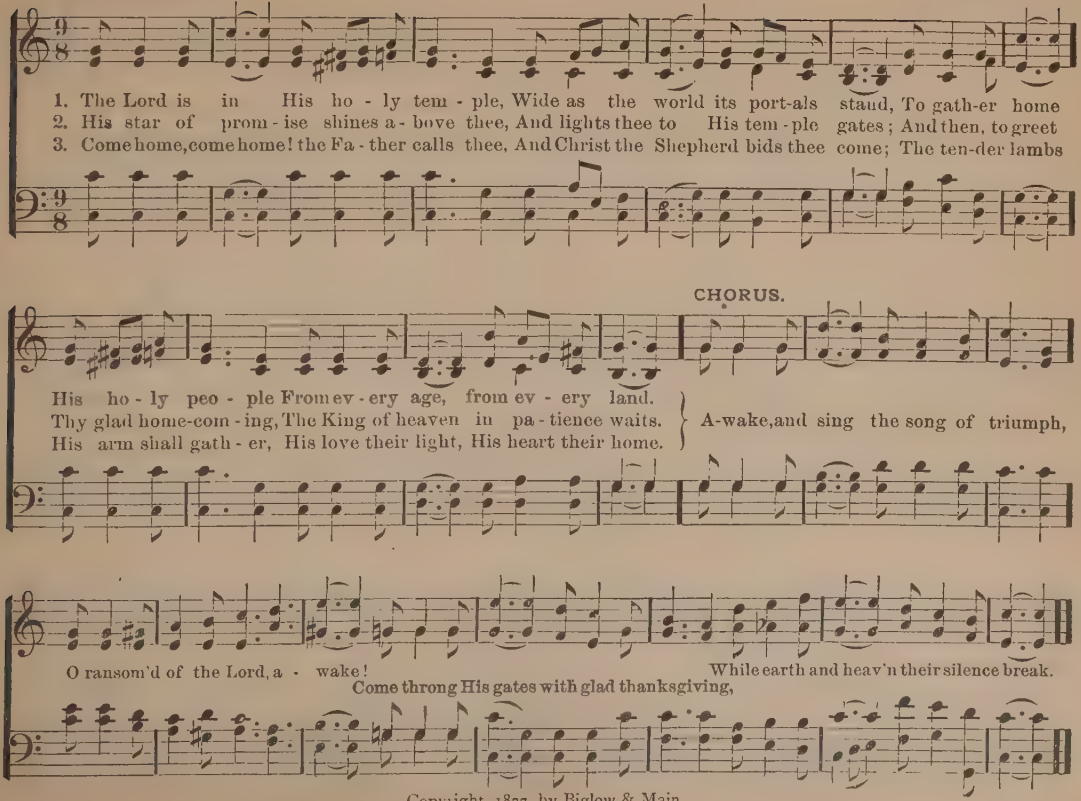
Awake, and Sing.

Mary A. Lathbury. Marc L. Bartlett.


1. The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Wide as the world its port-als stand, To gath-er home
2. His star of prom - ise shines a - bove thee, And lights thee to His tem - ple gates; And then, to greet
3. Come home, come home! the Fa - ther calls thee, And Christ the Shepherd bids thee come; The ten-der lambs
CHORUS.
His ho - ly peo - ple From ev - ery age, from ev - ery land.
Thy glad home-com - ing, The King of heaven in pa - tience waits.
His arm shall gath - er, His love their light, His heart their home.
A-wake, and sing the song of triumph,
O ransom'd of the Lord, a - wake!
While earth and heav'n their silence break.
Come throng His gates with glad thanksgiving,

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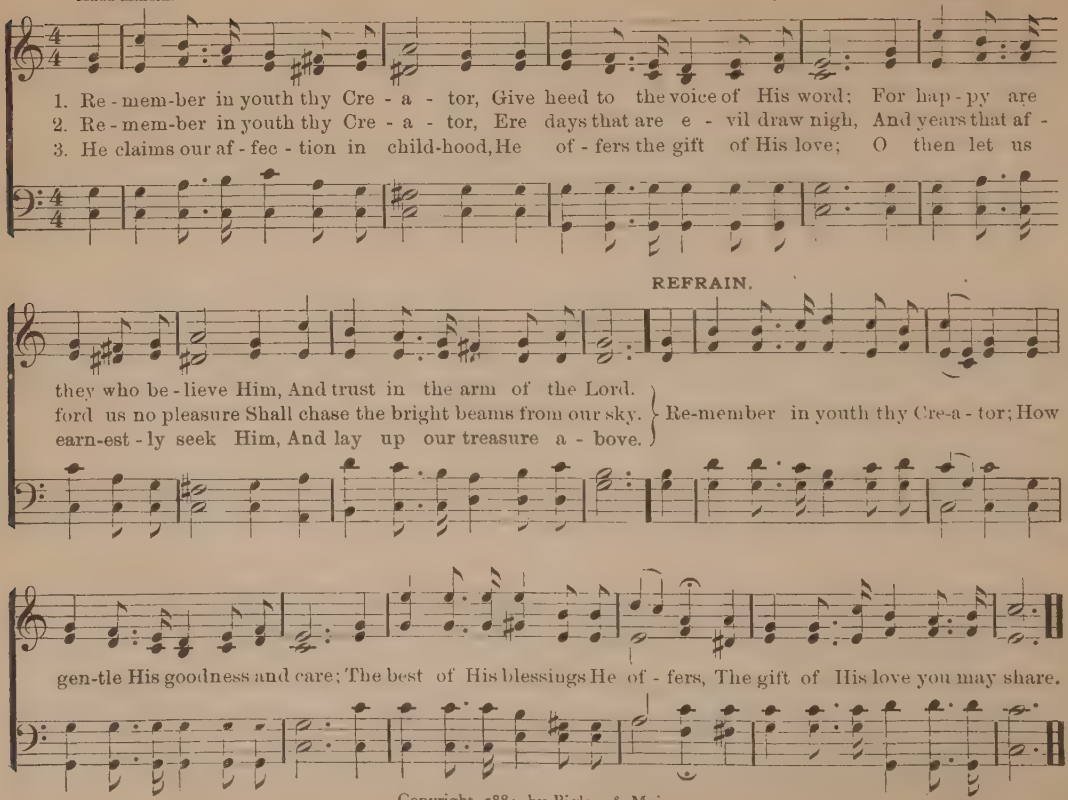
Remember in Youth thy Creator.

Maud Marion. B. C. Unseld.


1. Re - mem-ber in youth thy Cre - a - tor, Give heed to the voice of His word; For hap - py are
2. Re - mem-ber in youth thy Cre - a - tor, Ere days that are e - vil draw nigh, And years that af -
3. He claims our af - fec - tion in child-hood, He of - fers the gift of His love; O then let us
REFRAIN.
they who be - lieve Him, And trust in the arm of the Lord.
ford us no pleasure Shall chase the bright beams from our sky.
earn-est - ly seek Him, And lay up our treasure a - bove.
Re-member in youth thy Cre-a - tor; How
gen-tle His goodness and care; The best of His blessings He of - fers, The gift of His love you may share.

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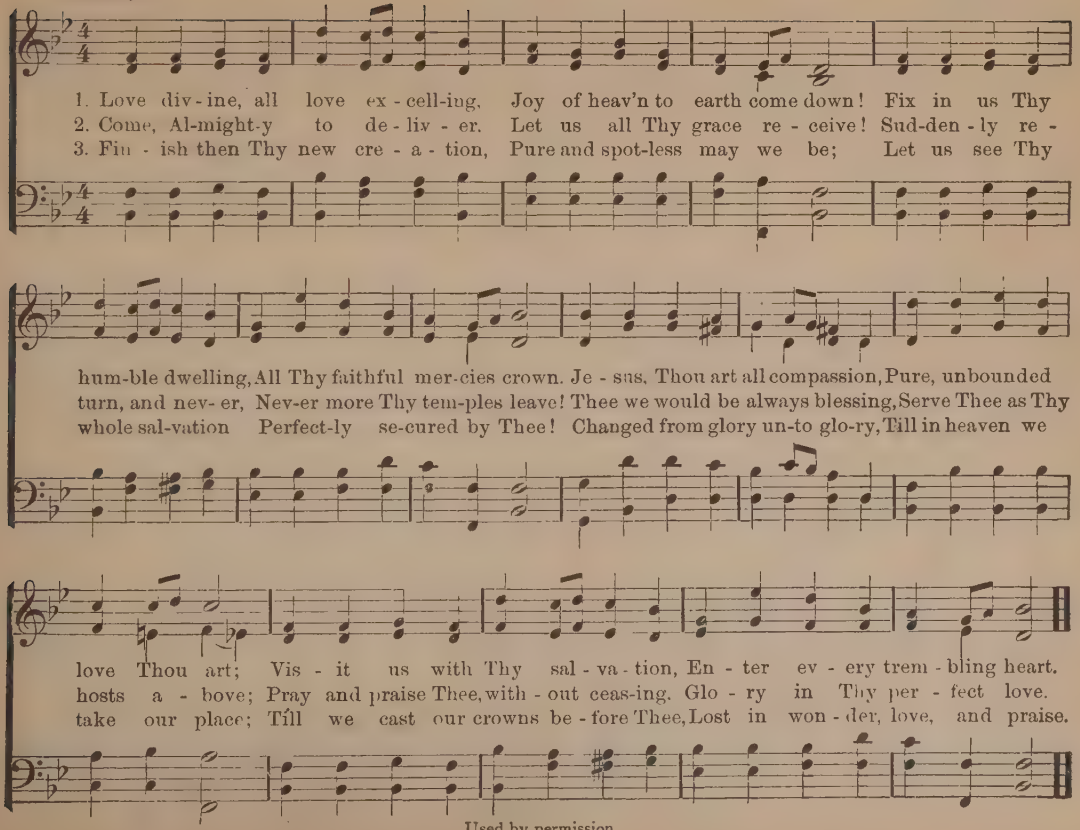
Love Divine.

C. Wesley. John Zundel.


1. Love div - ine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
2. Come, Al-might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive! Sud-den - ly re -
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot-less may we be; Let us see Thy
hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mer-cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded
turn, and nev- er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave! Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee as Thy
whole sal-vation Perfect-ly se-cured by Thee! Changed from glory un-to glo-ry, Till in heaven we
love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
hosts a - bove; Pray and praise Thee, with - out ceas-ing. Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
take our place; Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

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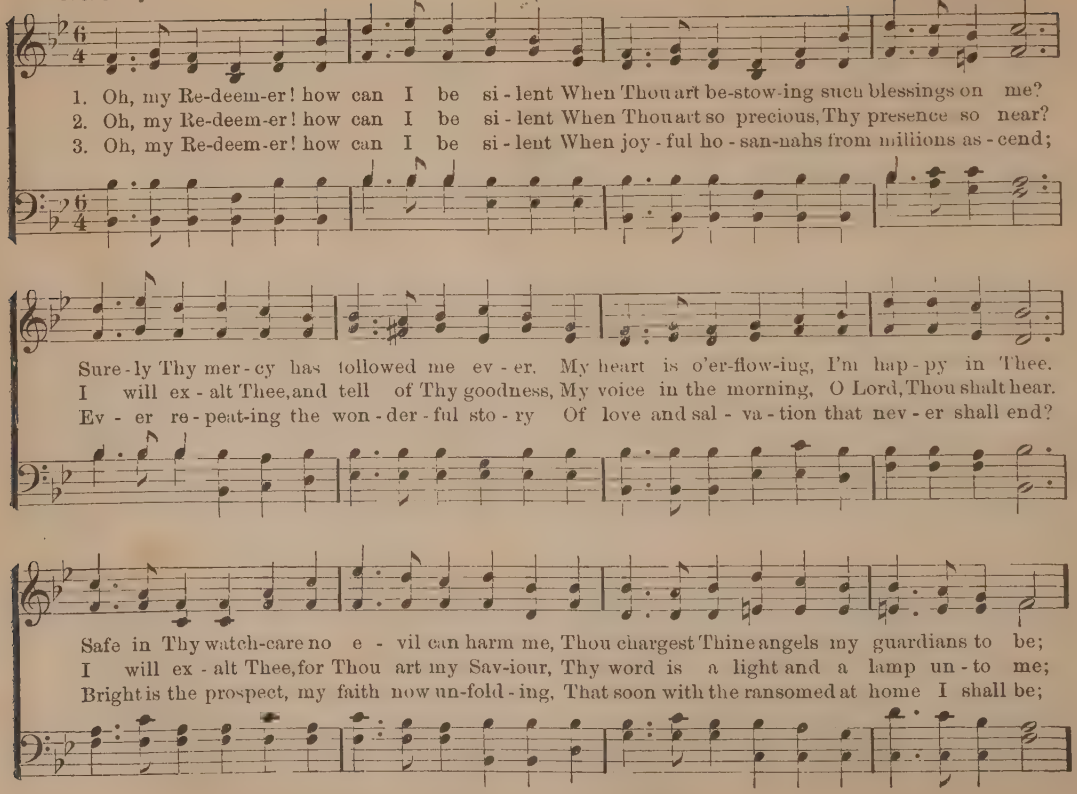
Oh, My Redeemer!

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Oh, my Re-deem-er! how can I be si-lent When Thou art be-stow-ing such blessings on me?
2. Oh, my Re-deem-er! how can I be si-lent When Thou art so precious, Thy presence so near?
3. Oh, my Re-deem-er! how can I be si-lent When joy-ful ho-san-nahs from millions as-cend;
Sure-ly Thy mer-cy has followed me ev-er. My heart is o'er-flow-ing, I'm hap-py in Thee.
I will ex-alt Thee, and tell of Thy goodness, My voice in the morning, O Lord, Thou shalt hear.
Ev-er re-peat-ing the won-der-ful sto-ry Of love and sal-va-tion that nev-er shall end?
Safe in Thy watch-care no e-vil can harm me, Thou chargest Thine angels my guardians to be;
I will ex-alt Thee, for Thou art my Sav-iour, Thy word is a light and a lamp un-to me;
Bright is the prospect, my faith now un-fold-ing, That soon with the ransomed at home I shall be;

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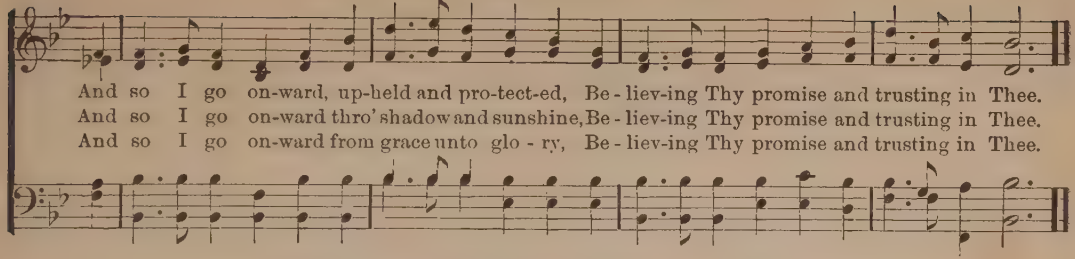
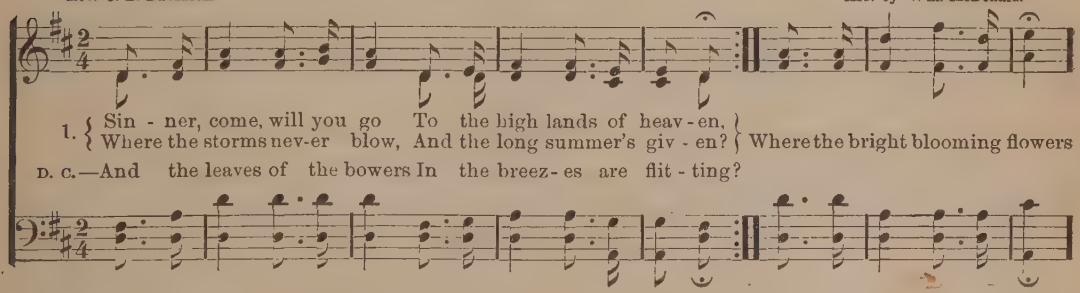
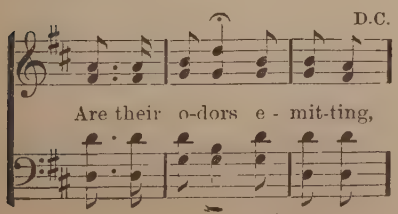

And so I go on-ward, up-held and pro-tect-ed, Be - liev-ing Thy promise and trusting in Thee.
And so I go on-ward thro' shadow and sunshine, Be - liev-ing Thy promise and trusting in Thee.
And so I go on-ward from grace unto glo - ry, Be - liev-ing Thy promise and trusting in Thee.

Sinner, Come, Will You Go?

Rev. C. B. Davidson. Arr. by Wm. McDonald.


1. Sin - ner, come, will you go To the high lands of heav - en,
Where the storms nev-er blow, And the long summer's giv - en? Where the bright blooming flowers
D. C.—And the leaves of the bowers In the breez - es are flit - ting?



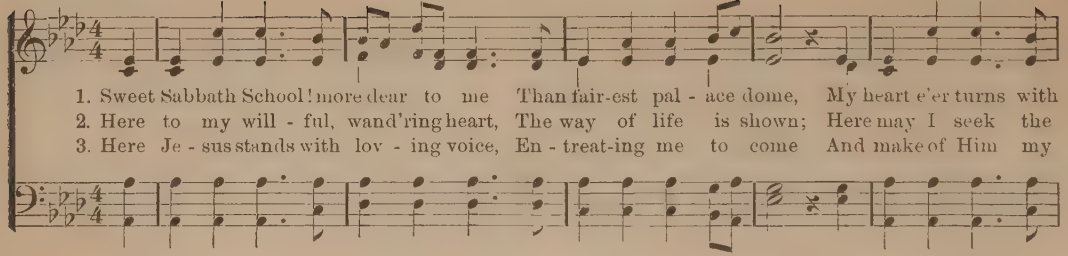
2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright cluster pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

3 He's prepared thee a home —
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

LIBRARY

My Sabbath Home.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. W. H. Doane.


1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pal - ace dome, My heart e'er turns with
2. Here to my will - ful, wand'ring heart, The way of life is shown; Here may I seek the
3. Here Je - sus stands with lov - ing voice, En - treat-ing me to come And make of Him my
CHORUS.
joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.
bet - ter part, And gain a Sabbath Home.
earn - est choice, In this dear Sabbath Home.
Sabbath Home! Blessed Home! Sabbath
Sweet Home! Sweet Home!
Home! Blessed Home! My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.
Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

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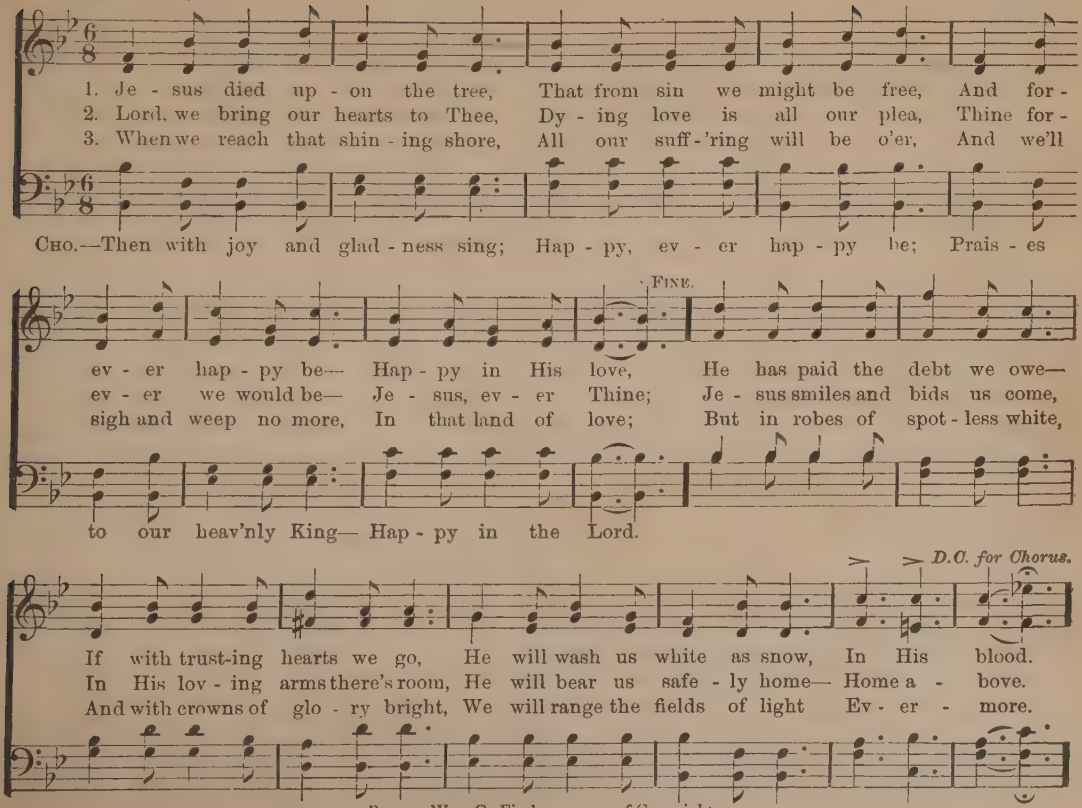
Happy, Ever Happy.

Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Je - sus died up - on the tree, That from sin we might be free, And for -
2. Lord, we bring our hearts to Thee, Dy - ing love is all our plea, Thine for -
3. When we reach that shin - ing shore, All our suff - 'ring will be o'er, And we'll
Cho.—Then with joy and glad - ness sing; Hap - py, ev - er hap - py be; Prais - es
Fine.
ev - er hap - py be— Hap - py in His love, He has paid the debt we owe—
ev - er we would be— Je - sus, ev - er Thine; Je - sus smiles and bids us come,
sigh and weep no more, In that land of love; But in robes of spot - less white,
to our heav'nly King— Hap - py in the Lord.
D.C. for Chorus.
If with trust-ing hearts we go, He will wash us white as snow, In His blood.
In His lov - ing arms there's room, He will bear us safe - ly home— Home a - bove.
And with crowns of glo - ry bright, We will range the fields of light Ev - er - more.

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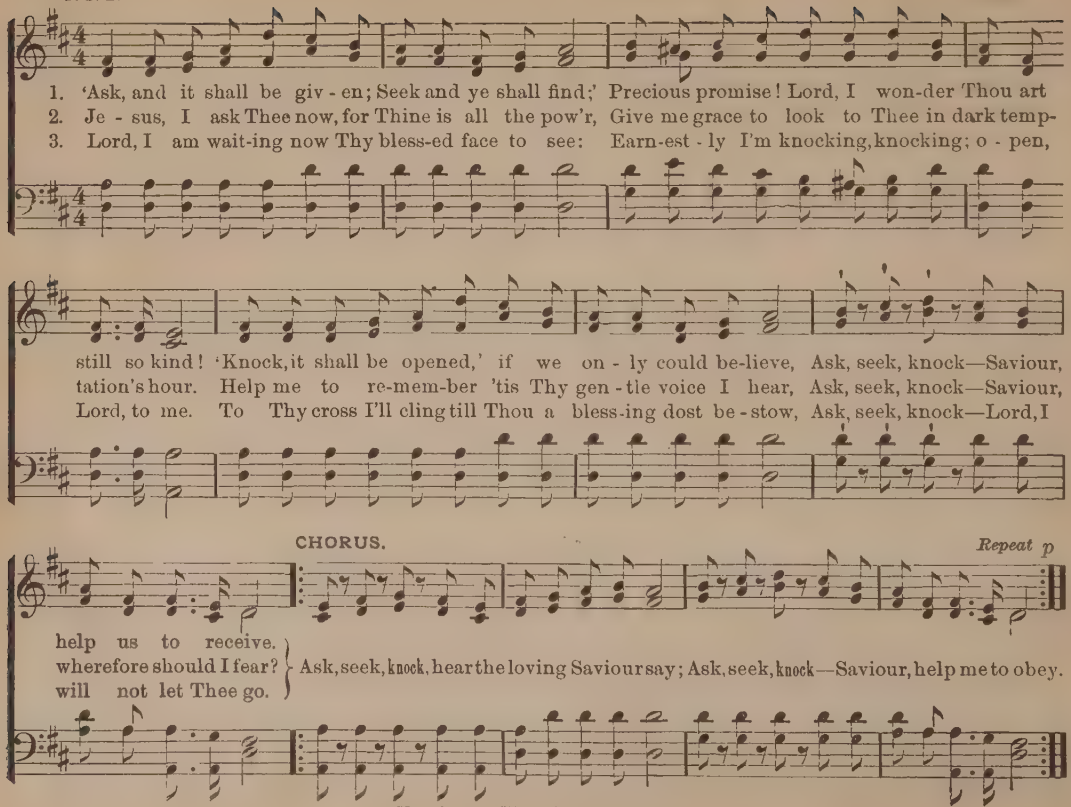
Ask, Seek, Knock.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. 'Ask, and it shall be giv - en; Seek and ye shall find;' Precious promise! Lord, I won-der Thou art still so kind! 'Knock, it shall be opened,' if we on - ly could be-lieve, Ask, seek, knock—Saviour, help us to receive.
2. Je - sus, I ask Thee now, for Thine is all the pow'r, Give me grace to look to Thee in dark temp- tation's hour. Help me to re-mem-ber 'tis Thy gen - tle voice I hear, Ask, seek, knock—Saviour, wherefore should I fear?
3. Lord, I am wait-ing now Thy bless-ed face to see: Earn-est - ly I'm knocking, knocking; o - pen, Lord, to me. To Thy cross I'll cling till Thou a bless-ing dost be - stow, Ask, seek, knock—Lord, I will not let Thee go.
CHORUS.
Repeat p
Ask, seek, knock, hear the loving Saviour say; Ask, seek, knock—Saviour, help me to obey.

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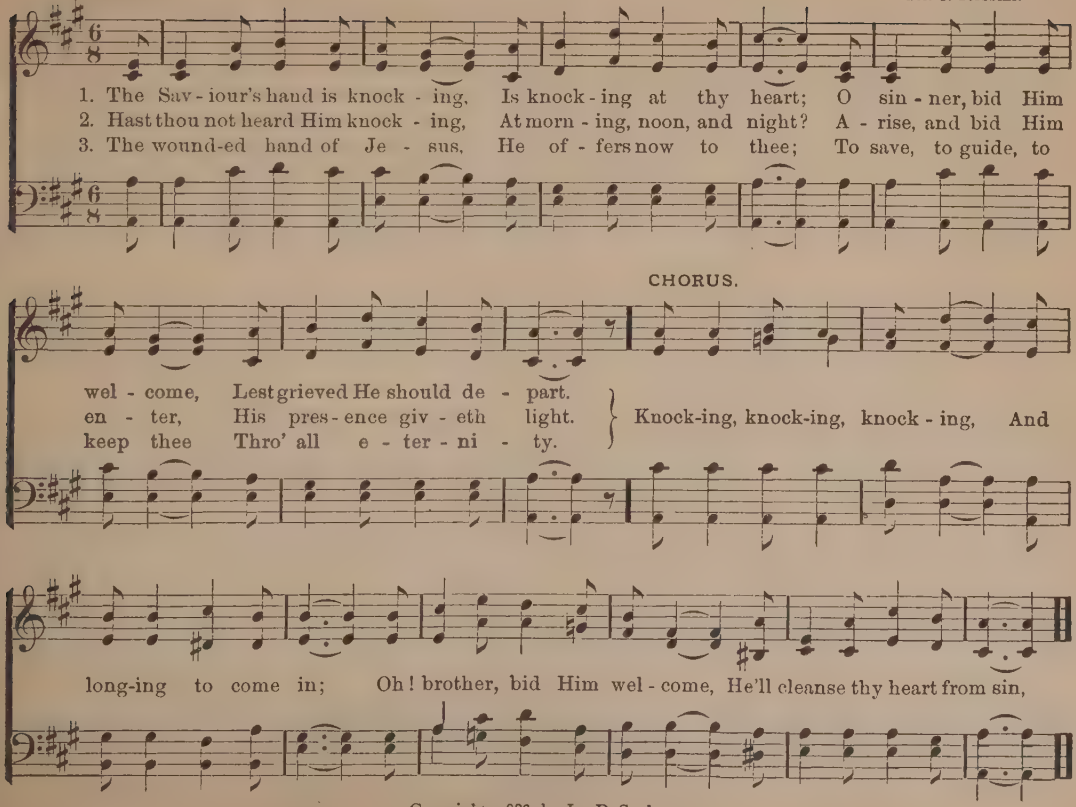
The Saviour's Hand.

Peter Bilhorn. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. The Sav - iour's hand is knock - ing, Is knock - ing at thy heart; O sin - ner, bid Him
2. Hast thou not heard Him knock - ing, At morn - ing, noon, and night? A - rise, and bid Him
3. The wound-ed hand of Je - sus, He of - fers now to thee; To save, to guide, to
CHORUS.
wel - come, Lest grieved He should de - part.
en - ter, His pres - ence giv - eth light.
keep thee Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
Knock-ing, knock-ing, knock - ing, And
long-ing to come in; Oh! brother, bid Him wel - come, He'll cleanse thy heart from sin,

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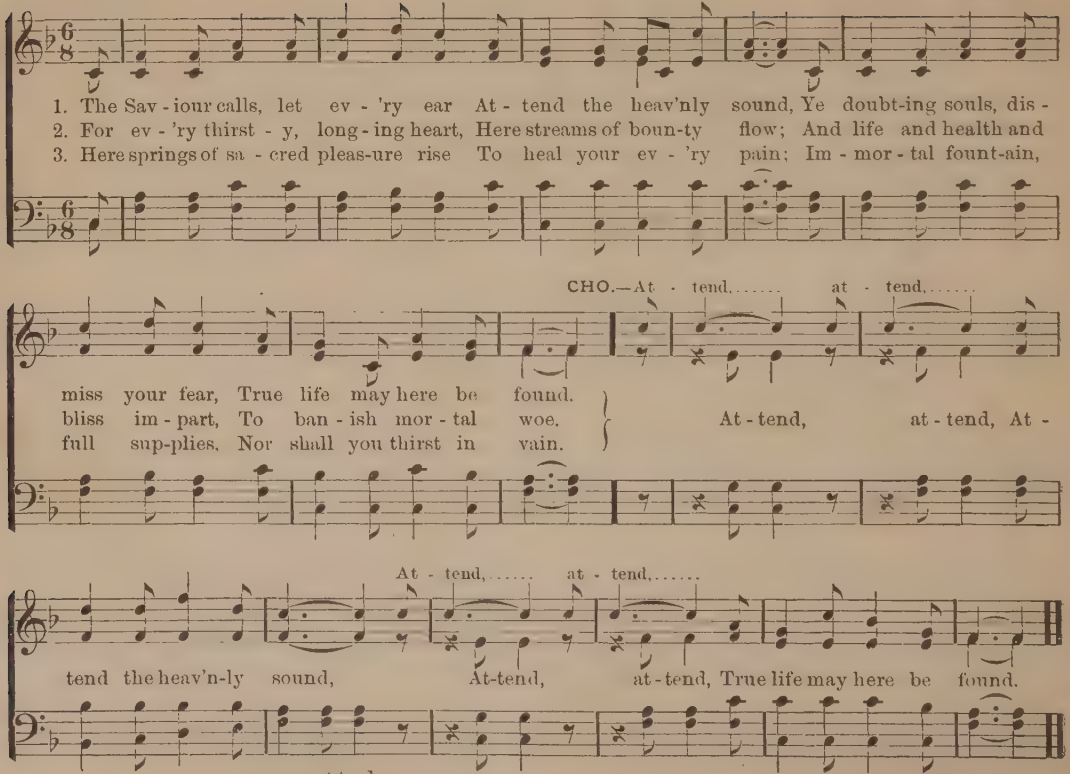
The Saviour Calls.

Anne Steele. Geo. F. Root.


1. The Sav - iour calls, let ev - 'ry ear At - tend the heav'nly sound, Ye doubt-ing souls, dis -
2. For ev - 'ry thirst - y, long - ing heart, Here streams of boun-ty flow; And life and health and
3. Here springs of sa - cred pleas-ure rise To heal your ev - 'ry pain; Im - mor - tal fount-ain,
CHO.—At - tend, at - tend,
miss your fear, True life may here be found.
bliss im - part, To ban - ish mor - tal woe.
full sup-plies, Nor shall you thirst in vain.
At - tend, at - tend, At -
At - tend, at - tend,
tend the heav'n-ly sound, At-tend, at - tend, True life may here be found.
at-tend,

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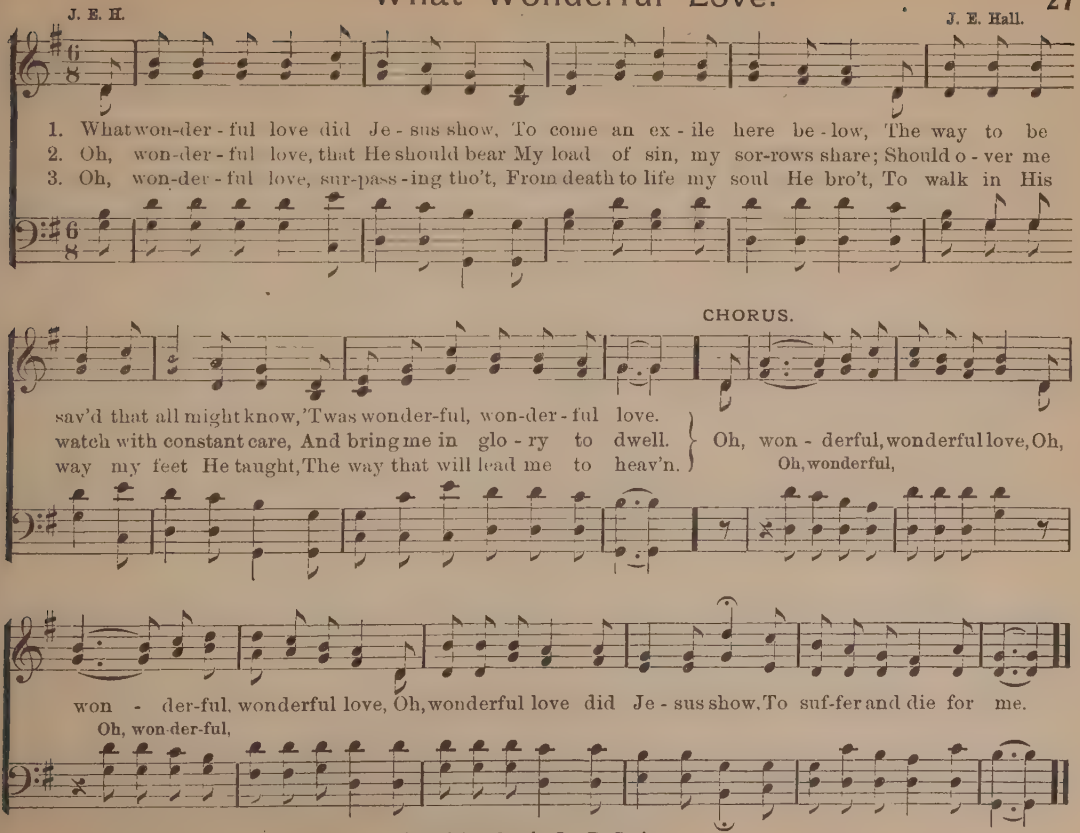
What Wonderful Love.


J. E. H.
J. E. Hall.
1. What won-der-ful love did Je-sus show, To come an ex-ile here be-low, The way to be
2. Oh, won-der-ful love, that He should bear My load of sin, my sor-rows share; Should o-ver me
3. Oh, won-der-ful love, sur-pass-ing tho't, From death to life my soul He bro't, To walk in His
CHORUS.
sav'd that all might know, 'Twas wonder-ful, won-der-ful love.
watch with constant care, And bring me in glo-ry to dwell.
way my feet He taught, The way that will lead me to heav'n.
Oh, won-derful love, Oh,
Oh, wonderful,
won-der-ful, wonderful love, Oh, wonderful love did Je-sus show, To suf-fer and die for me.
Oh, won-der-ful,

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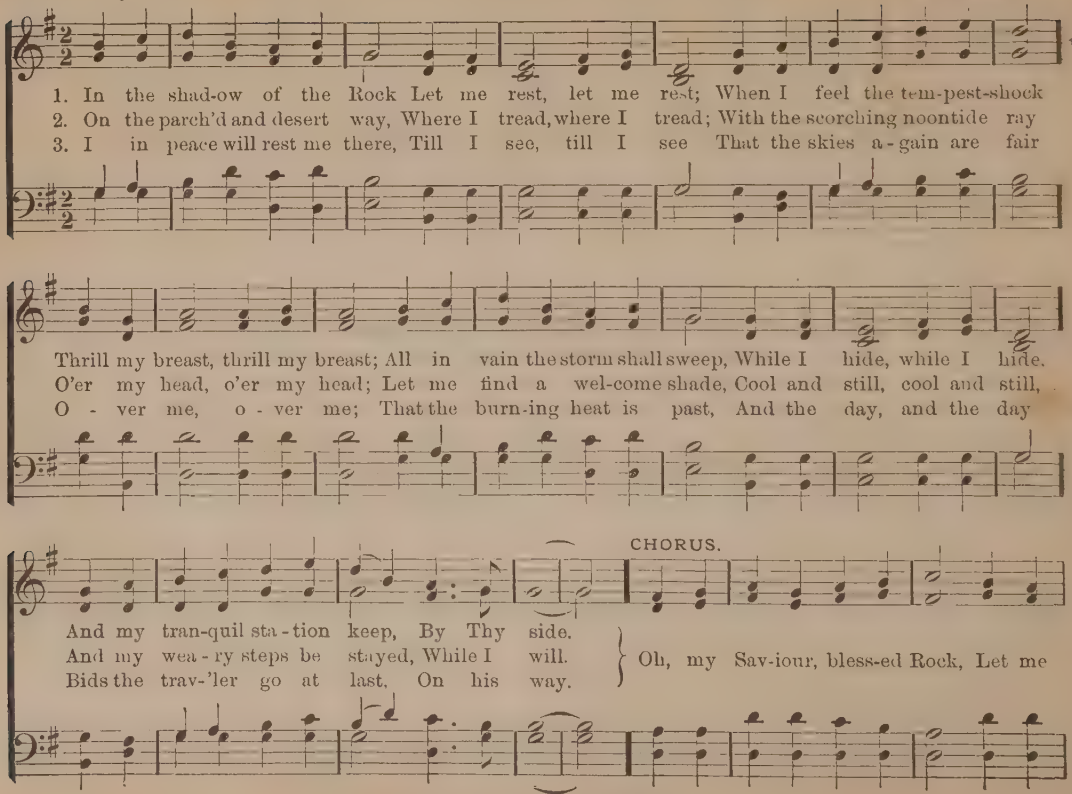
In the Shadow of the Rock.

Rev. Ray Palmer, arr.

Ira D. Sankey.


1. In the shad-ow of the Rock Let me rest, let me rest; When I feel the tem-pest-shock
2. On the parch'd and desert way, Where I tread, where I tread; With the scorching noontide ray
3. I in peace will rest me there, Till I see, till I see That the skies a-gain are fair
Thrill my breast, thrill my breast; All in vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, while I hide.
O'er my head, o'er my head; Let me find a wel-come shade, Cool and still, cool and still,
O - ver me, o - ver me; That the burn-ing heat is past, And the day, and the day
CHORUS.
And my tran-quil sta-tion keep, By Thy side.
And my wea-ry steps be stayed, While I will.
Bids the trav-'ler go at last, On his way.
Oh, my Sav-iour, bless-ed Rock, Let me

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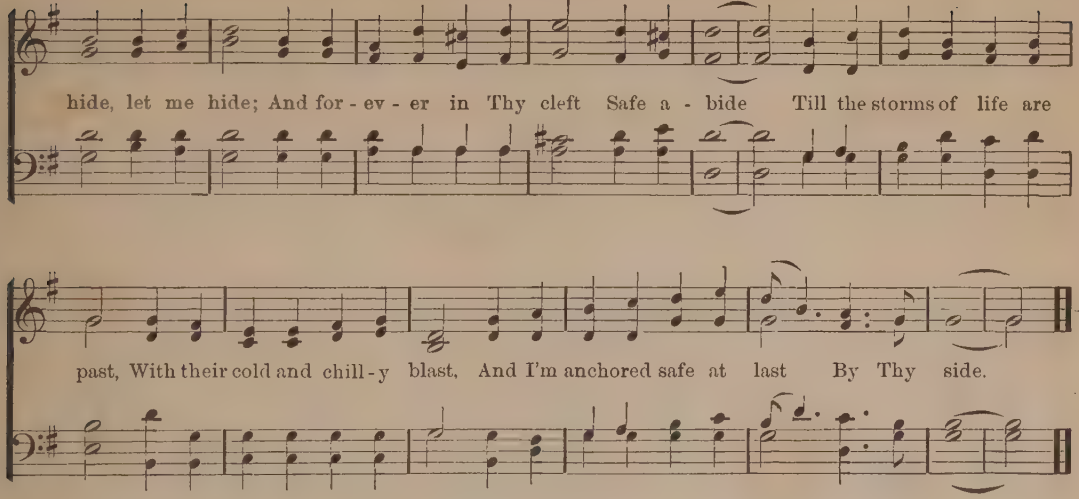
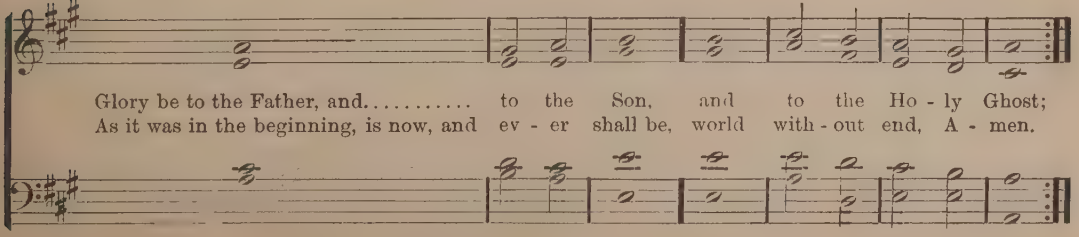
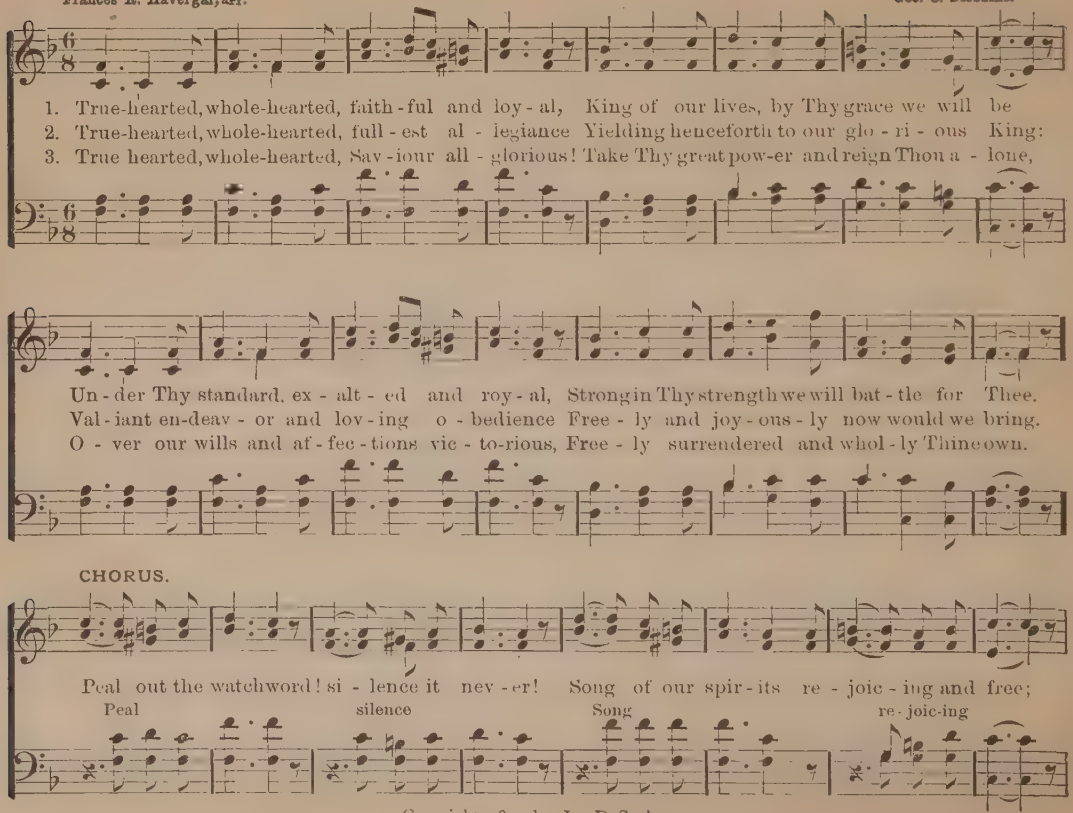

hide, let me hide; And for - ev - er in Thy cleft Safe a - bide Till the storms of life are
past, With their cold and chill - y blast, And I'm anchored safe at last By Thy side.

Gloria Patri.


Glory be to the Father, and..... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, A - men.

True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal, alt. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-legiance Yielding henceforth to our glo-ri-ous King:
3. True hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-iour all-glorious! Take Thy great pow-er and reign Thou a-lone,
Un-der Thy standard, ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee.
Val-iant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-bedience Free-ly and joy-ous-ly now would we bring.
O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-ly surrendered and whol-ly Thine own.
CHORUS.
Peal out the watchword! si-lence it nev-er! Song of our spir-its re-joic-ing and free;
Peal
silence
Song
re-joic-ing

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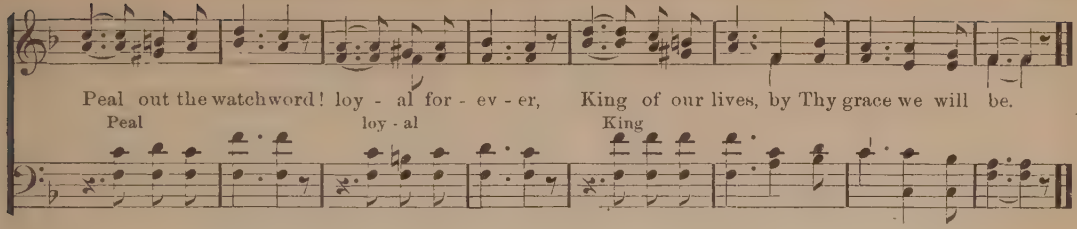
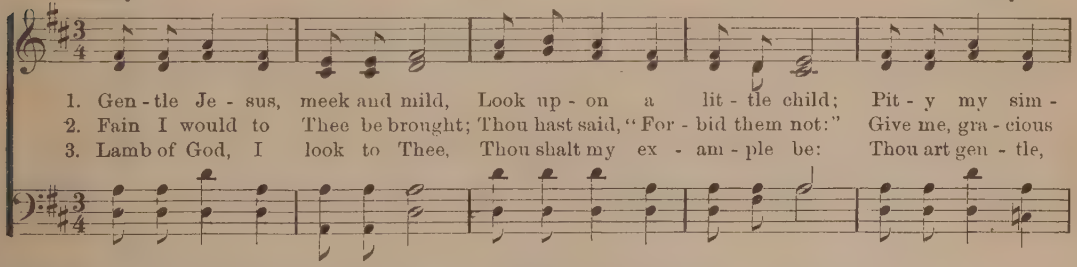


Gentle Jesus.

C. Wesley. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child; Pit - y my sim -
2. Fain I would to Thee be brought; Thou hast said, "For - bid them not:" Give me, gra - cious
3. Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be: Thou art gen - tle,
plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
Lord, a place In the king - dom of Thy grace.
meek, and mild. Thou wast once a lit - tle child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Teach me, Saviour, to fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

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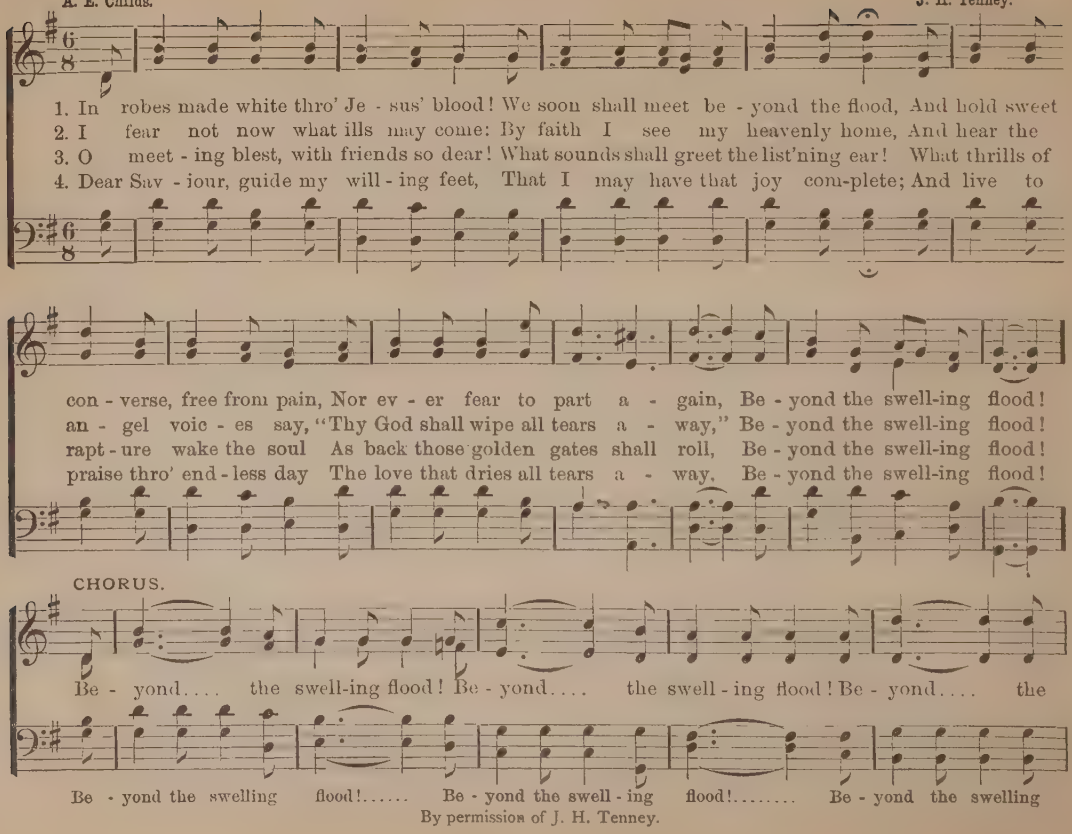
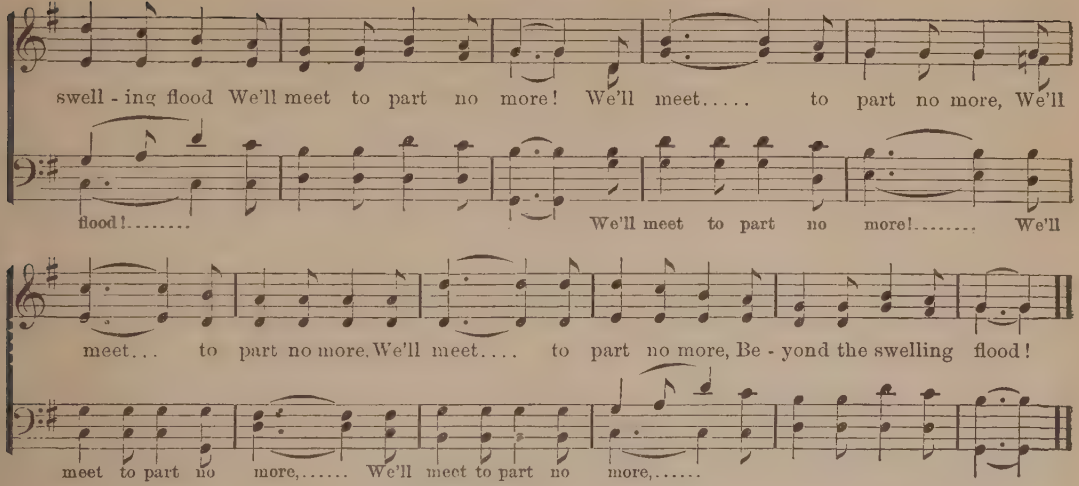
Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. Childs. J. H. Tenney.


1. In robes made white thro' Je - sus' blood! We soon shall meet be - yond the flood, And hold sweet
2. I fear not now what ills may come: By faith I see my heavenly home, And hear the
3. O meet - ing blest, with friends so dear! What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear! What thrills of
4. Dear Sav - iour, guide my will - ing feet, That I may have that joy com-plete; And live to
con - verse, free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
an - gel voic - es say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way," Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
rapt - ure wake the soul As back those golden gates shall roll, Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
praise thro' end - less day The love that dries all tears a - way, Be - yond the swell-ing flood!
CHORUS.
Be - yond.... the swell-ing flood! Be - yond.... the swell - ing flood! Be - yond.... the
Be - yond the swelling flood!..... Be - yond the swell - ing flood!..... Be - yond the swelling

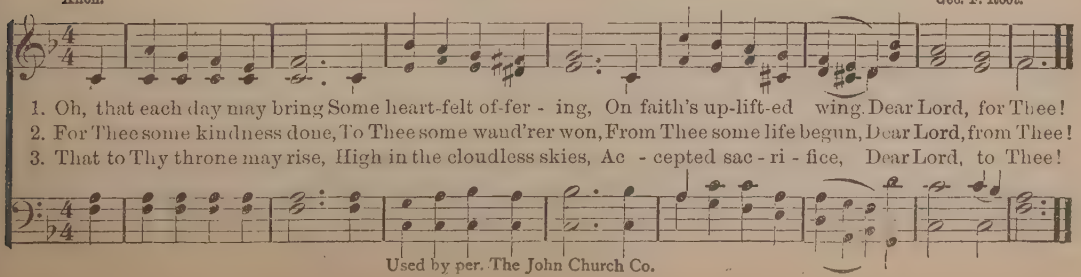
By permission of J. H. Tenney.

Beyond the Swelling Flood.—Concluded.


swell - ing flood We'll meet to part no more! We'll meet..... to part no more, We'll
flood!..... We'll meet to part no more!..... We'll
meet... to part no more. We'll meet.... to part no more, Be - yond the swelling flood!
meet to part no more,..... We'll meet to part no more,.....

Something each Day.

Anon. Geo. F. Root.


1. Oh, that each day may bring Some heart-felt of-fer - ing, On faith's up-lift-ed wing. Dear Lord, for Thee!
2. For Thee some kindness done, To Thee some wand'rer won, From Thee some life begun, Dear Lord, from Thee!
3. That to Thy throne may rise, High in the cloudless skies, Ac - cepted sac - ri - fice, Dear Lord, to Thee!

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O Believe Him.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus pleading, With His Fa-ther in - ter - ced-ing, Can you still His
2. Come to Je - sus, hum-bly kneeling, May His voice, like mu-sic stealing, Touch with-in some
3. Oh, ye wea - ry, faint and dy - ing, Who for rest are vain-ly sighing; Lin - ger not, the
4. Hear the bless-ed proc - la-ma-tion, Precious words of con-so - la-tion; Par - don, life, and

CHORUS.

love un-heed-ing, Turn from Him who died for you?
bur - ied feel-ing, While a - gain it pleads with you.
hours are fly - ing, Look to Him who died for you.
full sal - va - tion, Je - sus of - fers now to you.

O be-lieve Him, O be-lieve Him, In your heart with joy receive Him; Oh, how can you slight and grieve Him, When He gave His life for you?

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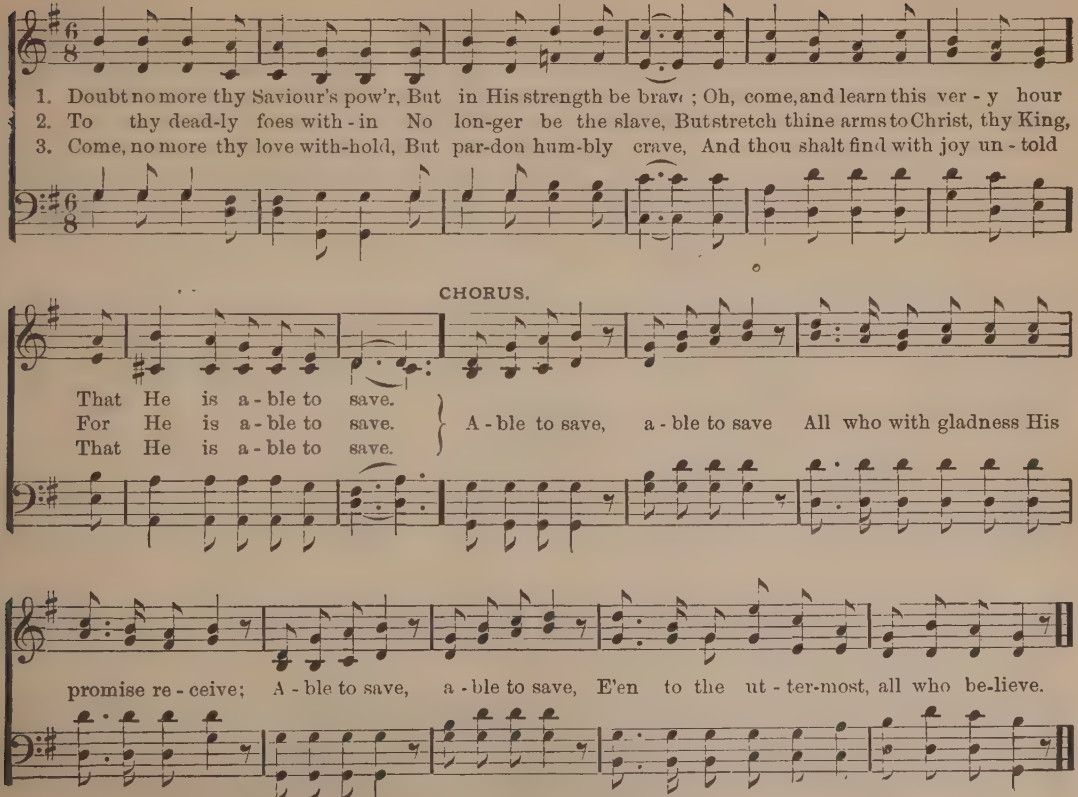
Able to Save.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.


1. Doubt no more thy Saviour's pow'r, But in His strength be brave; Oh, come, and learn this ver - y hour
2. To thy dead-ly foes with - in No lon-ger be the slave, But stretch thine arms to Christ, thy King,
3. Come, no more thy love with-hold, But par-don hum-bly crave, And thou shalt find with joy un - told
CHORUS.
That He is a - ble to save.
For He is a - ble to save.
That He is a - ble to save.
A - ble to save, a - ble to save All who with gladness His
promise re - ceive; A - ble to save, a - ble to save, E'en to the ut - ter-most, all who be-lieve.

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Awake, my Soul.

Mrs. E. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. A - wake, my soul, thy sa - cred song, A - wake thy praise and pray'r; The King is
2. So great are all His gifts of love Thou canst not com - pre - hend; Un - ceas - ing
3. No wor - thy gift hast thou to lay Up - on that heavenly shrine; But take thy
4. Thou art the of - f'ring He would have, His grace will make it meet; Tho' poor and
CHORUS.
on His ho - ly throne, Oh, kneel be - fore Him there.
as e - ter - nal years, His good-ness shall not end.
heart of love and say, O Fa - ther, it is Thine.
worthless, bring thy gift And lay it at His feet.
Oh, let thy songs..... a - dor-ing
Oh, let thy songs
rise,..... On wings of love..... and rapture soar;..... Come kneel be -
a - dor - ing rise,
On wings of love
and rapture soar;

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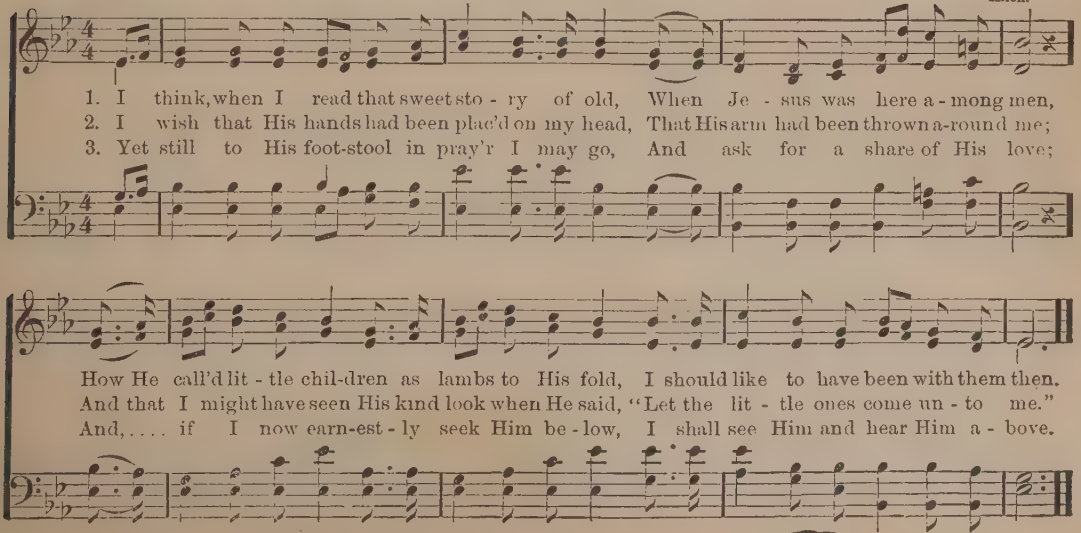
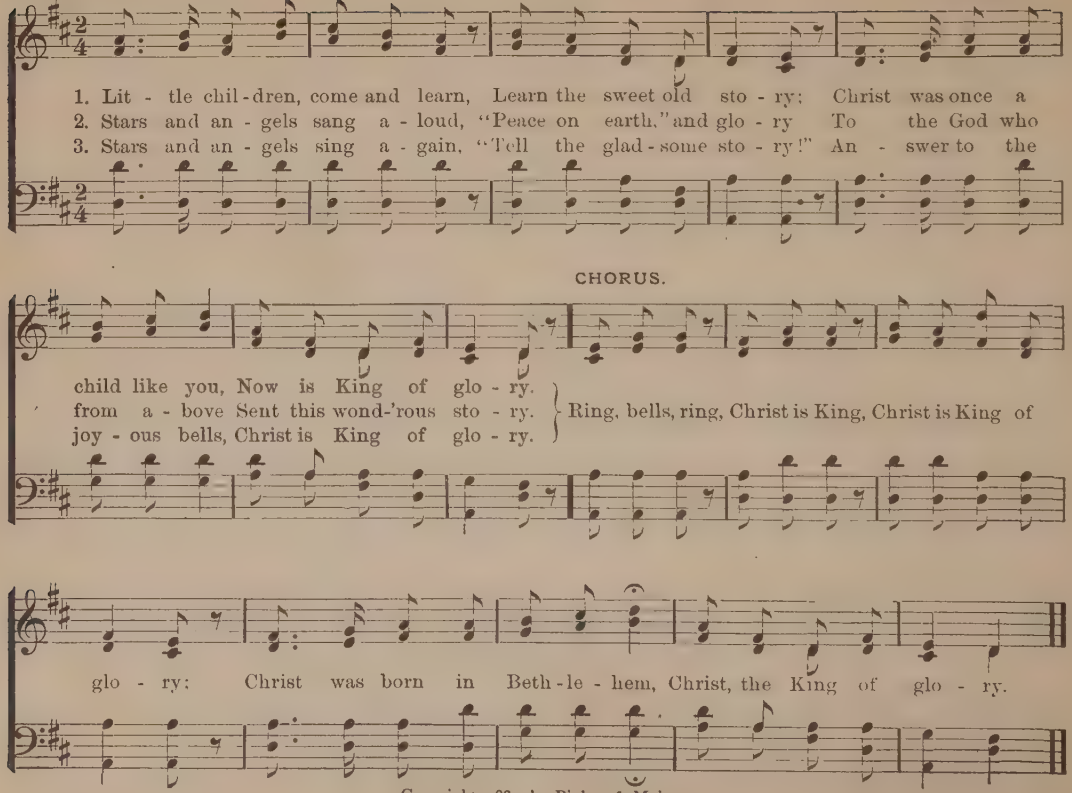
I Think, when I Read.

Jemima Luke. Anon.


1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,
2. I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head, That His arm had been thrown a-round me;
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of His love;
How He call'd lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
And,.... if I now earn-est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

Christ is King.

Mrs. Charlotte B. Merritt. H. P. Danks.


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, come and learn, Learn the sweet old sto - ry: Christ was once a child like you, Now is King of glo - ry.
2. Stars and an - gels sang a - loud, "Peace on earth," and glo - ry From a - bove Sent this wond-'rous sto - ry. To the God who joy - ous bells, Christ is King of glo - ry.
3. Stars and an - gels sing a - gain, "Tell the glad - some sto - ry!" An - swer to the
CHORUS.
Ring, bells, ring, Christ is King, Christ is King of glo - ry: Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, Christ, the King of glo - ry.

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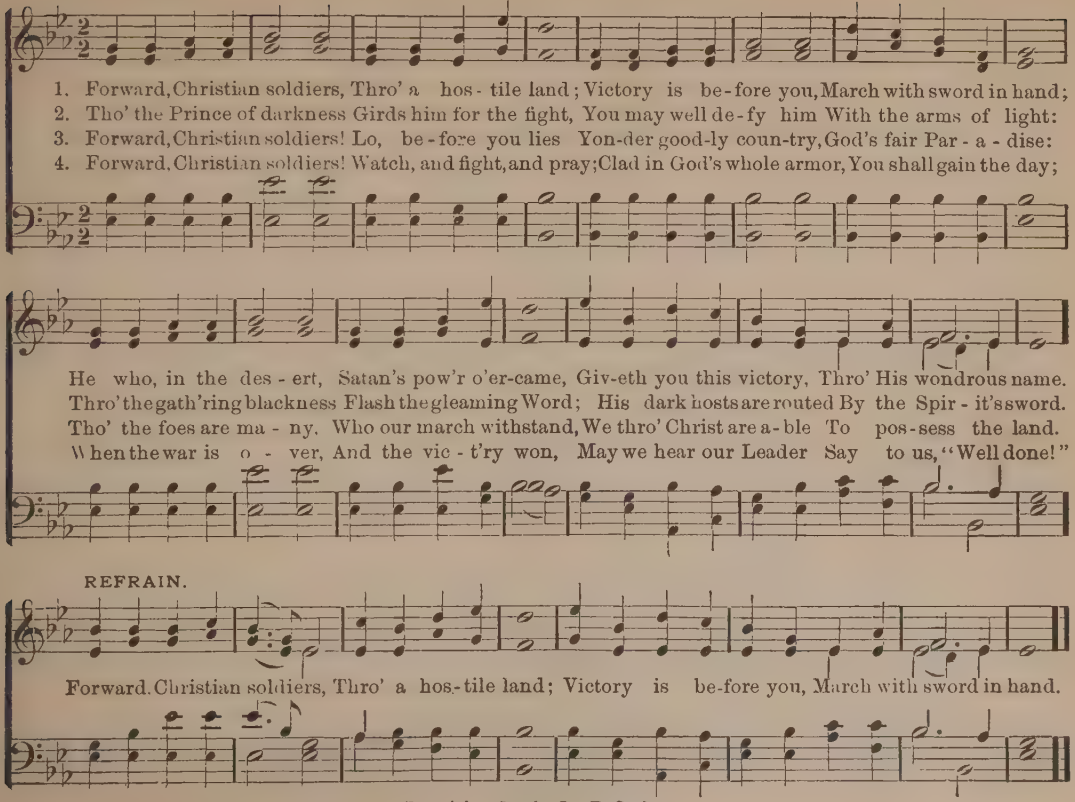
Forward, Christian Soldiers.

Rev. H. L. Hastings.

Ira D. Sankey.


1. Forward, Christian soldiers, Thro' a hos - tile land; Victory is be-fore you, March with sword in hand;
2. Tho' the Prince of darkness Girds him for the fight, You may well de-fy him With the arms of light:
3. Forward, Christian soldiers! Lo, be-fore you lies Yon-der good-ly coun-try, God's fair Par - a - dise:
4. Forward, Christian soldiers! Watch, and fight, and pray; Clad in God's whole armor, You shall gain the day;
He who, in the des - ert, Satan's pow'r o'er-came, Giv-eth you this victory, Thro' His wondrous name.
Thro' the gath'ring blackness Flash the gleaming Word; His dark hosts are routed By the Spir - it's sword.
Tho' the foes are ma - ny, Who our march withstand, We thro' Christ are a-ble To pos-sess the land.
When the war is o - ver, And the vic - t'ry won, May we hear our Leader Say to us, "Well done!"
REFRAIN.
Forward, Christian soldiers, Thro' a hos-tile land; Victory is be-fore you, March with sword in hand.

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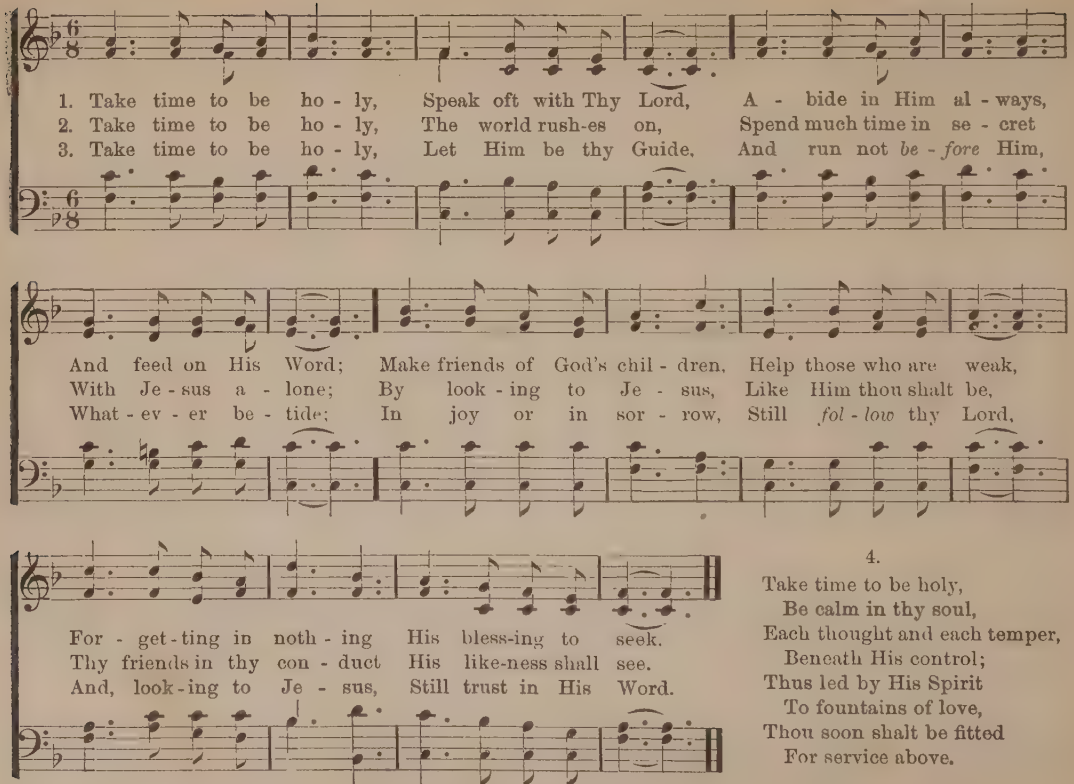
Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with Thy Lord, A - bide in Him al - ways,
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on, Spend much time in se - cret
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be - fore Him,
And feed on His Word; Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
With Je - sus a - lone; By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be,
What - ev - er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy Lord,
For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless-ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like-ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.

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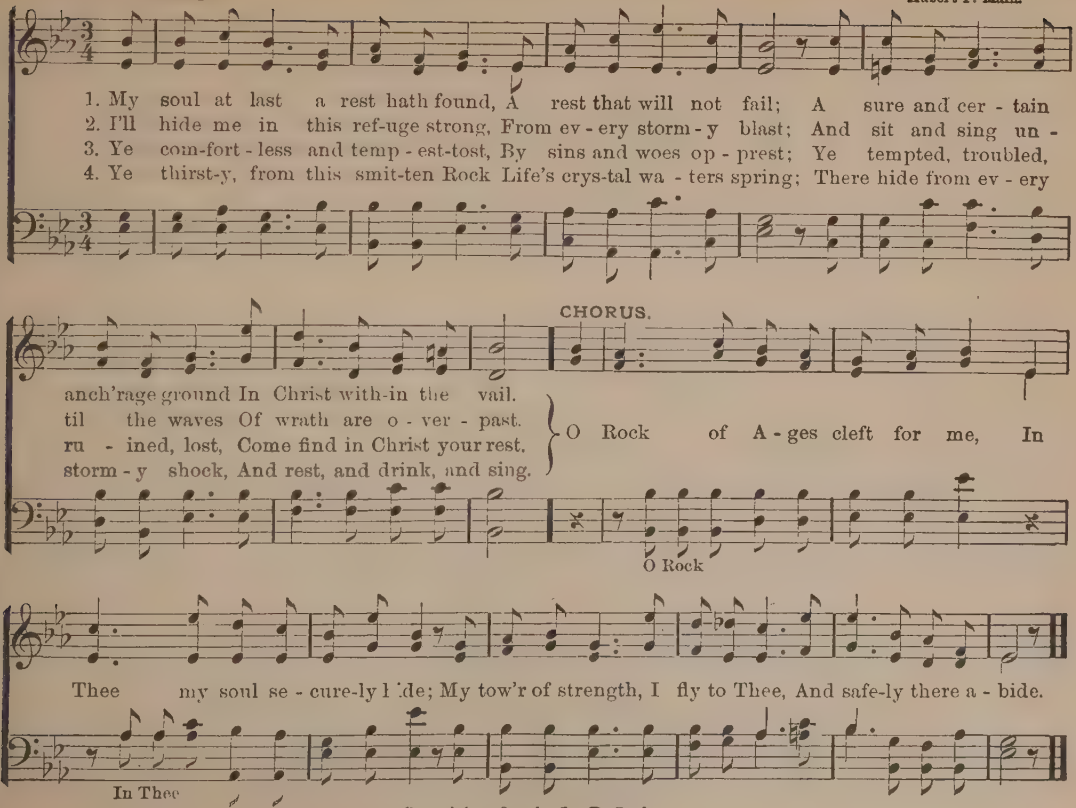
4.

Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each temper,
Beneath His control;
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

O Rock of Ages.

Rev. H. L. Hastings. Hubert P. Main.


1. My soul at last a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail; A sure and cer - tain
2. I'll hide me in this ref-uge strong, From ev - ery storm - y blast; And sit and sing un -
3. Ye com-fort - less and temp - est-tost, By sins and woes op - prest; Ye tempted, troubled,
4. Ye thirst-y, from this smit-ten Rock Life's crys-tal wa - ters spring; There hide from ev - ery
CHORUS.
anch'rage ground In Christ with-in the vail.
til the waves Of wrath are o - ver - past.
ru - ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
storm - y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.
O Rock of A - ges cleft for me, In
O Rock
Thee my soul se - cure-ly l de; My tow'r of strength, I fly to Thee, And safe-ly there a - bide.
In Thee

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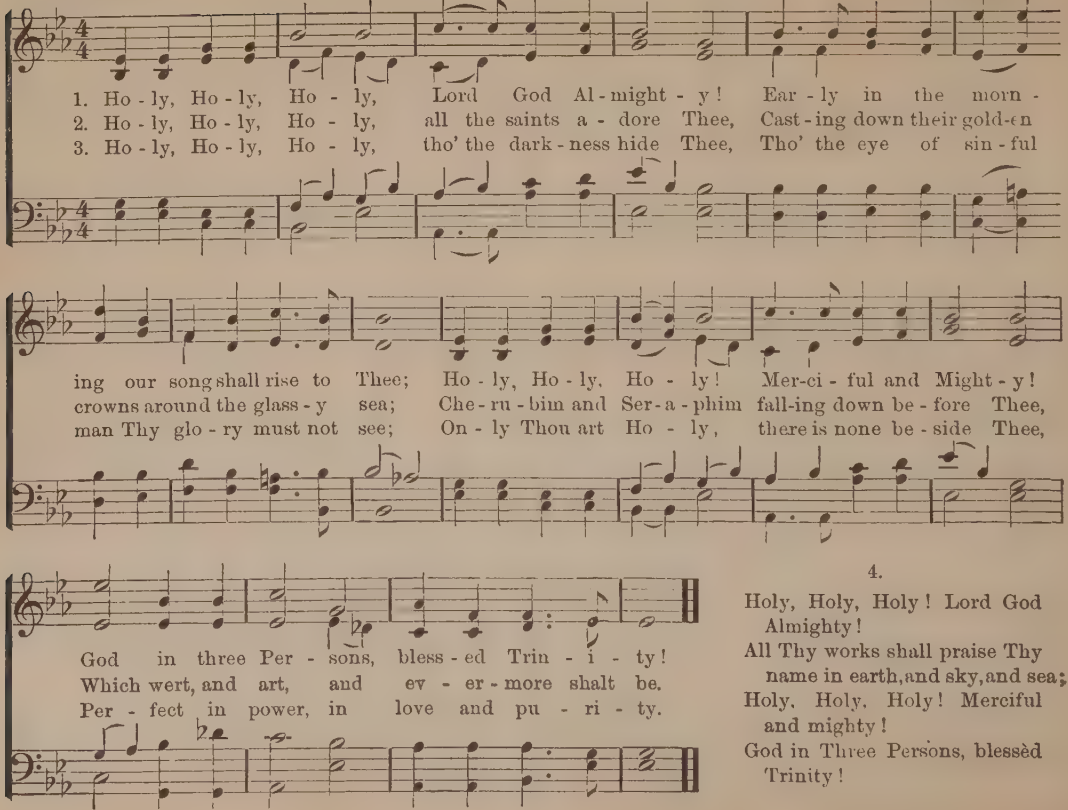
Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

R. Heber, D.D. — Rev. J. B. Dykes.

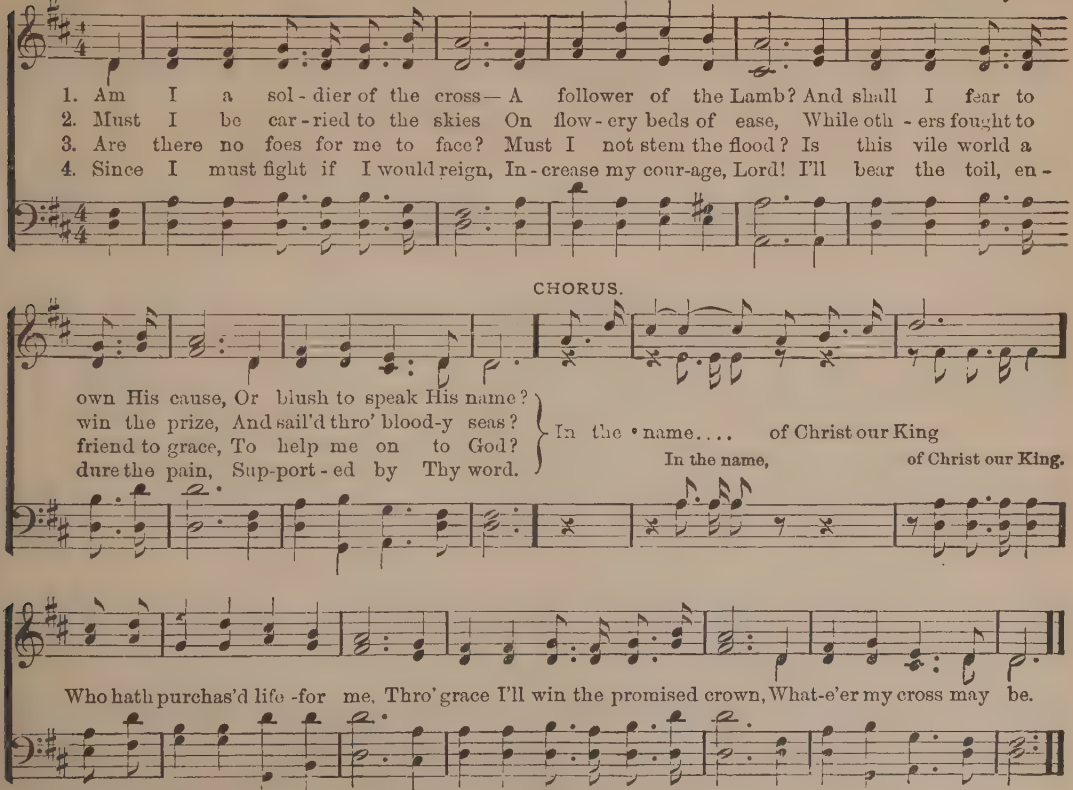

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn -
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful
ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer-ci - ful and Might - y!
crowns around the glass - y sea; Che - ru - bim and Ser - a - phim fall-ing down be - fore Thee,
man Thy glo - ry must not see; On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.

4.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

A Soldier of the Cross.

Isaac Watts. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A follower of the Lamb? And shall I fear to
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - cry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour-age, Lord! I'll bear the toil, en -
CHORUS.
own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
friend to grace, To help me on to God?
dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.
In the • name.... of Christ our King
In the name, of Christ our King.
Who hath purchas'd life - for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, What-e'er my cross may be.

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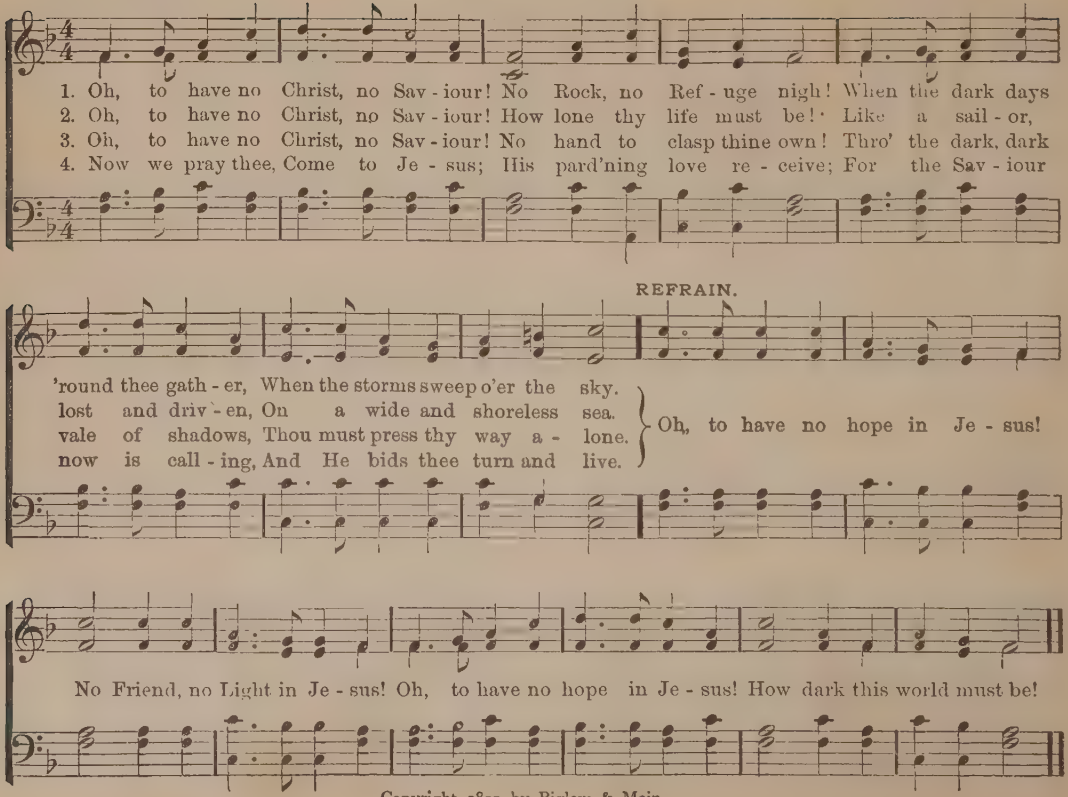
No Hope in Jesus.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - iour! No Rock, no Ref - uge nigh! When the dark days
2. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - iour! How lone thy life must be! Like a sail - or,
3. Oh, to have no Christ, no Sav - iour! No hand to clasp thine own! Thro' the dark, dark
4. Now we pray thee, Come to Je - sus; His pard'ning love re - ceive; For the Sav - iour
REFRAIN.
'round thee gath - er, When the storms sweep o'er the sky.
lost and driv - en, On a wide and shoreless sea.
vale of shadows, Thou must press thy way a - lone.
now is call - ing, And He bids thee turn and live.
Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus!
No Friend, no Light in Je - sus! Oh, to have no hope in Je - sus! How dark this world must be!

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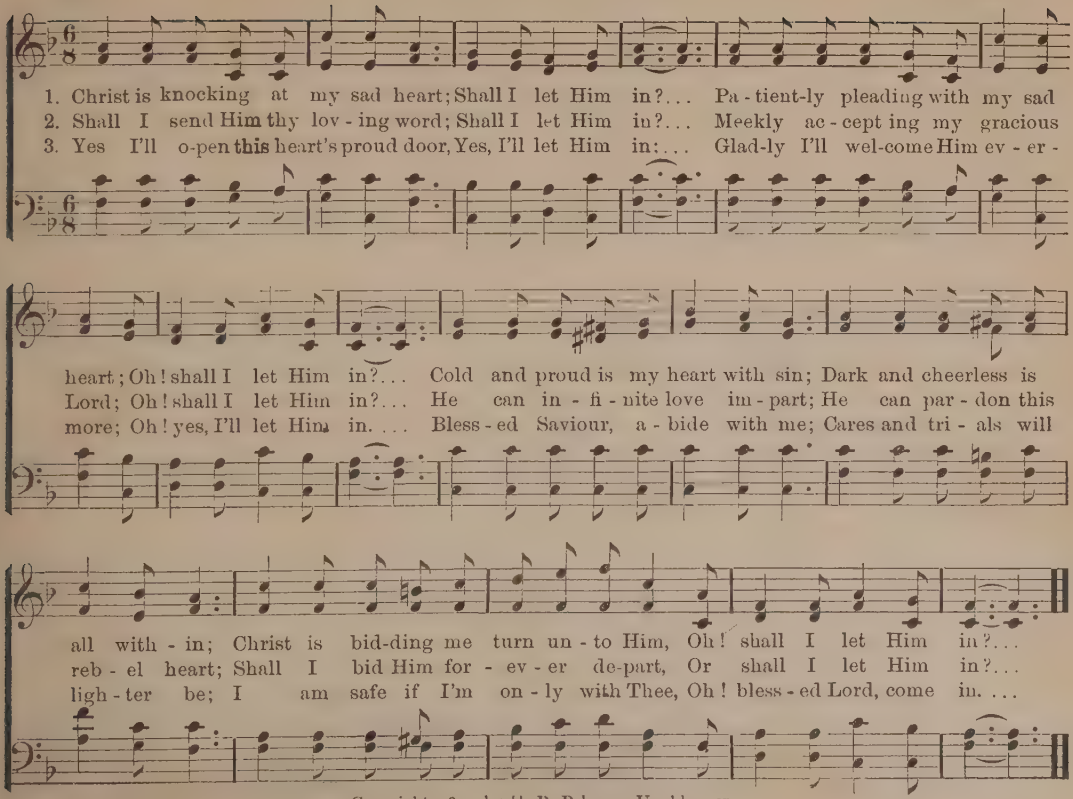
Shall I let Him In?

H. R. P.

H. R. Palmer.


1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?... Pa-tient-ly pleading with my sad
2. Shall I send Him thy lov-ing word; Shall I let Him in?... Meekly ac-cept ing my gracious
3. Yes I'll o-pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in:... Glad-ly I'll wel-come Him ev-er-
heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?... Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is
Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?... He can in-fi-nite love im-part; He can par-don this
more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in.... Bless-ed Saviour, a-bide with me; Cares and tri-als will
all with-in; Christ is bid-ding me turn un-to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?...
reb-el heart; Shall I bid Him for-ev-er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?...
ligh-ter be; I am safe if I'm on-ly with Thee, Oh! bless-ed Lord, come in....

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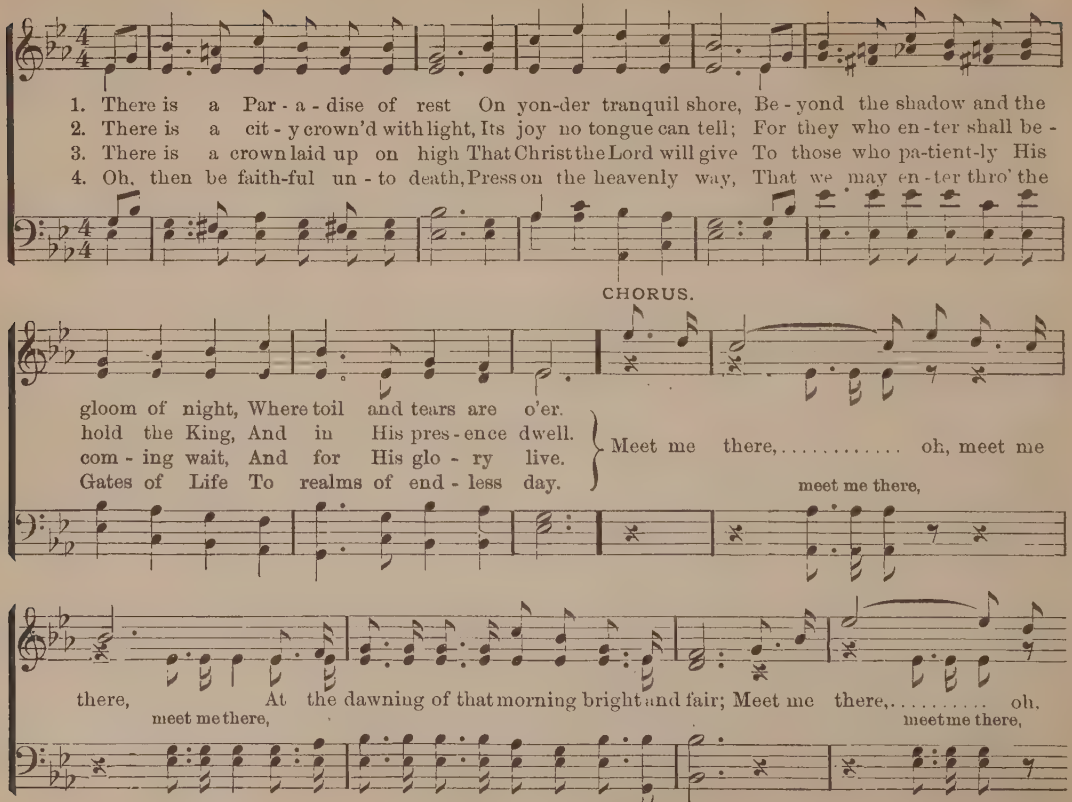
W. Robert Lindsay.

There is a Paradise of Rest.

Ira D. Sankey.


1. There is a Par - a - dise of rest On yon-der tranquil shore, Be - yond the shadow and the
2. There is a cit - y crown'd with light, Its joy no tongue can tell; For they who en - ter shall be -
3. There is a crown laid up on high That Christ the Lord will give To those who pa-tient-ly His
4. Oh, then be faith-ful un - to death, Press on the heavenly way, That we may en - ter thro' the
CHORUS.
gloom of night, Where toil and tears are o'er.
hold the King, And in His pres - ence dwell.
com - ing wait, And for His glo - ry live.
Gates of Life To realms of end - less day.
Meet me there, ... oh, meet me
meet me there,
there, At the dawning of that morning bright and fair; Meet me there, ... oh,
meet me there,
meet me there,

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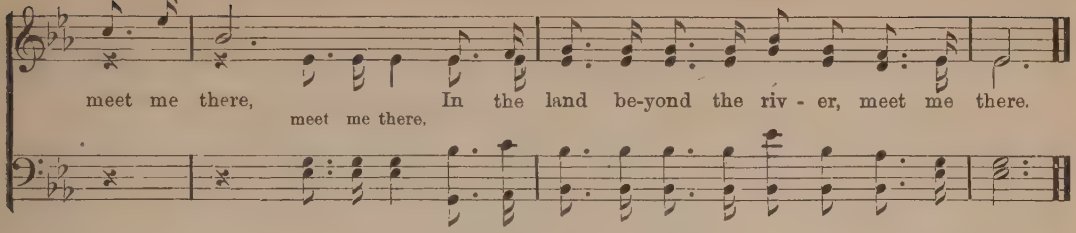
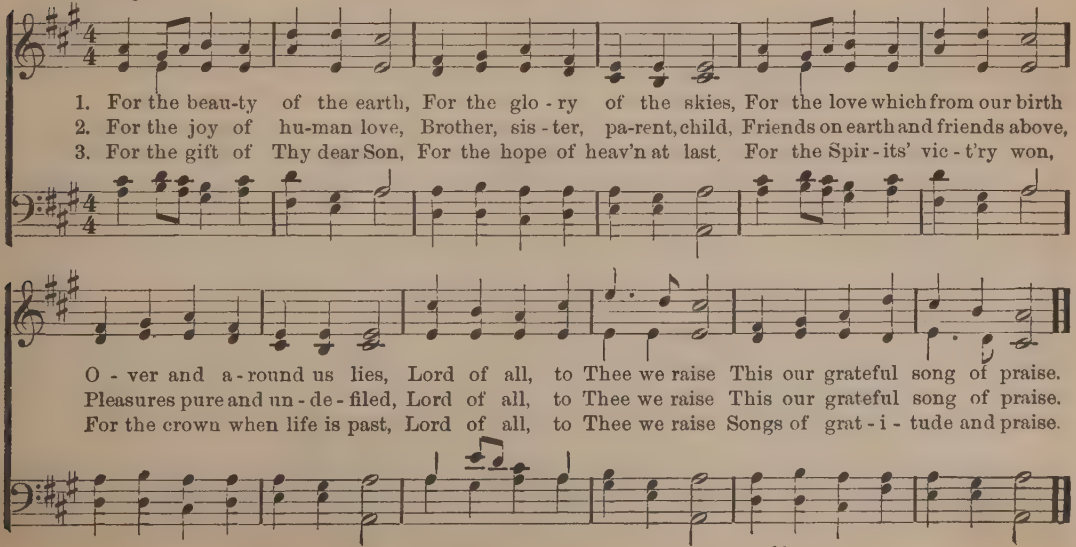


Our Song of Praise.

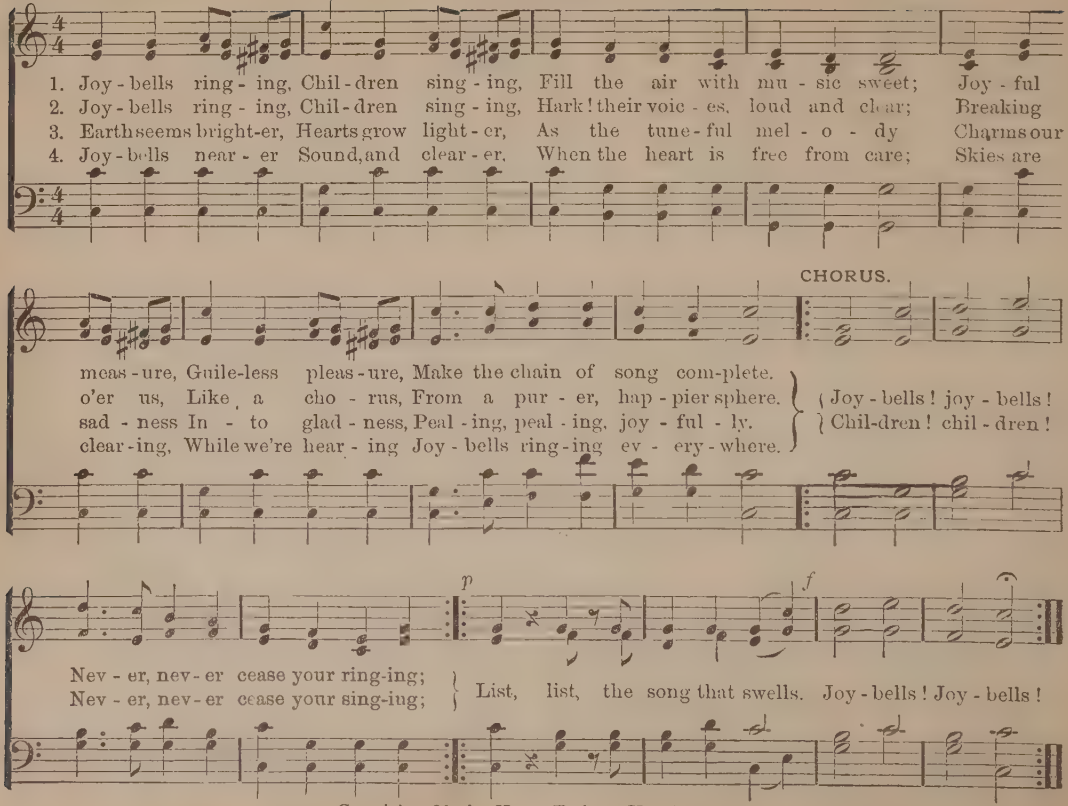
F. S. Pierpont. Conrad Kocher.


1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies, For the love which from our birth
2. For the joy of hu-man love, Brother, sis - ter, pa-rent, child, Friends on earth and friends above,
3. For the gift of Thy dear Son, For the hope of heav'n at last, For the Spir - its' vic - t'ry won,
O - ver and a - round us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.
Pleasures pure and un - de - filed, Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grateful song of praise.
For the crown when life is past, Lord of all, to Thee we raise Songs of grat - i - tude and praise.

Josephine Pollard.

Joy-Bells.

Henry Tucker.


1. Joy - bells ring - ing, Chil - dren sing - ing, Fill the air with mu - sic sweet; Joy - ful
2. Joy - bells ring - ing, Chil - dren sing - ing, Hark! their voic - es, loud and clear; Breaking
3. Earth seems bright-er, Hearts grow light - er, As the tune - ful mel - o - dy Charms our
4. Joy - bells near - er Sound, and clear - er, When the heart is free from care; Skies are
CHORUS.
meas - ure, Guile-less pleas - ure, Make the chain of song com-plete.
o'er us, Like a cho - rus, From a pur - er, hap - pier sphere.
sad - ness In - to glad - ness, Peal - ing, peal - ing, joy - ful - ly.
clear - ing, While we're hear - ing Joy - bells ring - ing ev - ery - where.
Joy - bells! joy - bells!
Chil-dren! chil - dren!
p
f
Nev - er, nev - er cease your ring-ing;
Nev - er, nev - er cease your sing-ing;
List, list, the song that swells. Joy - bells! Joy - bells!

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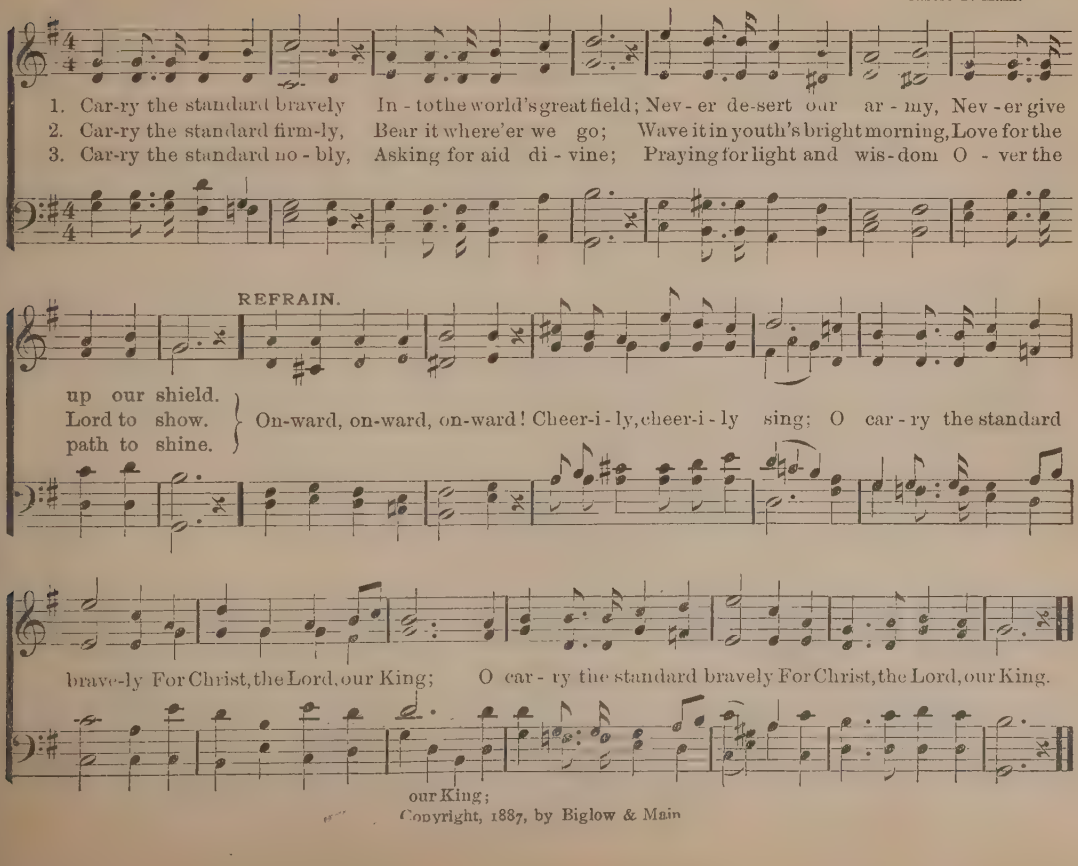
Carry the Standard Bravely.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.


1. Car-ry the standard bravely In-to the world's great field; Nev-er de-sert our ar-my, Nev-er give
2. Car-ry the standard firm-ly, Bear it where'er we go; Wave it in youth's bright morning, Love for the
3. Car-ry the standard no-bly, Asking for aid di-vine; Praying for light and wis-dom O-ver the
REFRAIN.
up our shield.
Lord to show.
path to shine.
On-ward, on-ward, on-ward! Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly sing; O car-ry the standard
brave-ly For Christ, the Lord, our King; O car-ry the standard bravely For Christ, the Lord, our King.
our King;

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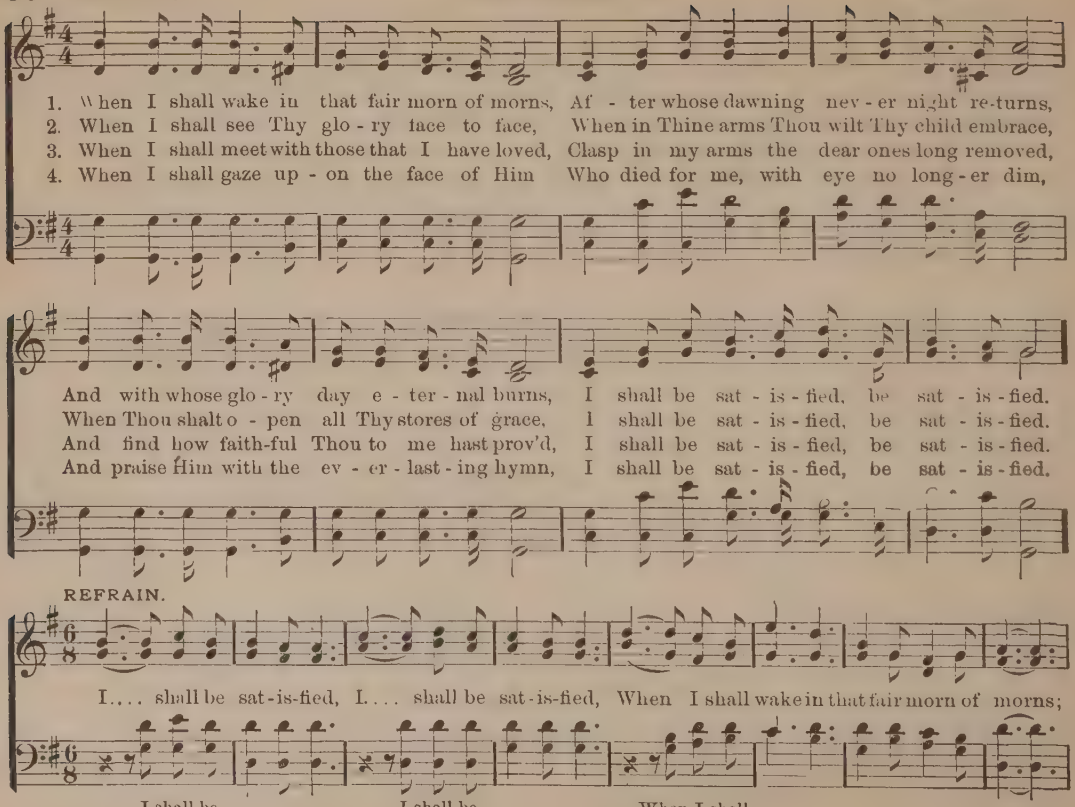
Horatius Bonar, D. D.

Satisfied.

Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, After whose dawning nev - er night re-turns,
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the dear ones long removed,
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with eye no long - er dim,
And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns, I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied.
When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace, I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied.
And find how faith-ful Thou to me hast prov'd, I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied.
And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied.
REFRAIN.
I.... shall be sat-is-fied, I.... shall be sat-is-fied, When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns;
I shall be, I shall be, When I shall,

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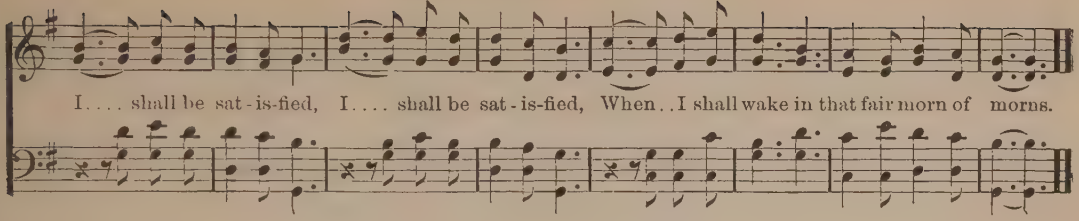
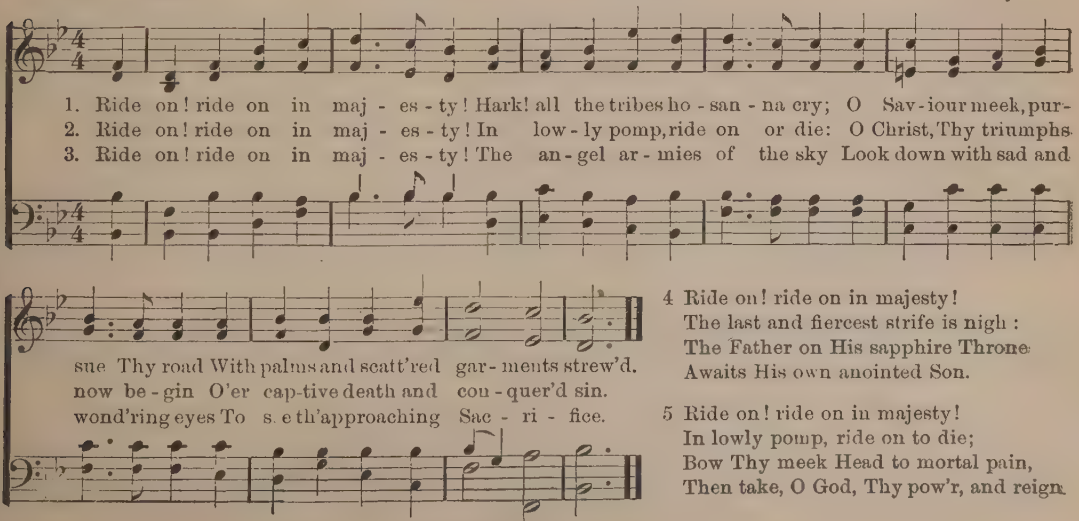
Satisfied.—Concluded.



Ride on, in Majesty.

Rev. H. H. Milman. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry; O Sav-iour meek, pur-
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp, ride on or die: O Christ, Thy triumphs
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies of the sky Look down with sad and
sue Thy road With palms and scatt'red gar - ments strew'd.
now be - gin O'er cap-tive death and cou - quer'd sin.
wond'ring eyes To s. e th'approaching Sac - ri - fice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy pow'r, and reign.

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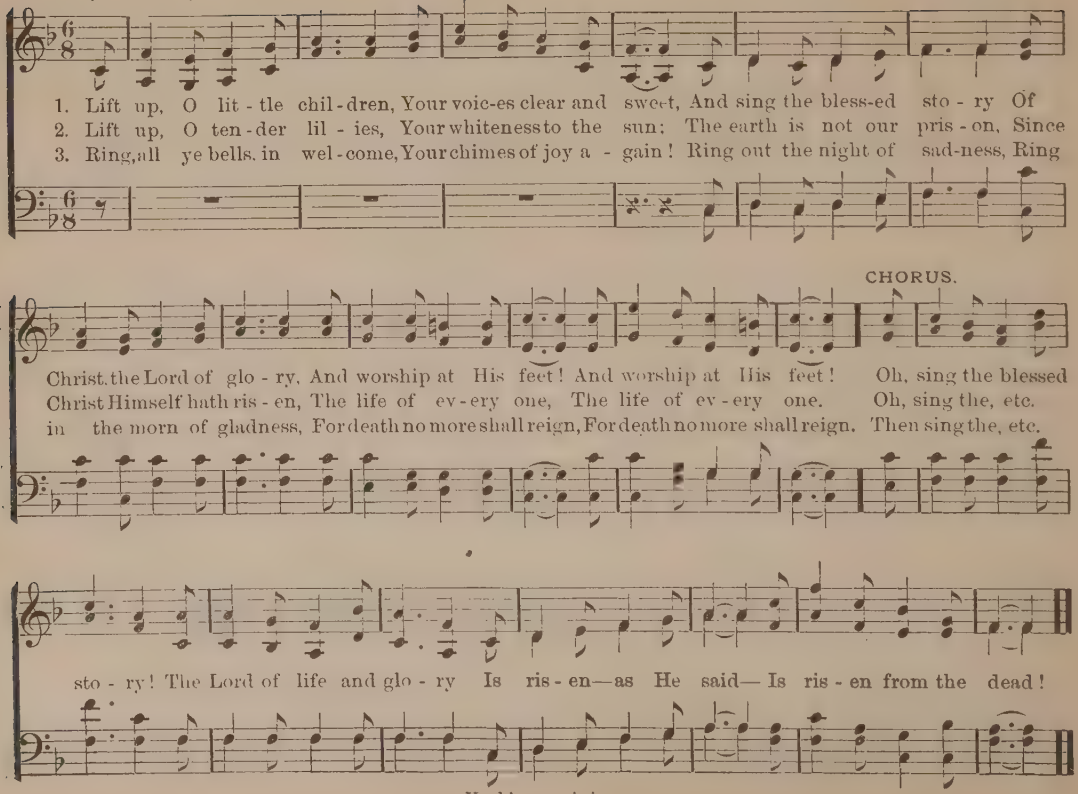
Lift Up, O Little Children.

Mary A. Lathbury. M. C. Seward.


1. Lift up, O lit - tle chil - dren, Your voic-es clear and sweet, And sing the bless-ed sto - ry Of
2. Lift up, O ten - der lil - ies, Your whiteness to the sun; The earth is not our pris - on, Since
3. Ring, all ye bells, in wel - come, Your chimes of joy a - gain! Ring out the night of sad-ness, Ring
CHORUS.
Christ, the Lord of glo - ry, And worship at His feet! And worship at His feet! Oh, sing the blessed
Christ Himself hath ris - en, The life of ev - ery one, The life of ev - ery one. Oh, sing the, etc.
in the morn of gladness, For death no more shall reign, For death no more shall reign. Then sing the, etc.
sto - ry! The Lord of life and glo - ry Is ris - en—as He said— Is ris - en from the dead!

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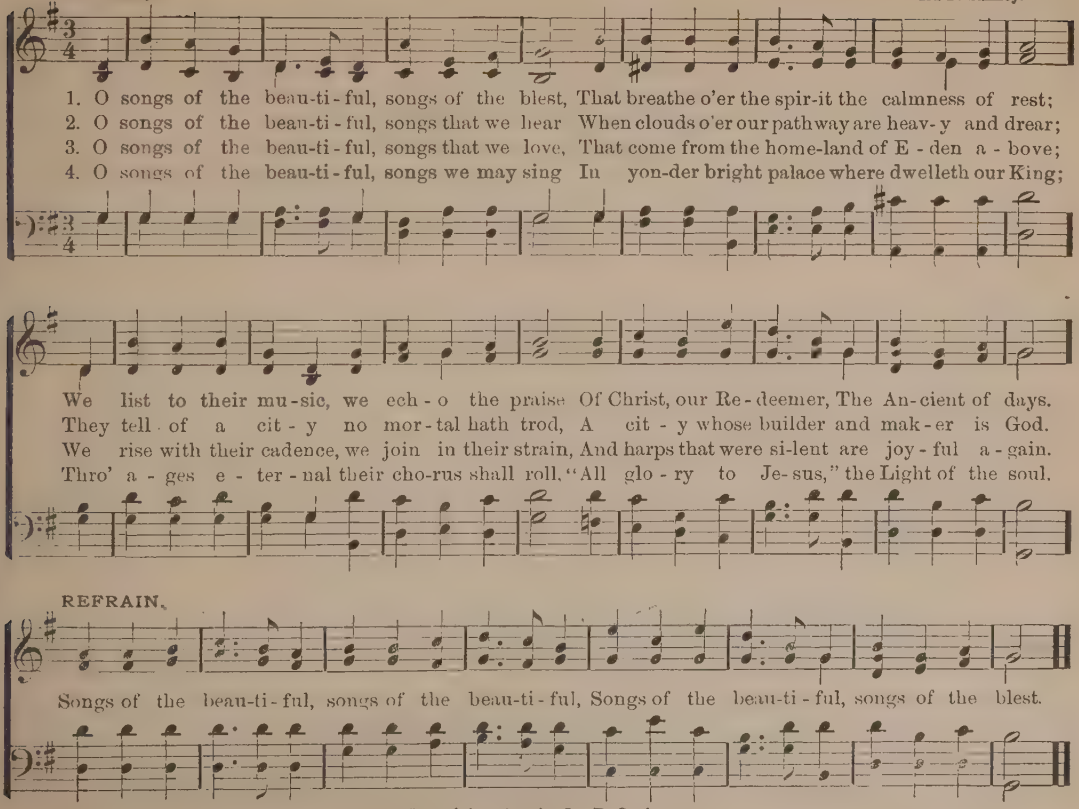
O Songs of the Beautiful.

F. J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, That breathe o'er the spir-it the calmness of rest;
2. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs that we hear When clouds o'er our pathway are heav-y and drear;
3. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs that we love, That come from the home-land of E-den a-bove;
4. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs we may sing In yon-der bright palace where dwelleth our King;
We list to their mu-sic, we ech-o the praise Of Christ, our Re-deemer, The An-cient of days.
They tell of a cit-y no mor-tal hath trod, A cit-y whose builder and mak-er is God.
We rise with their cadence, we join in their strain, And harps that were si-lent are joy-ful a-gain.
Thro' a-ges e-ter-nal their cho-rus shall roll, "All glo-ry to Je-sus," the Light of the soul.
REFRAIN.
Songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the beau-ti-ful, Songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest.

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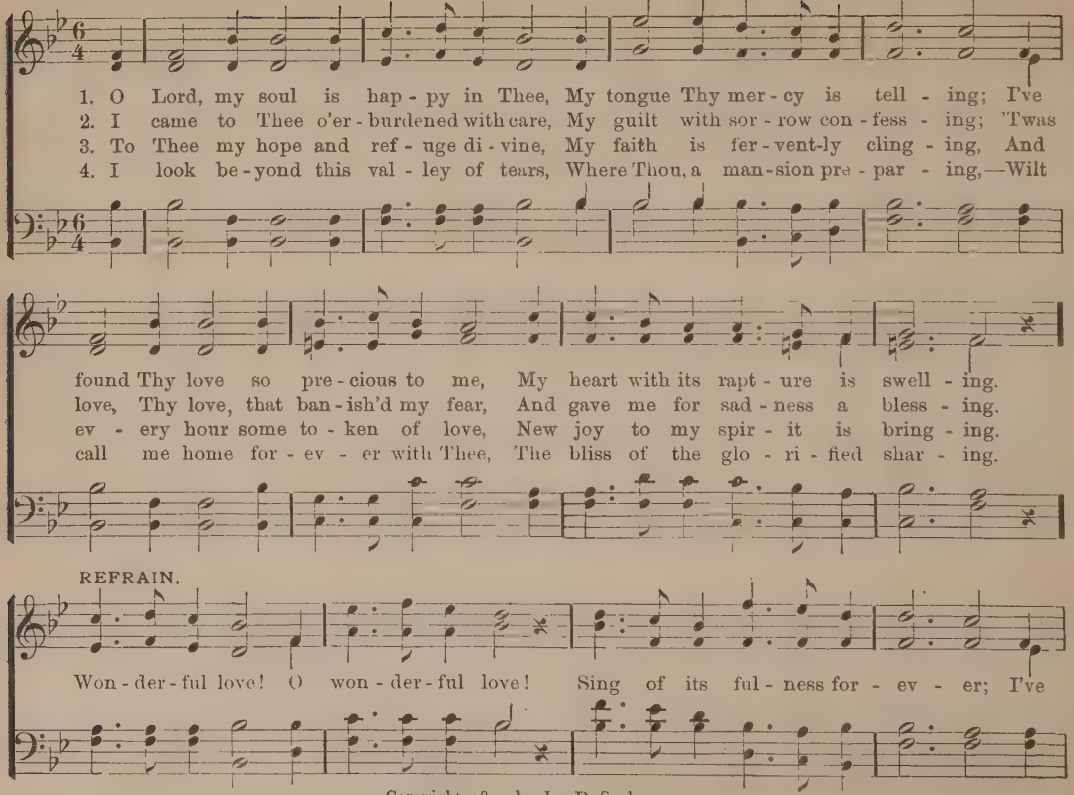
Wonderful Love!

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.


1. O Lord, my soul is hap - py in Thee, My tongue Thy mer - cy is tell - ing; I've found Thy love so pre - cious to me, My heart with its rapt - ure is swell - ing.
2. I came to Thee o'er - burdened with care, My guilt with sor - row con - fess - ing; 'Twas love, Thy love, that ban - ish'd my fear, And gave me for sad - ness a bless - ing.
3. To Thee my hope and ref - uge di - vine, My faith is fer - vent-ly cling - ing, And ev - ery hour some to - ken of love, New joy to my spir - it is bring - ing.
4. I look be - yond this val - ley of tears, Where Thou, a man - sion pre - par - ing,—Wilt call me home for - ev - er with Thee, The bliss of the glo - ri - fied shar - ing.
REFRAIN.
Won - der - ful love! O won - der - ful love! Sing of its ful - ness for - ev - er; I've

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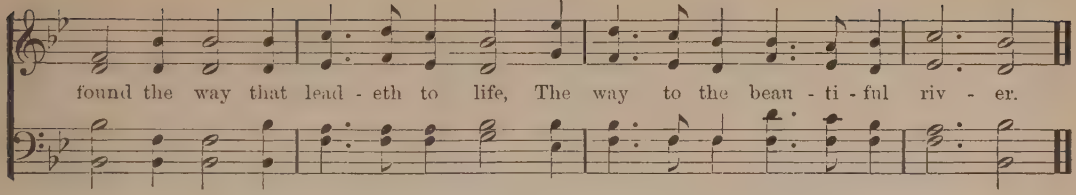
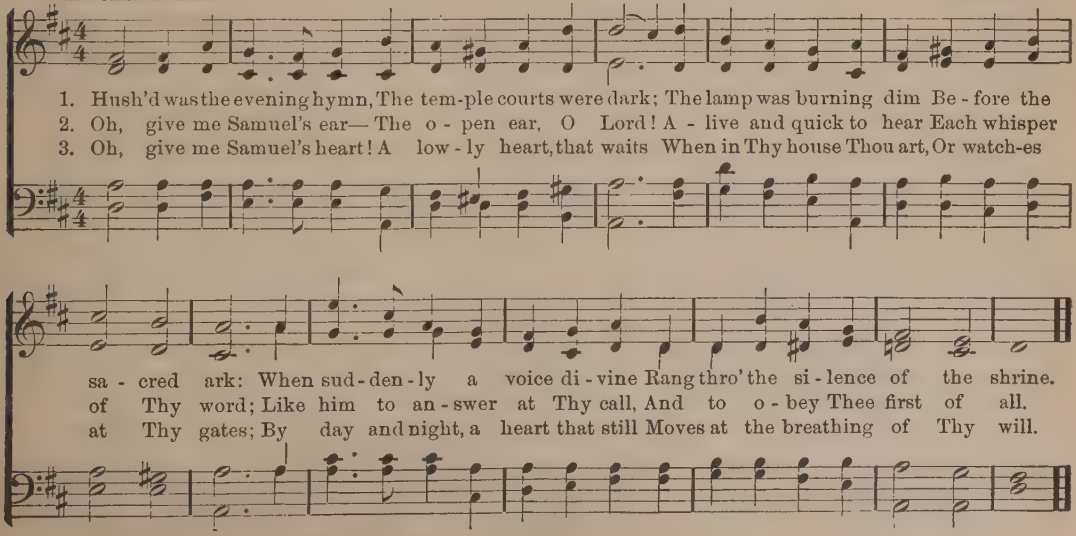


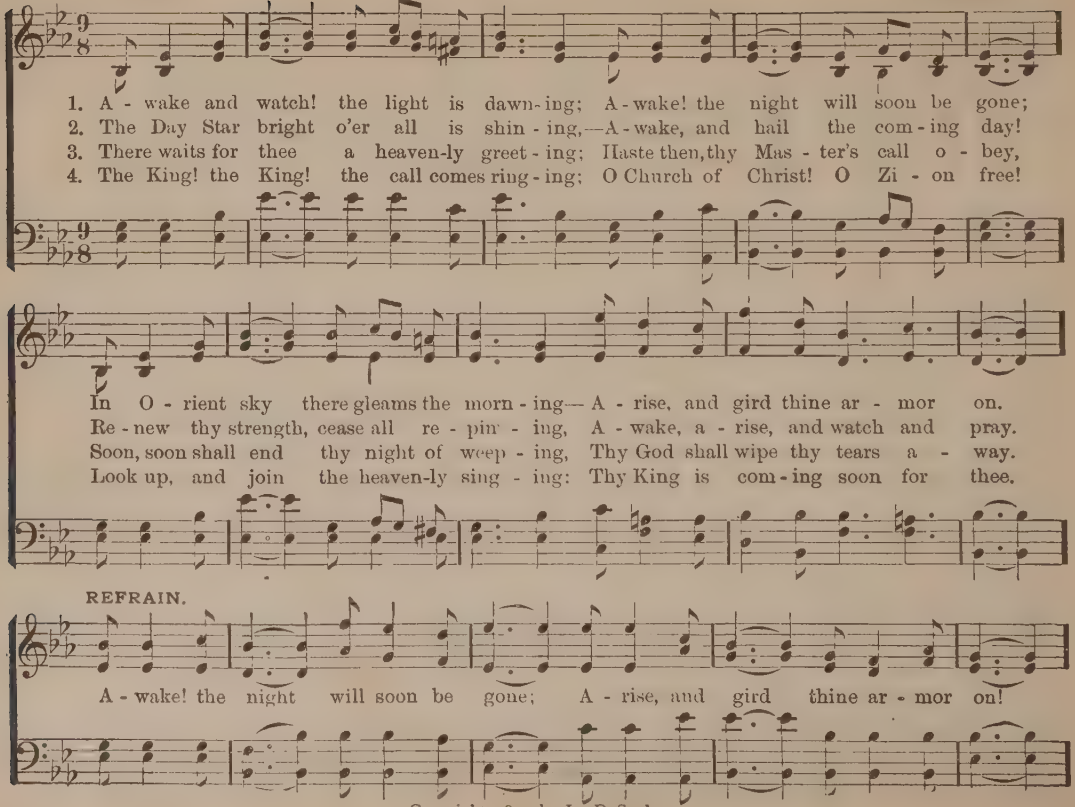
Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

Rev. James D. Burns. A. S. Sullivan.


1. Hush'd was the evening hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The lamp was burning dim Be - fore the
2. Oh, give me Samuel's ear— The o - pen ear, O Lord! A - live and quick to hear Each whisper
3. Oh, give me Samuel's heart! A low - ly heart, that waits When in Thy house Thou art, Or watch-es
sa - cred ark: When sud-den-ly a voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine.
of Thy word; Like him to an - swer at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all.
at Thy gates; By day and night, a heart that still Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Awake and Watch.

L. D. Harrington. Ira D. Sankey.


1. A - wake and watch! the light is dawn - ing; A - wake! the night will soon be gone;
2. The Day Star bright o'er all is shin - ing,—A - wake, and hail the com - ing day!
3. There waits for thee a heaven-ly greet - ing; Haste then, thy Mas - ter's call o - bey,
4. The King! the King! the call comes ring - ing; O Church of Christ! O Zi - on free!
In O - rient sky there gleams the morn - ing— A - rise, and gird thine ar - mor on.
Re - new thy strength, cease all re - pin - ing, A - wake, a - rise, and watch and pray.
Soon, soon shall end thy night of weep - ing, Thy God shall wipe thy tears a - way.
Look up, and join the heaven-ly sing - ing: Thy King is com - ing soon for thee.
REFRAIN.
A - wake! the night will soon be gone; A - rise, and gird thine ar - mor on!

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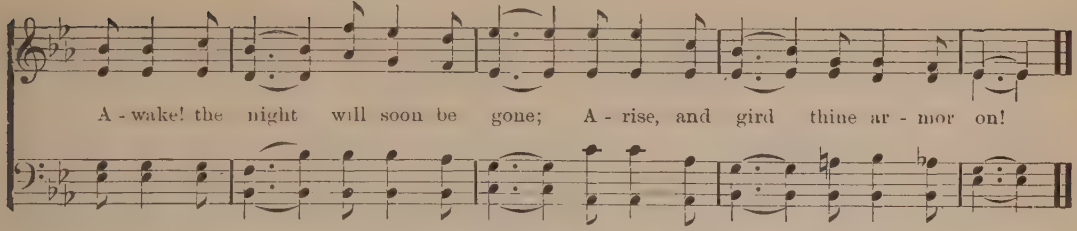
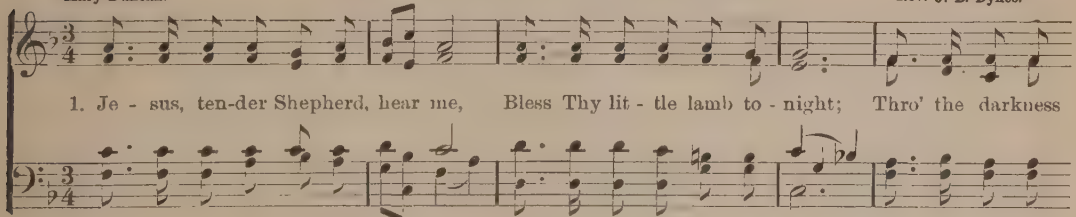
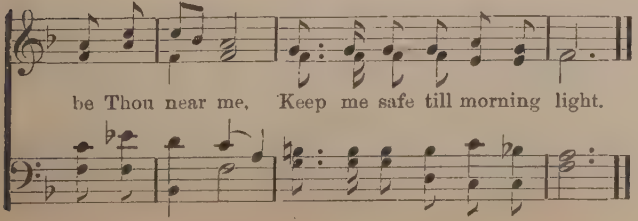
Awake and Watch.—Concluded.



Jesus, tender Shepherd.

Mary Duncan. Rev. J. B. Dykes.



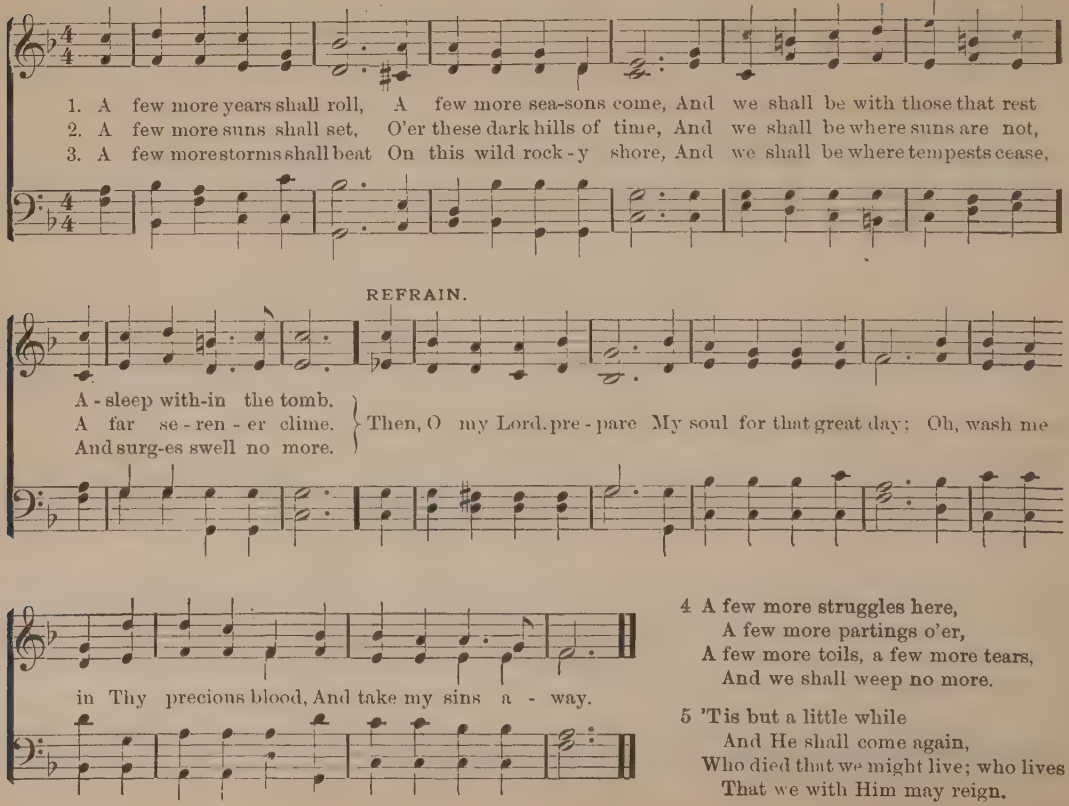


2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

A Few more Years shall Roll.

H. Bonar, D.D. L. G. Hayne.

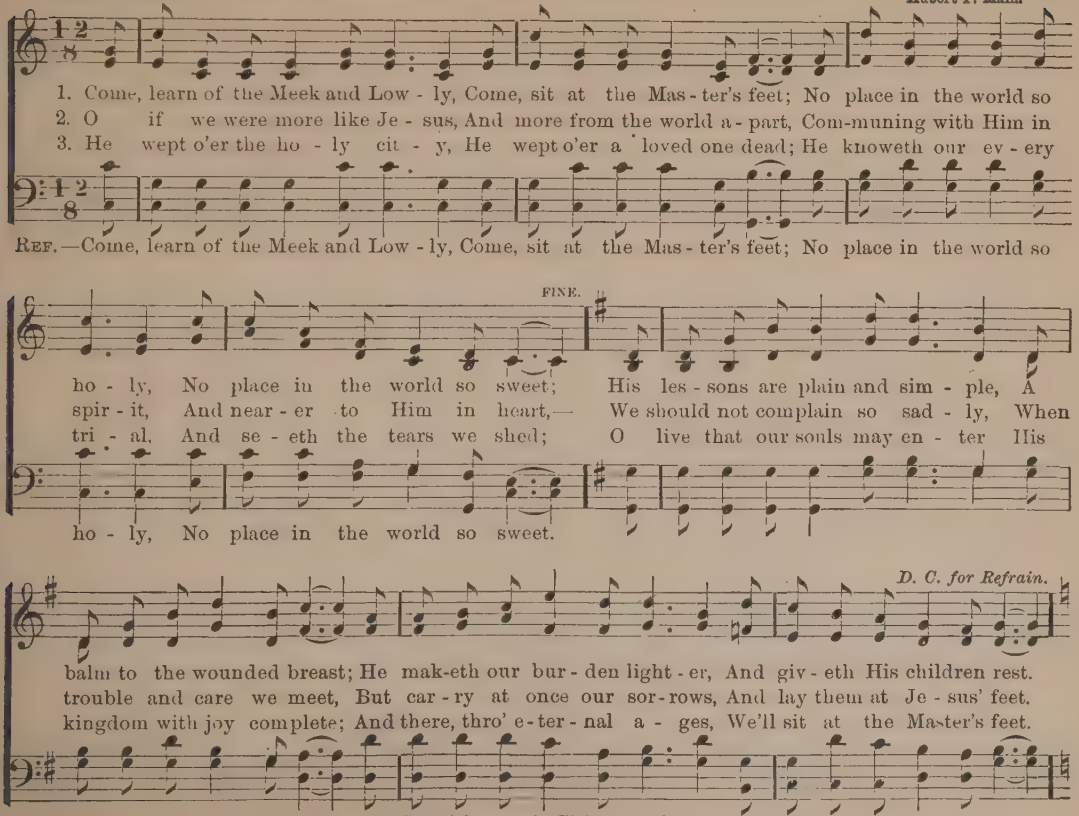

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with those that rest
2. A few more suns shall set, O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where suns are not,
3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock-y shore, And we shall be where tempests cease,
REFRAIN.
A-sleep with-in the tomb.
A far se-ren-er clime.
And surg-es swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; Oh, wash me
in Thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live; who lives
That we with Him may reign.

Come, Learn of the Meek and Lowly.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.


1. Come, learn of the Meek and Low - ly, Come, sit at the Mas - ter's feet; No place in the world so
2. O if we were more like Je - sus, And more from the world a - part, Com-muning with Him in
3. He wept o'er the ho - ly cit - y, He wept o'er a loved one dead; He knoweth our ev - ery
Ref.—Come, learn of the Meek and Low - ly, Come, sit at the Mas - ter's feet; No place in the world so
FINE.
ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet; His les - sons are plain and sim - ple, A
spir - it, And near - er to Him in heart,— We should not complain so sad - ly, When
tri - al, And se - eth the tears we shed; O live that our souls may en - ter His
ho - ly, No place in the world so sweet.
D. C. for Refrain.
balm to the wounded breast; He mak-eth our bur - den light - er, And giv - eth His children rest.
trouble and care we meet, But car - ry at once our sor - rows, And lay them at Je - sus' feet.
kingdom with joy complete; And there, thro' e - ter - nal a - ges, We'll sit at the Master's feet.

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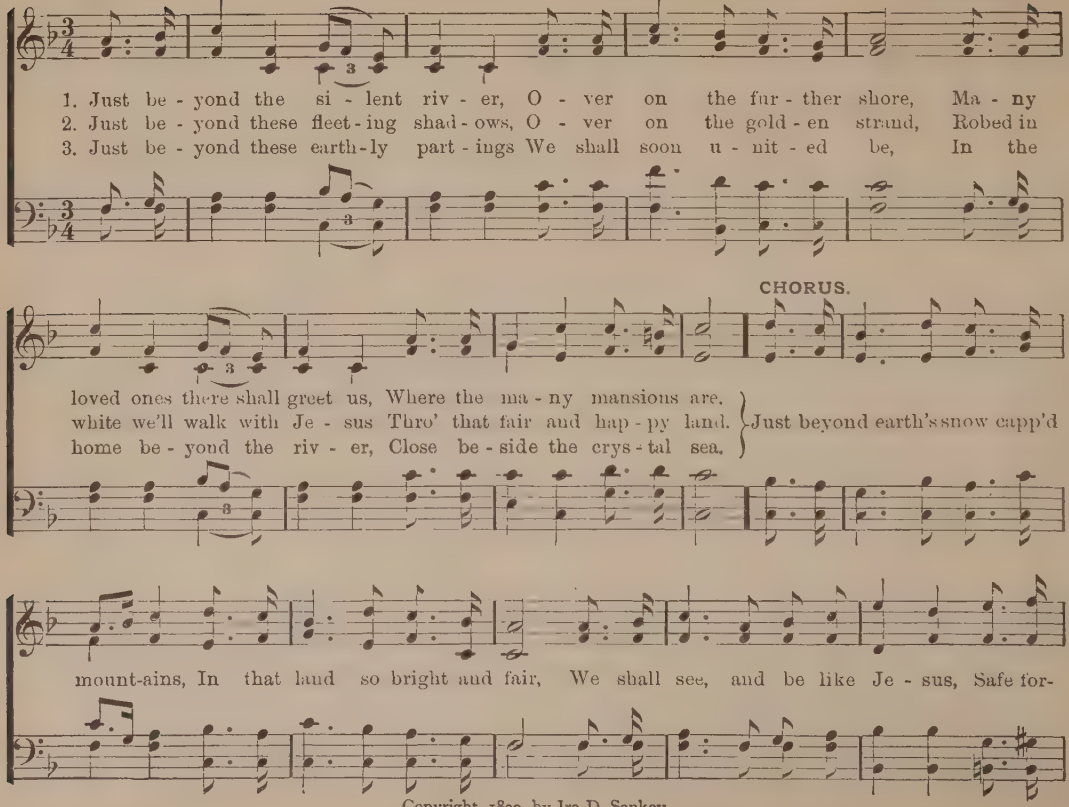
Just Beyond the Silent River.

Words arr. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Just be - yond the si - lent riv - er, O - ver on the fur - ther shore, Ma - ny
2. Just be - yond these fleet - ing shad - ows, O - ver on the gold - en strand, Robed in
3. Just be - yond these earth - ly part - ings We shall soon u - nit - ed be, In the
CHORUS.
loved ones there shall greet us, Where the ma - ny mansions are,
white we'll walk with Je - sus Thro' that fair and hap - py land.
home be - yond the riv - er, Close be - side the crys - tal sea.
Just beyond earth's snow capp'd
mount-ains, In that land so bright and fair, We shall see, and be like Je - sus, Safe for-

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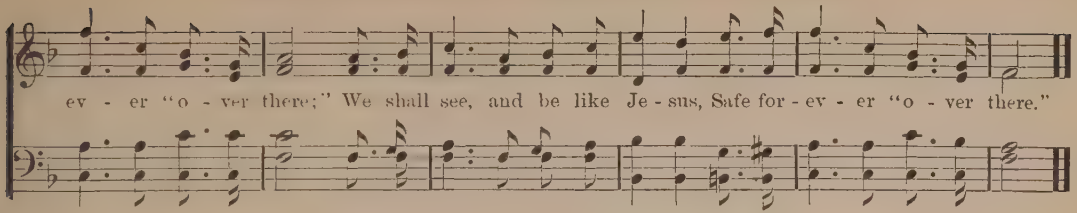
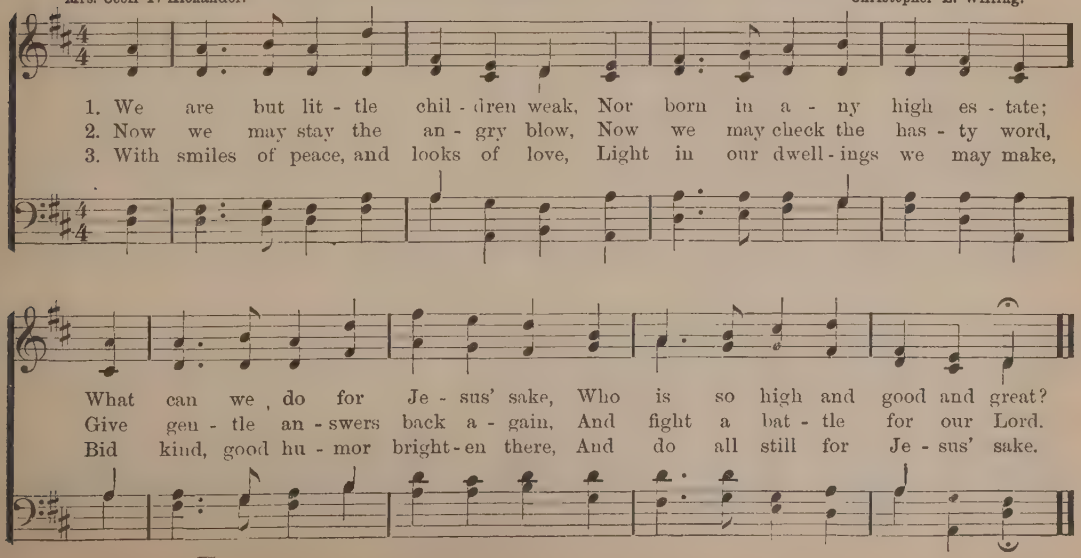


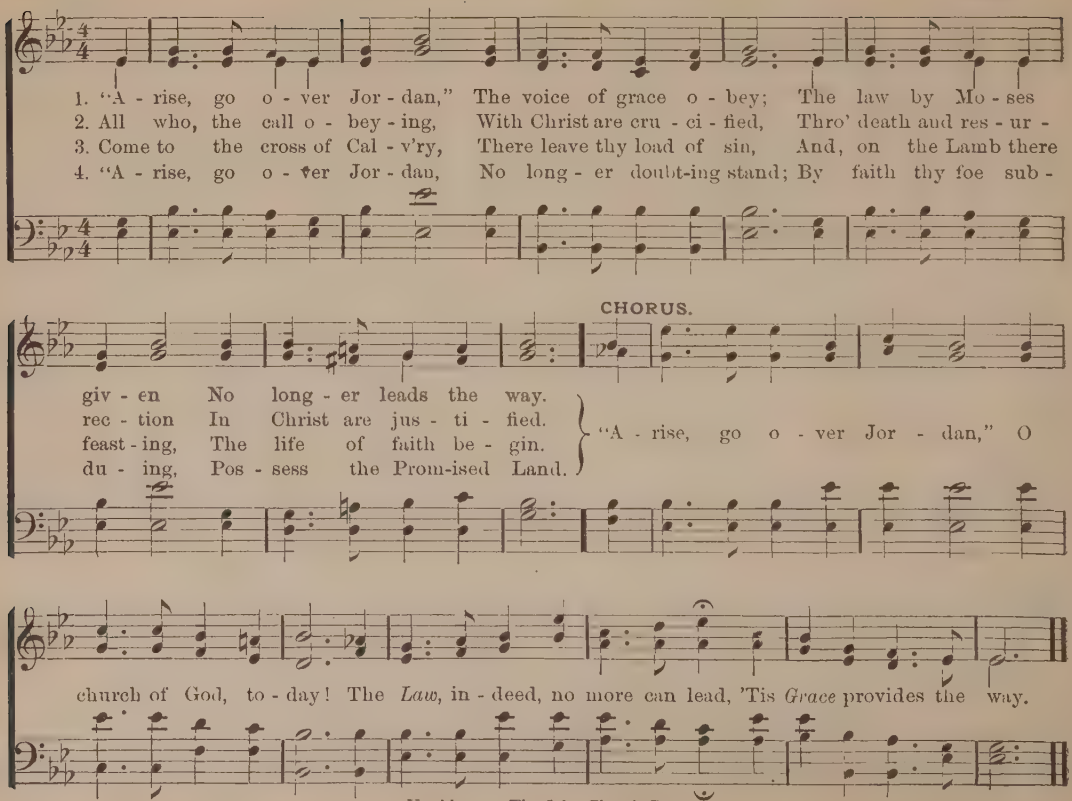
We are but Little Children weak.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. Christopher E. Willing.


1. We are but lit - tle chil - dren weak, Nor born in a - ny high es - tate;
2. Now we may stay the an - gry blow, Now we may check the has - ty word,
3. With smiles of peace, and looks of love, Light in our dwell - ings we may make,
What can we do for Je - sus' sake, Who is so high and good and great?
Give gen - tle an - swers back a - gain, And fight a bat - tle for our Lord.
Bid kind, good hu - mor bright - en there, And do all still for Je - sus' sake.

Arise, go over Jordan.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "A - rise, go o - ver Jor - dan," The voice of grace o - bey; The law by Mo - ses
2. All who, the call o - bey - ing, With Christ are cru - ci - fied, Thro' death and res - ur -
3. Come to the cross of Cal - v'ry, There leave thy load of sin, And, on the Lamb there
4. "A - rise, go o - ver Jor - dan, No long - er doubt-ing stand; By faith thy foe sub -
CHORUS.
giv - en No long - er leads the way.
rec - tion In Christ are jus - ti - fied.
feast - ing, The life of faith be - gin.
du - ing, Pos - sess the Prom-ised Land.
"A - rise, go o - ver Jor - dan," O
church of God, to - day! The *Law*, in - deed, no more can lead, 'Tis *Grace* provides the way.

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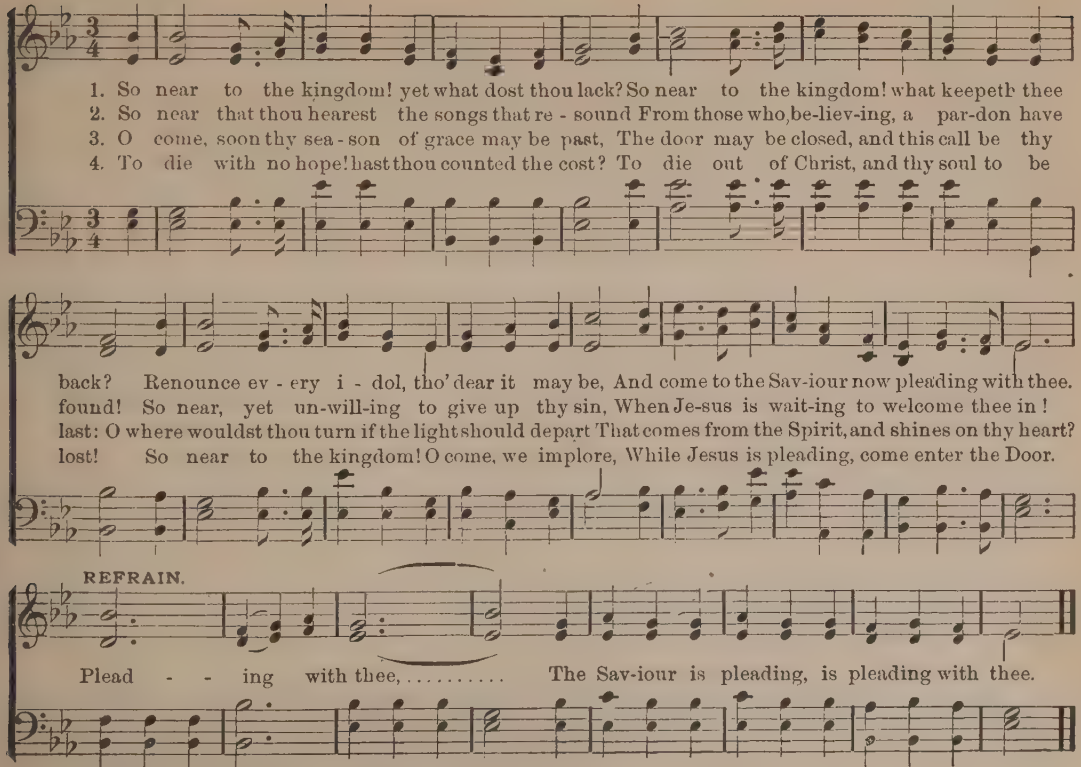
So Near to the Kingdom.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the kingdom! what keepeth thee back? Renounce ev - ery i - dol, tho' dear it may be, And come to the Sav-iour now pleading with thee.
2. So near that thou hearest the songs that re - sound From those who, be-liev-ing, a par-don have found! So near, yet un-will-ing to give up thy sin, When Je-sus is wait-ing to welcome thee in!
3. O come, soon thy sea - son of grace may be past, The door may be closed, and this call be thy last: O where wouldst thou turn if the light should depart That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy heart?
4. To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost? To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost! So near to the kingdom! O come, we implore, While Jesus is pleading, come enter the Door.
REFRAIN.
Plead - - ing with thee, ... The Sav-iour is pleading, is pleading with thee.
Pleading with thee, pleading with thee.

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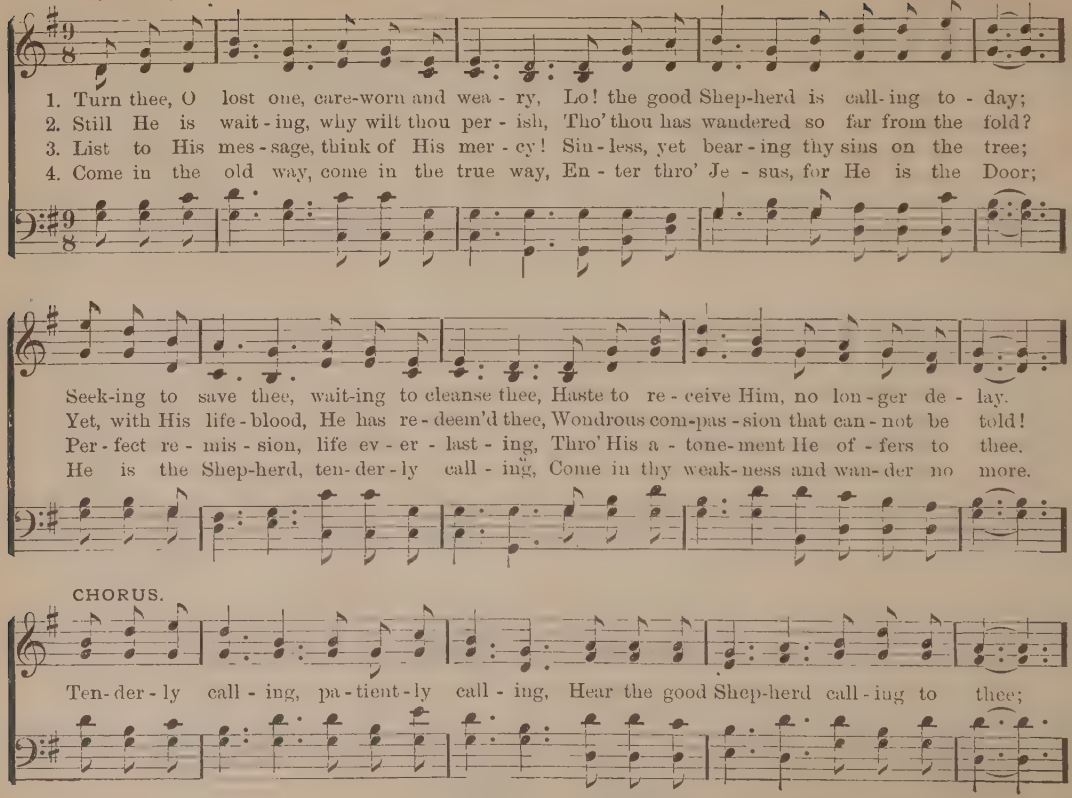
Tenderly Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Turn thee, O lost one, care-worn and wea - ry, Lo! the good Shep-herd is call-ing to - day;
2. Still He is wait - ing, why wilt thou per - ish, Tho' thou has wandered so far from the fold?
3. List to His mes - sage, think of His mer - cy! Sin - less, yet bear - ing thy sins on the tree;
4. Come in the old way, come in the true way, En - ter thro' Je - sus, for He is the Door;
Seek-ing to save thee, wait-ing to cleanse thee, Haste to re - ceive Him, no lon - ger de - lay.
Yet, with His life - blood, He has re - deem'd thee, Wondrous com-pas - sion that can - not be told!
Per - fect re - mis - sion, life ev - er - last - ing, Thro' His a - tone-ment He of - fers to thee.
He is the Shep-herd, ten-der - ly call - ing, Come in thy weak-ness and wan-der no more.
CHORUS.
Ten-der - ly call - ing, pa - tient - ly call - ing, Hear the good Shep-herd call - ing to thee;

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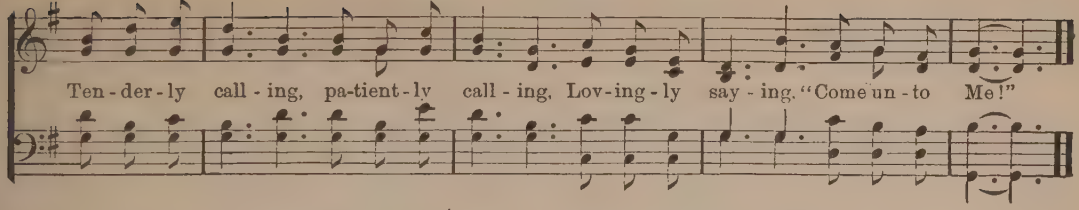
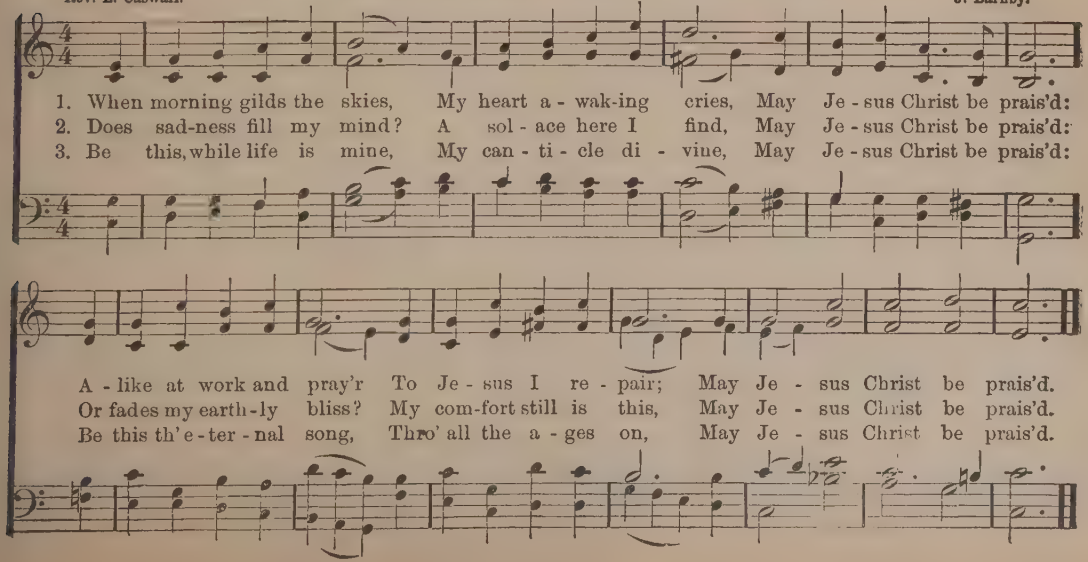


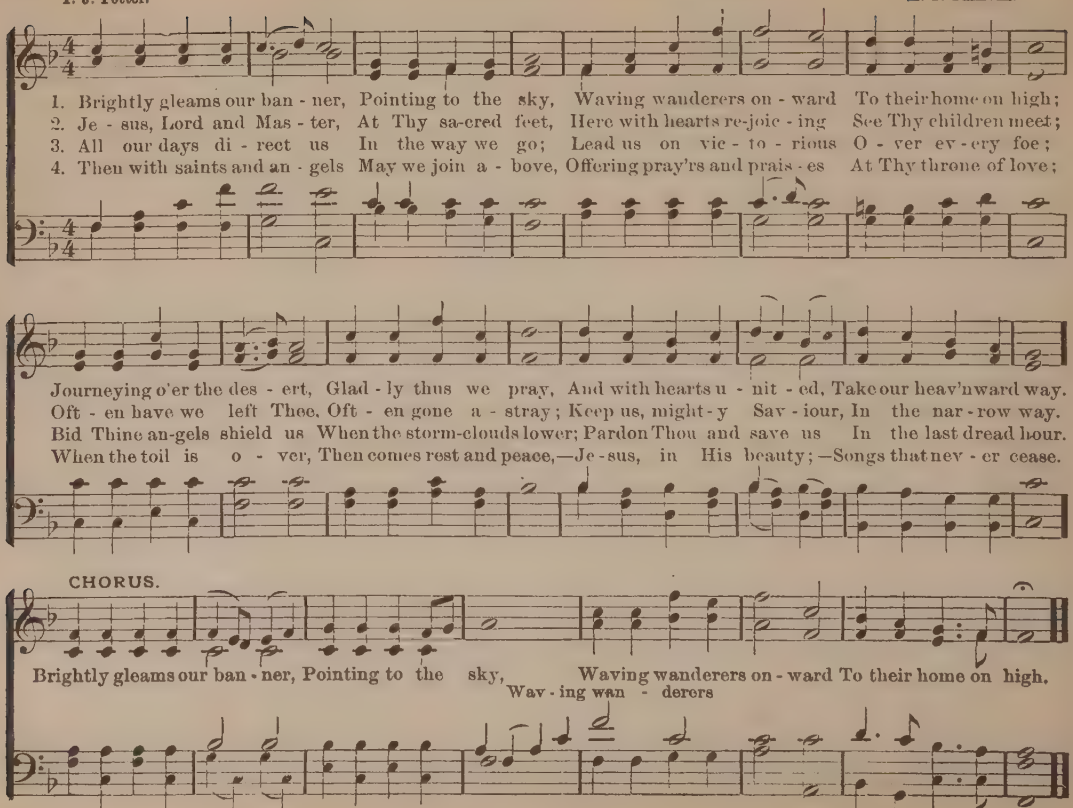
When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Rev. E. Caswall. J. Barnby.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd:
2. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd:
3. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd:
A - like at work and pray'r To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.
Or fades my earth - ly bliss? My com-fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.
Be this th'e - ter - nal song, Thro' all the a - ges on, May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.

Brightly Gleams our Banner.

T. J. Potter. A. S. Sullivan.


1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on - ward To their home on high;
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic - ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - ery foe;
4. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove, Offering pray'rs and prais - es At Thy throne of love;
Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee. Oft - en gone a - stray; Keep us, might - y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.
Bid Thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—Je - sus, in His beauty; —Songs that nev - er cease.
CHORUS.
Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on - ward To their home on high.
Wav - ing wan - derers

There'll be Joy By and By.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Tho' the way be long and wea - ry, Morn shall bring thee
2. Tho' thine eyes are sad with weeping, Thro' the night thy vig - ils keep - ing, God shall wipe thy
3. Tho' thy spir - it faints with fast-ing Thro' the hours so slow - ly wast - ing, Morn shall bring a

CHORUS.

light and cheer; Child, look up, the dawn is near.
tears a - way, Turn thy darkness in - to day.
glo - rious feast, Thou shalt sit an honored guest.

There'll be joy by and by, There'll be joy by and by, In the dawn-ing of the morning, There'll be joy by and by.

rit.

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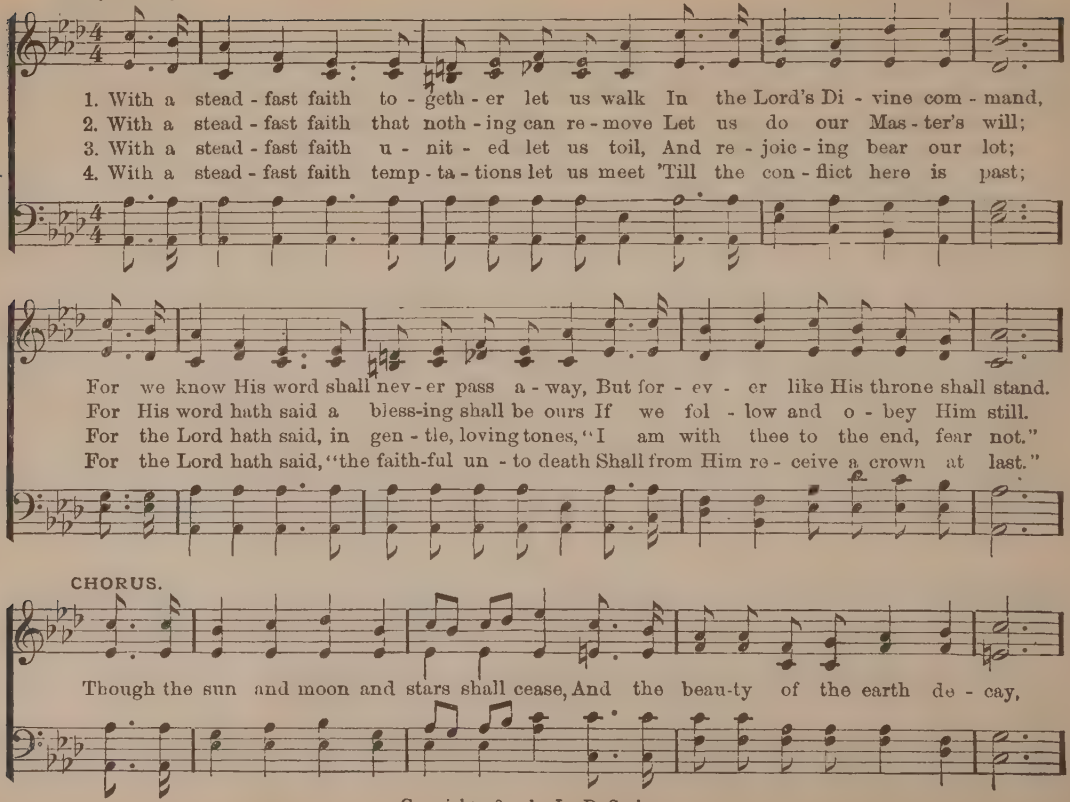
With a Steadfast Faith.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. With a stead - fast faith to - geth - er let us walk In the Lord's Di - vine com - mand,
2. With a stead - fast faith that noth - ing can re - move Let us do our Mas - ter's will;
3. With a stead - fast faith u - nit - ed let us toil, And re - joic - ing bear our lot;
4. With a stead - fast faith temp - ta - tions let us meet 'Till the con - flict here is past;
For we know His word shall nev - er pass a - way, But for - ev - er like His throne shall stand.
For His word hath said a bless-ing shall be ours If we fol - low and o - bey Him still.
For the Lord hath said, in gen - tle, loving tones, "I am with thee to the end, fear not."
For the Lord hath said, "the faith-ful un - to death Shall from Him re - ceive a crown at last."
CHORUS.
Though the sun and moon and stars shall cease, And the beau-ty of the earth de - cay,

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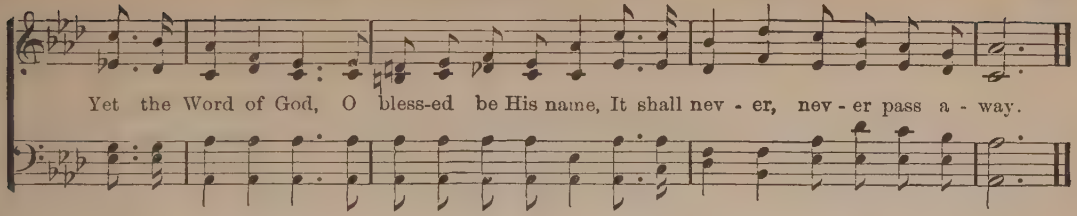
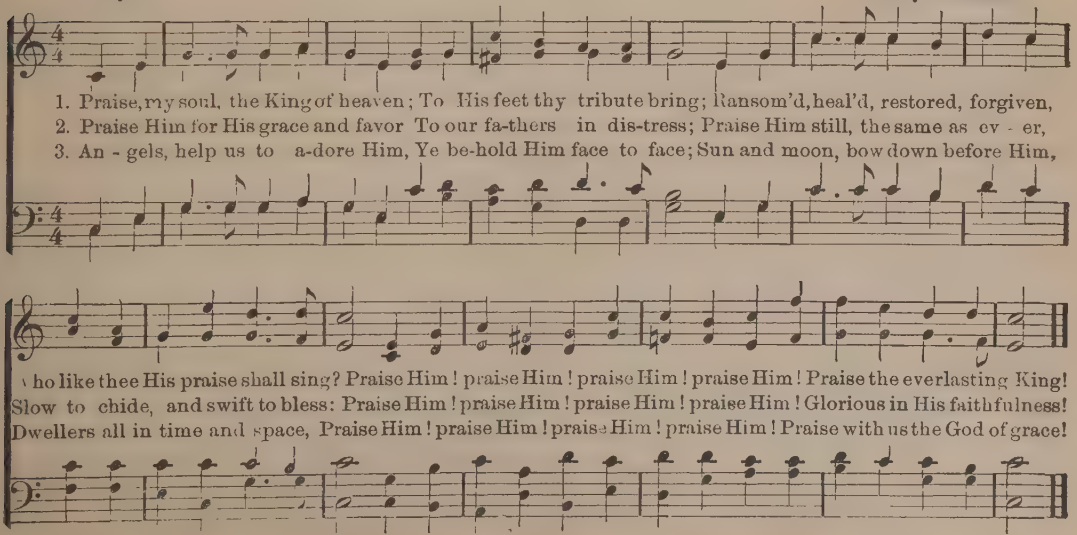


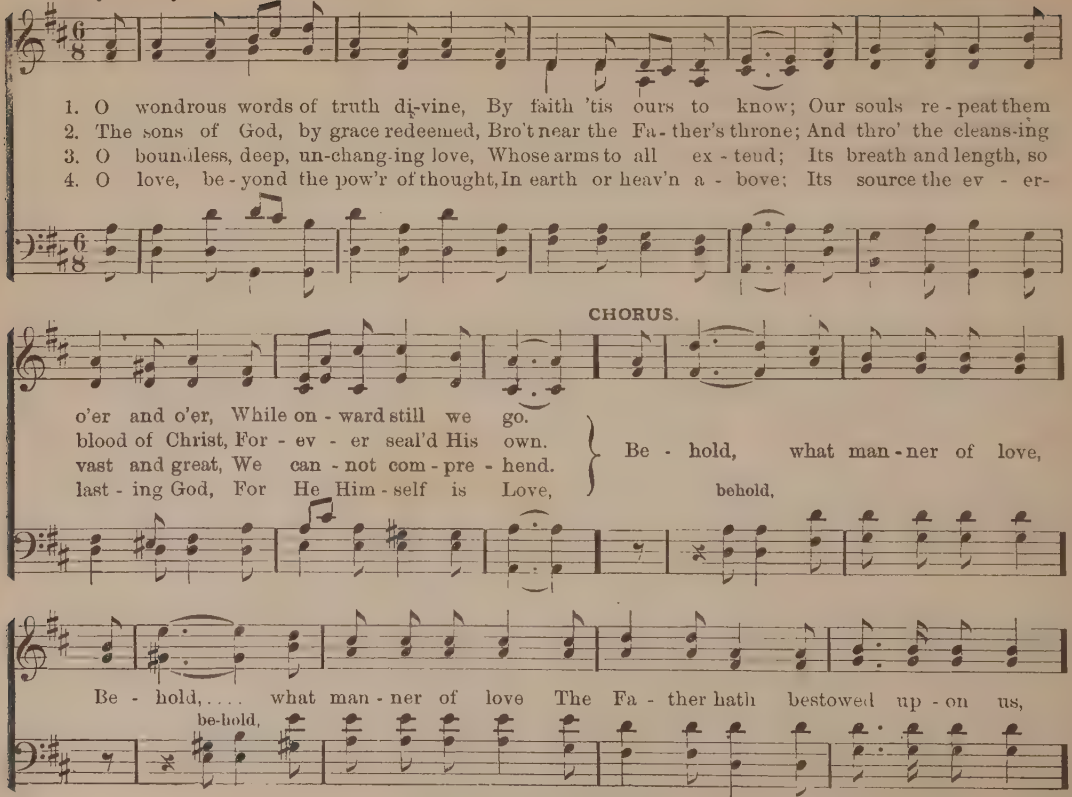
Praise, my Soul, the King of Heaven!

H. F. Lyte. Henry J. Gauntlett.


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring; Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
2. Praise Him for His grace and favor To our fa-thers in dis-tress; Praise Him still, the same as ev - er,
3. An - gels, help us to a-dore Him, Ye be-hold Him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Who like thee His praise shall sing? Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the everlasting King!
Slow to chide, and swift to bless: Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glorious in His faithfulness!
Dwellers all in time and space, Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

Behold, what Manner of Love.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. O wondrous words of truth di-vine, By faith 'tis ours to know; Our souls re-peat them
2. The sons of God, by grace redeemed, Bro't near the Fa-ther's throne; And thro' the cleans-ing
3. O bound-less, deep, un-chang-ing love, Whose arms to all ex-tend; Its breath and length, so
4. O love, be-yond the pow'r of thought, In earth or heav'n a-bove; Its source the ev-er-
CHORUS.
o'er and o'er, While on-ward still we go.
blood of Christ, For-ev-er seal'd His own.
vast and great, We can-not com-pre-hend.
last-ing God, For He Him-self is Love,
Be-hold, what man-ner of love,
behold,
Be-hold, what man-ner of love The Fa-ther hath bestowed up-on us,
be-hold,

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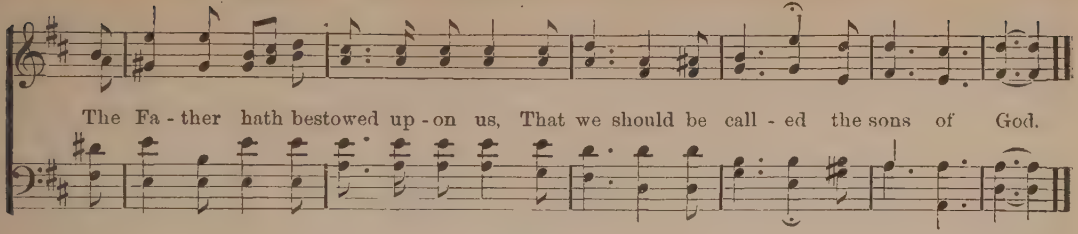
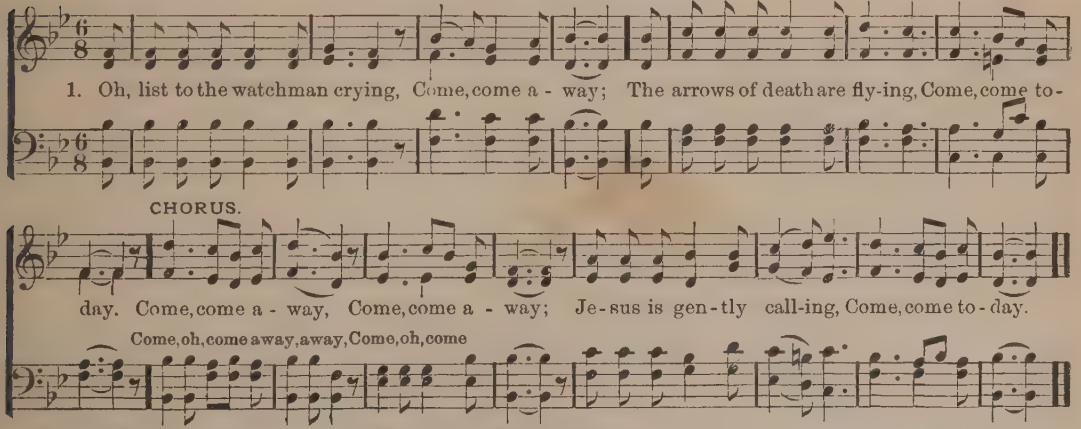


Come, Come Away.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Oh, list to the watchman crying, Come, come a - way; The arrows of death are fly-ing, Come, come to-
CHORUS.
day. Come, come a - way, Come, come a - way; Je - sus is gen - tly call-ing, Come, come to - day.
Come, oh, come away, away, Come, oh, come

2 The Spirit of God is pleading,
Come, come away;
The Saviour is interceding,
Come, come to-day.

3 The mercy of God is calling,
Come, come away;
How sweetly the words are falling,
Come, come to-day.

4 The angels of God entreat you,
Come, come away;
The Father Himself will meet you,
Come, come to-day.

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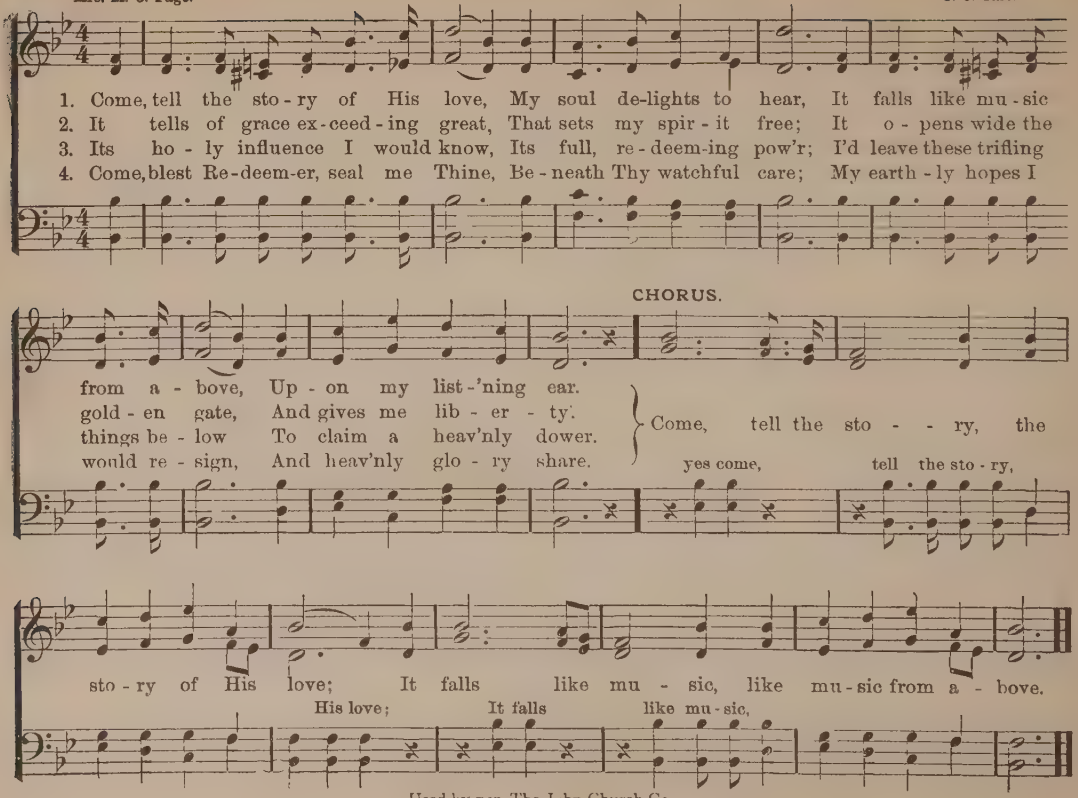
The Story of His Love.

Mrs. M. O. Page. C. C. Case.


1. Come, tell the sto - ry of His love, My soul de-lights to hear, It falls like mu - sic
2. It tells of grace ex-ceed - ing great, That sets my spir - it free; It o - pens wide the
3. Its ho - ly influence I would know, Its full, re-deem-ing pow'r; I'd leave these trifling
4. Come, blest Re-deem-er, seal me Thine, Be - neath Thy watchful care; My earth - ly hopes I
CHORUS.
from a - bove, Up - on my list-'ning ear.
gold - en gate, And gives me lib - er - ty.
things be - low To claim a heav'nly dower.
would re - sign, And heav'nly glo - ry share.
Come, tell the sto - - ry, the
yes come, tell the sto - ry,
sto - ry of His love; It falls like mu - sic, like mu - sic from a - bove.
His love; It falls like mu - sic,

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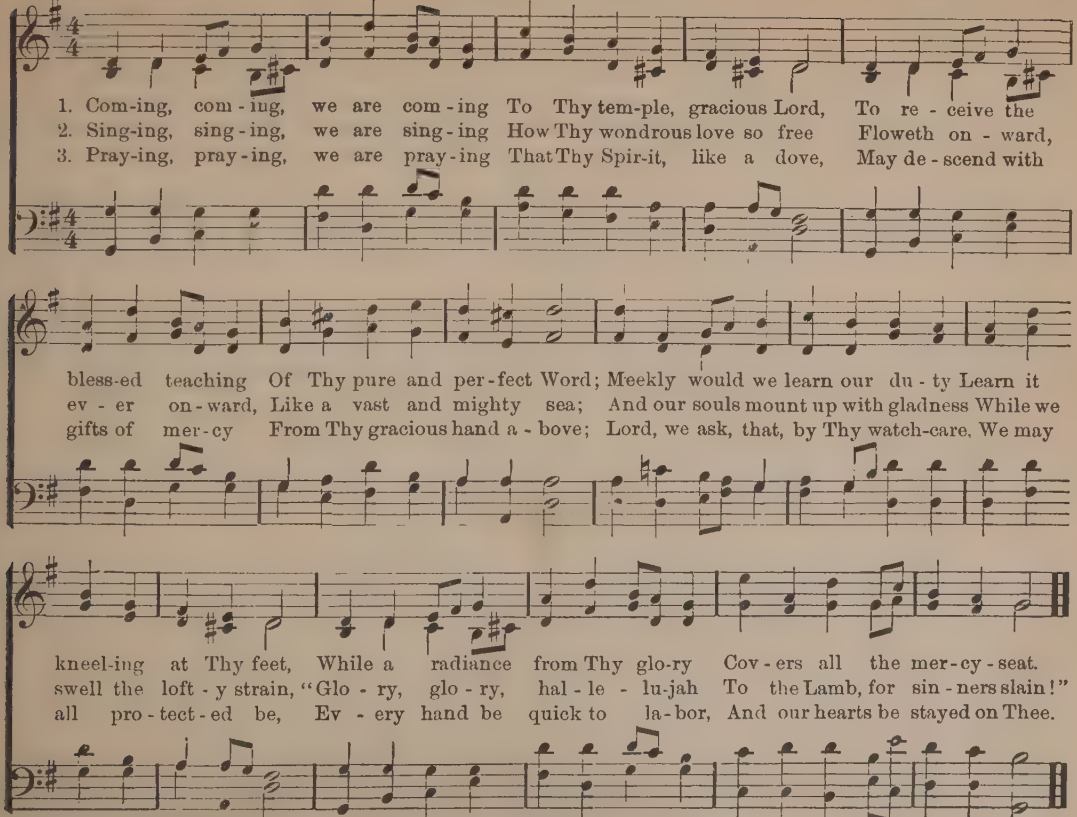
We are Coming.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.


1. Com-ing, com-ing, we are com-ing To Thy tem-ple, gracious Lord, To re-ceive the bless-ed teaching Of Thy pure and per-fect Word; Meekly would we learn our du-ty Learn it kneel-ing at Thy feet, While a radiance from Thy glo-ry Cov-ers all the mer-cy-seat.
2. Sing-ing, sing-ing, we are sing-ing How Thy wondrous love so free Floweth on-ward, ev-er on-ward, Like a vast and mighty sea; And our souls mount up with gladness While we swell the loft-y strain, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah To the Lamb, for sin-ners slain!"
3. Pray-ing, pray-ing, we are pray-ing That Thy Spir-it, like a dove, May de-scend with gifts of mer-cy From Thy gracious hand a-bove; Lord, we ask, that, by Thy watch-care, We may all pro-tect-ed be, Ev-ery hand be quick to la-bor, And our hearts be stayed on Thee.

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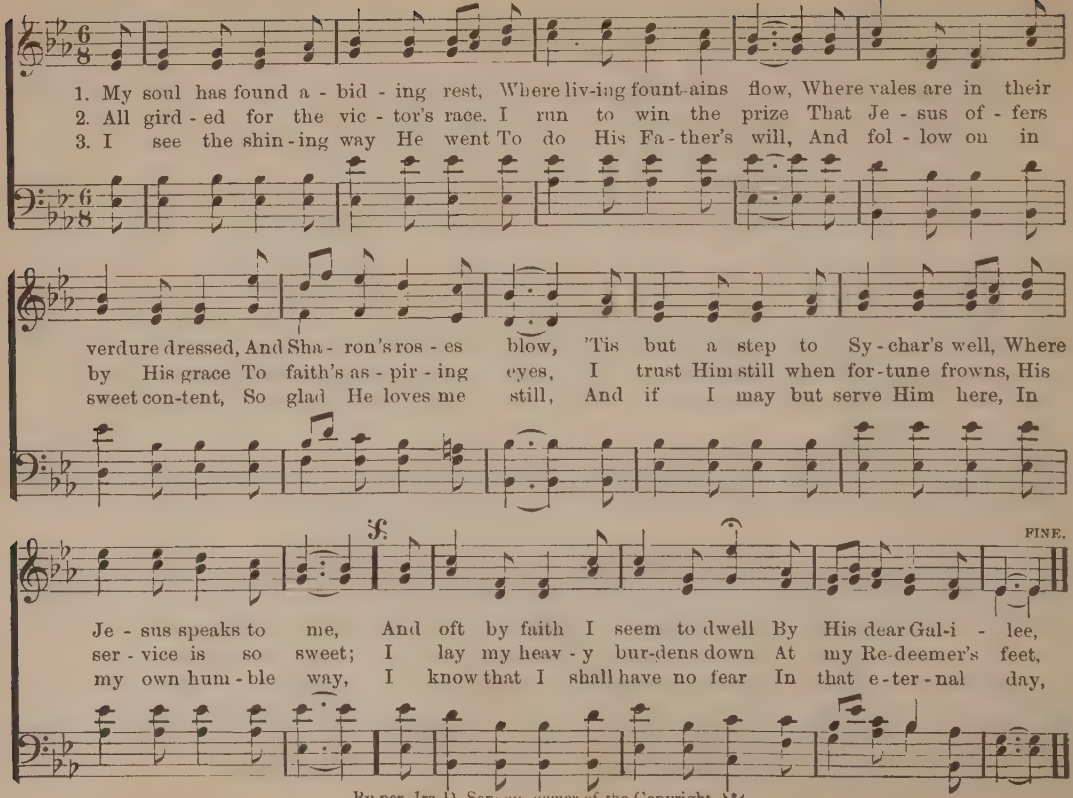
Abiding Rest.

Dr. J. J. Maxfield. W. A. Ogden.


1. My soul has found a - bid - ing rest, Where liv-ing fount-ains flow, Where vales are in their
2. All gird - ed for the vic - tor's race. I run to win the prize That Je - sus of - fers
3. I see the shin - ing way He went To do His Fa - ther's will, And fol - low on in
verdure dressed, And Sha - ron's ros - es blow, 'Tis but a step to Sy - char's well, Where
by His grace To faith's as - pir - ing eyes, I trust Him still when for - tune frowns, His
sweet con-tent, So glad He loves me still, And if I may but serve Him here, In
FINE.
Je - sus speaks to me, And oft by faith I seem to dwell By His dear Gal-i - lee,
ser - vice is so sweet; I lay my heav - y bur-dens down At my Re-deemer's feet,
my own hum - ble way, I know that I shall have no fear In that e - ter - nal day,

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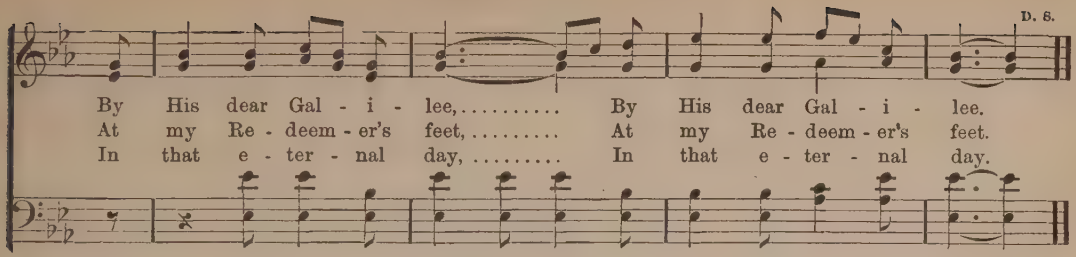
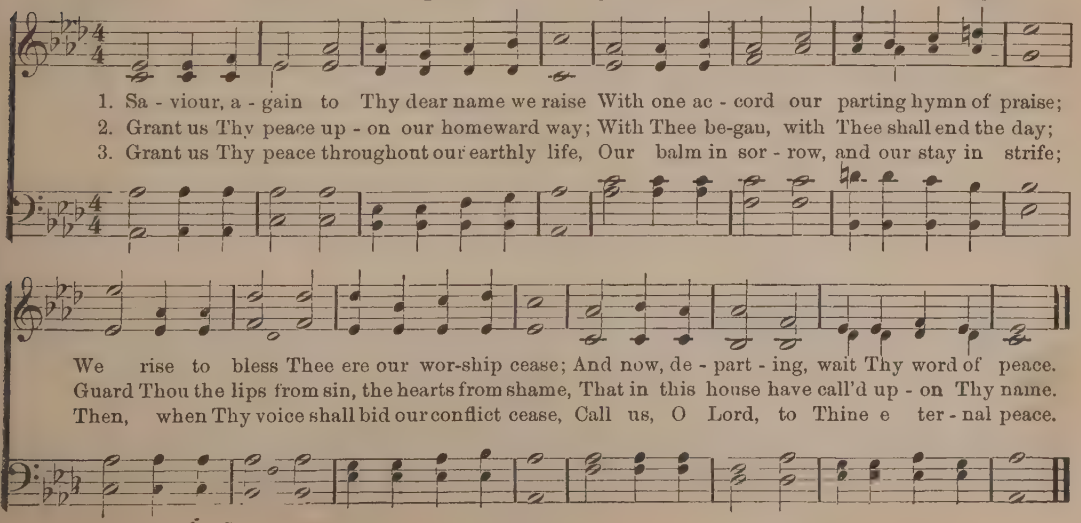

D. S.
By His dear Gal - i - lee, ... By His dear Gal - i - lee.
At my Re - deem - er's feet, ... At my Re - deem - er's feet.
In that e - ter - nal day, ... In that e - ter - nal day.

John Ellerton.

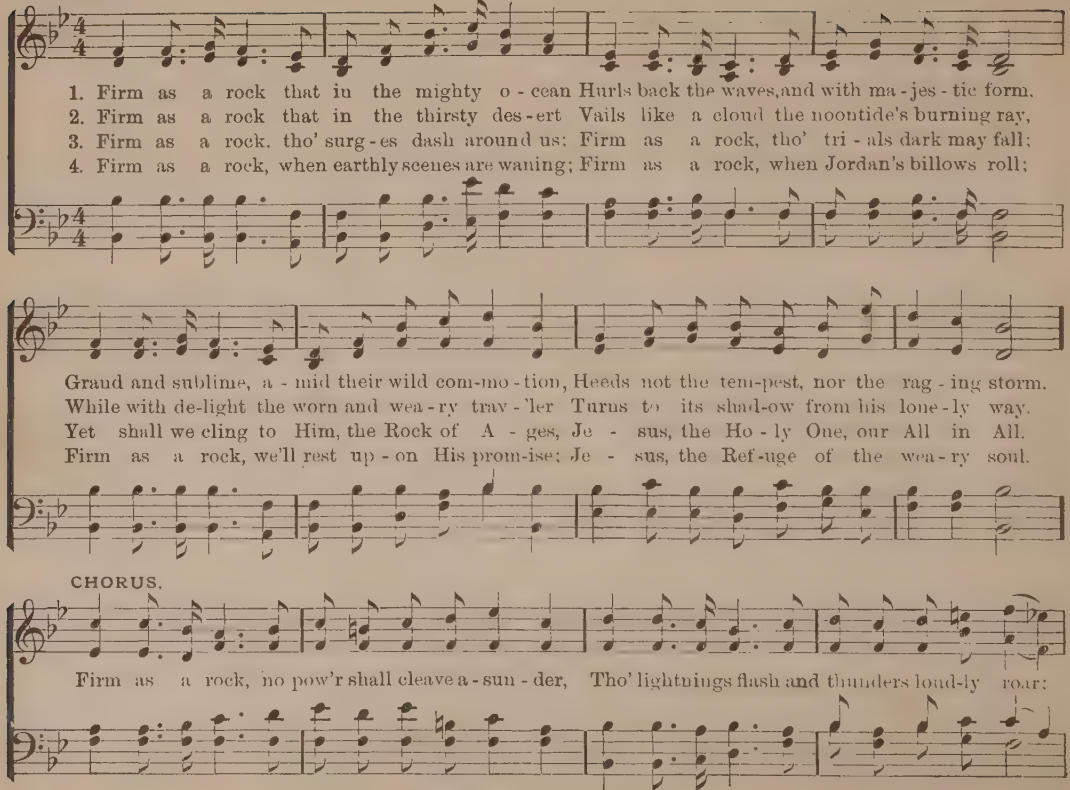
Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name.

E. J. Hopkins.


1. Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our parting hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-gan, with Thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;
We rise to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease; And now, de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on Thy name.
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e ter - nal peace.

Firm as a Rock.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Firm as a rock that in the mighty o - cean Hurls back the waves, and with ma - jes - tic form,
2. Firm as a rock that in the thirsty des - ert Vails like a cloud the noontide's burning ray,
3. Firm as a rock, tho' surg - es dash around us; Firm as a rock, tho' tri - als dark may fall;
4. Firm as a rock, when earthly scenes are waning; Firm as a rock, when Jordan's billows roll;
Graud and sublime, a - mid their wild com-mo - tion, Heeds not the tem-pest, nor the rag - ing storm.
While with de-light the worn and wea - ry trav - 'ler Turns to its shad-ow from his lone - ly way.
Yet shall we cling to Him, the Rock of A - ges, Je - sus, the Ho - ly One, our All in All.
Firm as a rock, we'll rest up - on His prom-ise; Je - sus, the Ref-uge of the wea - ry soul.
CHORUS.
Firm as a rock, no pow'r shall cleave a - sun - der, Tho' lightnings flash and thunders loud-ly roar;

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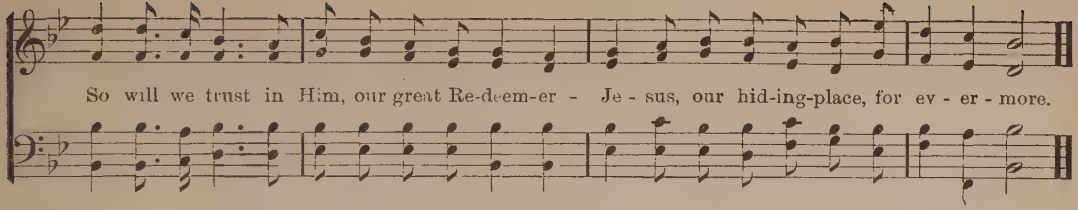
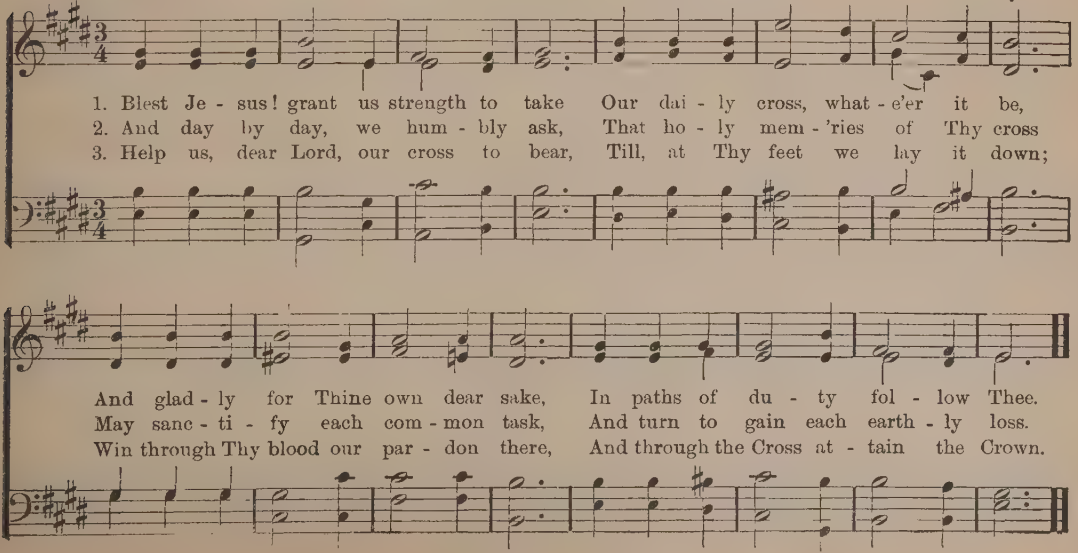
Firm as a Rock.—Concluded.



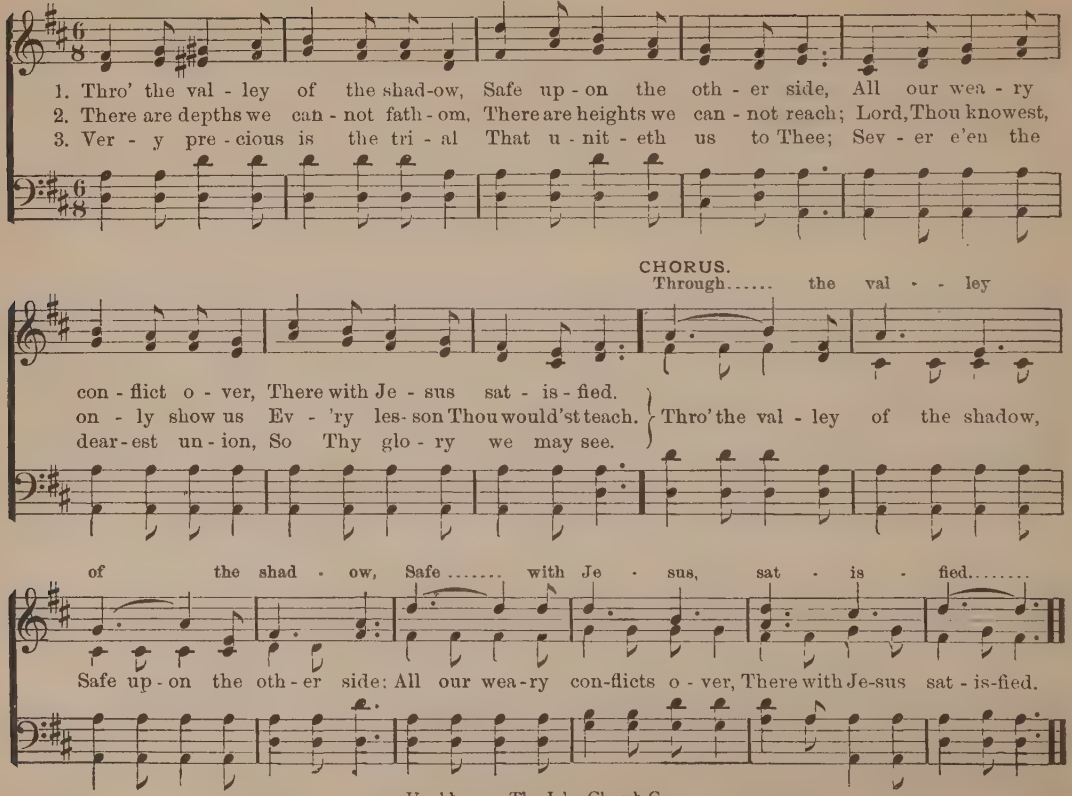
Blest Jesus! Grant Us Strength.

Rev. W. W. How. G. J. Elvey.


1. Blest Je - sus! grant us strength to take Our dai - ly cross, what - e'er it be,
2. And day by day, we hum - bly ask, That ho - ly mem - 'ries of Thy cross
3. Help us, dear Lord, our cross to bear, Till, at Thy feet we lay it down;
And glad - ly for Thine own dear sake, In paths of du - ty fol - low Thee.
May sanc - ti - fy each com - mon task, And turn to gain each earth - ly loss.
Win through Thy blood our par - don there, And through the Cross at - tain the Crown.

Through the Valley.

A. C. P. Crozier. Geo. F. Root.


1. Thro' the val - ley of the shad-ow, Safe up - on the oth - er side, All our wea - ry
2. There are depths we can - not fath - om, There are heights we can - not reach; Lord, Thou knowest,
3. Ver - y pre - cious is the tri - al That u - nit - eth us to Thee; Sev - er e'en the
CHORUS.
Through..... the val - - ley
con - flict o - ver, There with Je - sus sat - is - fied.
on - ly show us Ev - 'ry les - son Thou would'st teach.
dear - est un - ion, So Thy glo - ry we may see.
Thro' the val - ley of the shadow,
of the shad - ow, Safe ..... with Je - sus, sat - is - fied.....
Safe up - on the oth - er side: All our wea - ry con - flicts o - ver, There with Je - sus sat - is - fied.

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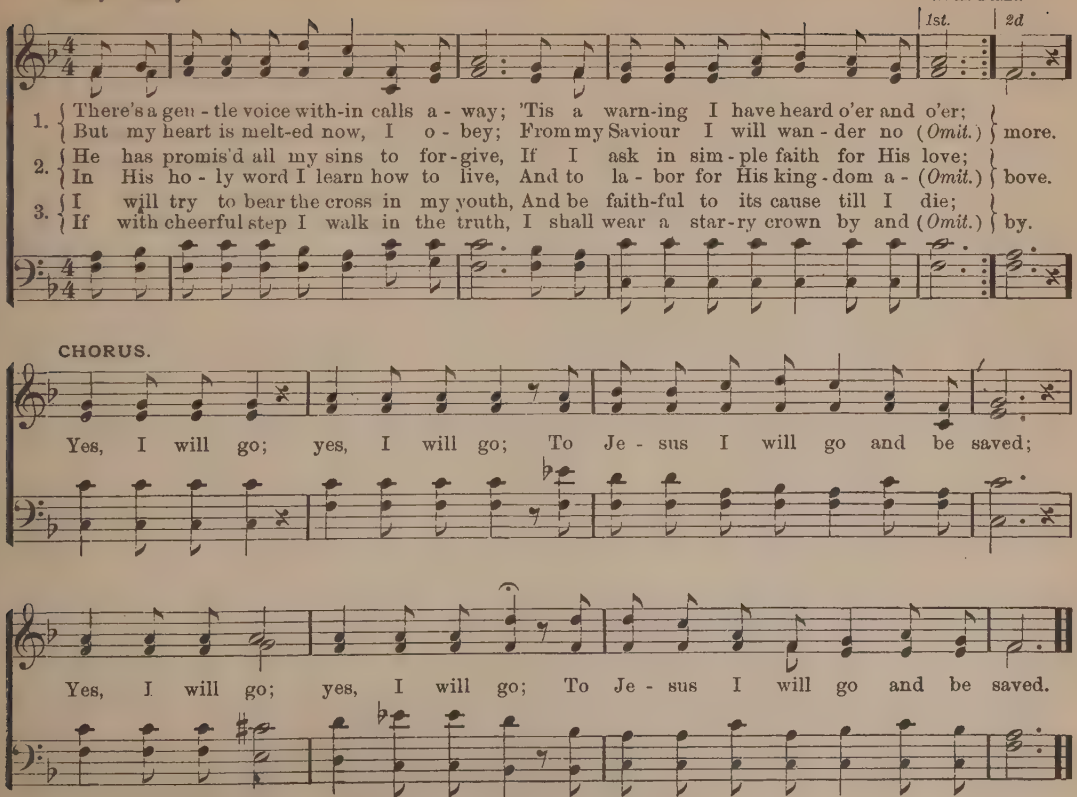
To Jesus I will Go.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1st.
2d
1. There's a gen - tle voice with-in calls a - way; 'Tis a warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melt-ed now, I o - bey; From my Saviour I will wan - der no (Omit.) more.
2. He has promis'd all my sins to for - give, If I ask in sim - ple faith for His love;
In His ho - ly word I learn how to live, And to la - bor for His king - dom a - (Omit.) bove.
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, And be faith-ful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth, I shall wear a star-ry crown by and (Omit.) by.
CHORUS.
Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved;
Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

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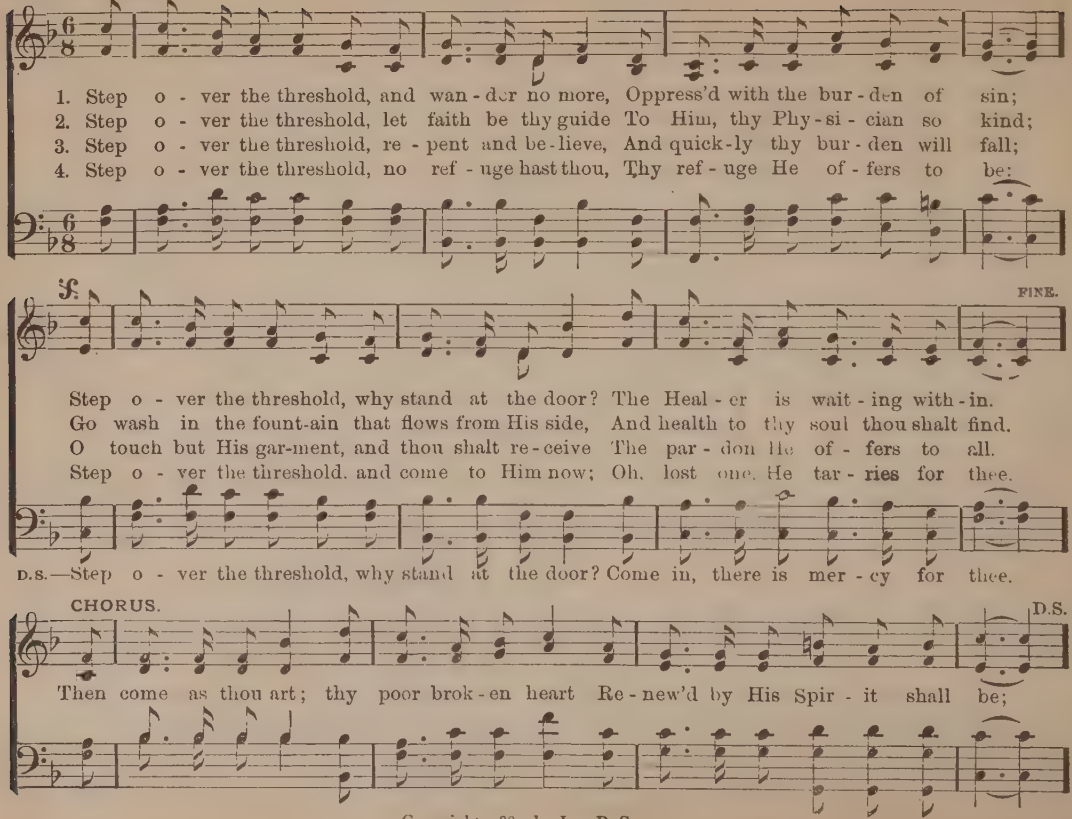
Frank Gould.

Over the Threshold.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Step o - ver the threshold, and wan - der no more, Oppress'd with the bur - den of sin;
2. Step o - ver the threshold, let faith be thy guide To Him, thy Phy - si - cian so kind;
3. Step o - ver the threshold, re - pent and be - lieve, And quick - ly thy bur - den will fall;
4. Step o - ver the threshold, no ref - uge hast thou, Thy ref - uge He of - fers to be;
f.
FINE.
Step o - ver the threshold, why stand at the door? The Heal - er is wait - ing with - in.
Go wash in the fount-ain that flows from His side, And health to thy soul thou shalt find.
O touch but His gar-ment, and thou shalt re - ceive The par - don He of - fers to all.
Step o - ver the threshold, and come to Him now; Oh, lost one, He tar - ries for thee.
D.S.—Step o - ver the threshold, why stand at the door? Come in, there is mer - cy for thee.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Then come as thou art; thy poor brok - en heart Re - new'd by His Spir - it shall be;

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Awake, and Shout Hosanna.

Grace J. Frances.

Arr. by H. P. Main, fr. F. Mendelssohn.

1. A - wake, and shout Ho - san - na, With all our ransom'd pow'rs; A full, complete sal - va - tion Thro'
2. Lift up, lift up our voic-es, And in the Saviour's name, His full and free sal - va - tion, With
3. Come back, come back, ye lost ones, Why will you far-ther go? Why wander on in darkness, So

But they who

Christ the Lord is ours; He saves us to the ut - most, He saves us ev - er - more; But they who
trumpet tongue proclaim; The precious blood He of - fered, Can all the world re - store; But who - so
near the brink of woe; Come back to Him who loves you, Be slaves to sin no more; The glorious

would His grace re - ceive,

would His grace re - ceive, But they who would His grace receive Must knock at mercy's Door.
will be freed from sin, But who - so will be freed from sin Must en - ter thro' the Door.
light of gos - pel grace, The glorious light of gos - pel grace Shines thro' the o - pen Door.

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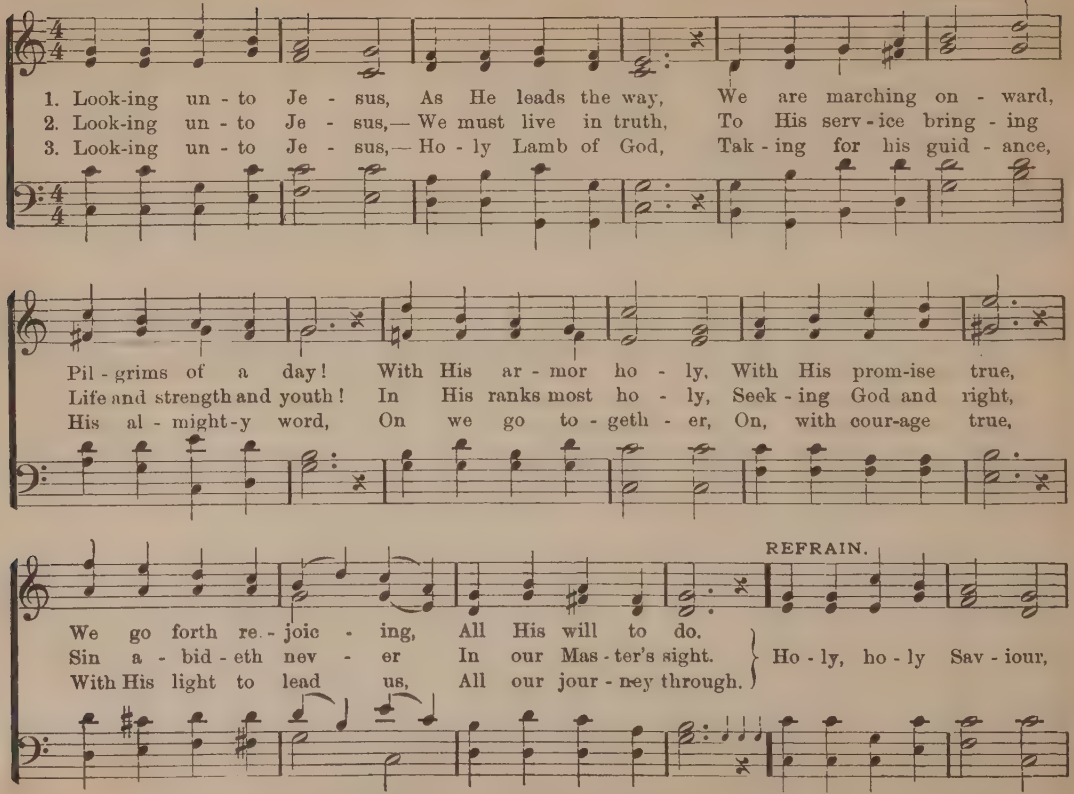
Looking Unto Jesus.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. J. R. Murray.


1. Look-ing un - to Je - sus, As He leads the way, We are marching on - ward,
2. Look-ing un - to Je - sus,— We must live in truth, To His serv - ice bring - ing
3. Look-ing un - to Je - sus,— Ho - ly Lamb of God, Tak - ing for his guid - ance,
Pil - grims of a day! With His ar - mor ho - ly, With His prom-ise true,
Life and strength and youth! In His ranks most ho - ly, Seek - ing God and right,
His al - might-y word, On we go to - geth - er, On, with cour-age true,
REFRAIN.
We go forth re - joic - ing, All His will to do.
Sin a - bid - eth nev - er In our Mas - ter's sight.
With His light to lead us, All our jour - ney through.
Ho - ly, ho - ly Sav - iour,

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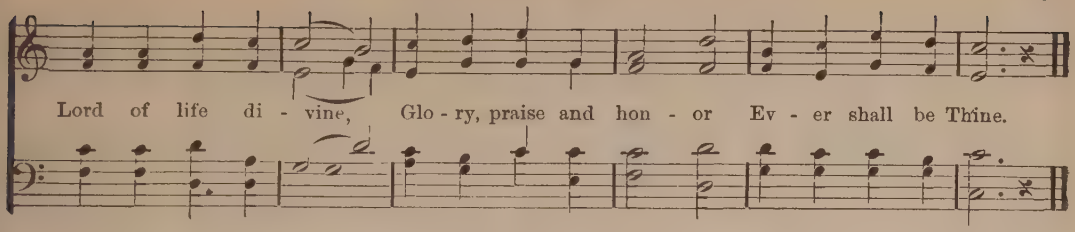
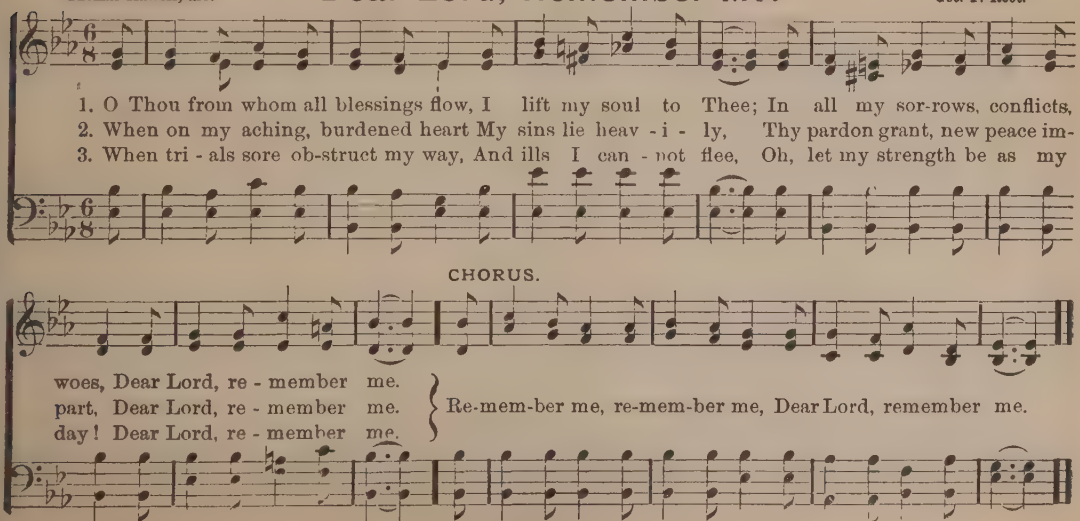


Thomas Haweis, arr.

Dear Lord, Remember Me.

Geo. F. Root.


1. O Thou from whom all blessings flow, I lift my soul to Thee; In all my sor-rows, conflicts,
2. When on my aching, burdened heart My sins lie heav - i - ly, Thy pardon grant, new peace im-
3. When tri - als sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can - not flee, Oh, let my strength be as my
CHORUS.
woes, Dear Lord, re - member me.
part, Dear Lord, re - member me.
day! Dear Lord, re - member me.
Re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me, Dear Lord, remember me.

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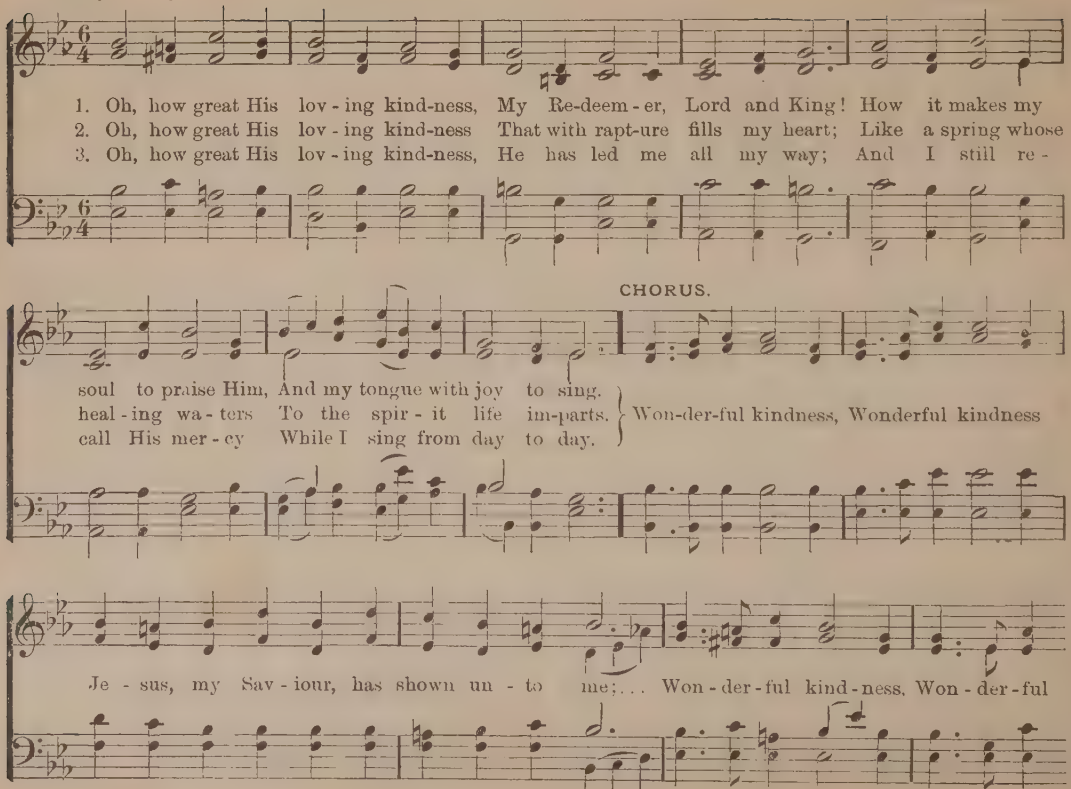
Wonderful Kindness.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Oh, how great His lov - ing kind-ness, My Re-deem - er, Lord and King! How it makes my
2. Oh, how great His lov - ing kind-ness That with rapt-ure fills my heart; Like a spring whose
3. Oh, how great His lov - ing kind-ness, He has led me all my way; And I still re -
CHORUS.
soul to praise Him, And my tongue with joy to sing.
heal - ing wa - ters To the spir - it life im-parts.
call His mer - cy While I sing from day to day.
Won-der-ful kindness, Wonderful kindness
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has shown un - to me; . . . Won - der - ful kind - ness, Won - der - ful

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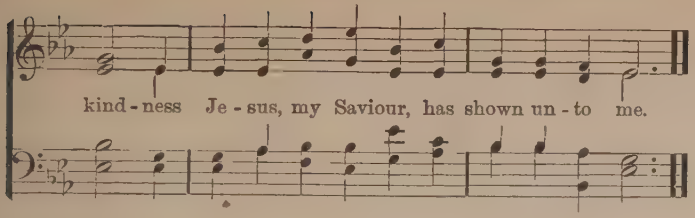
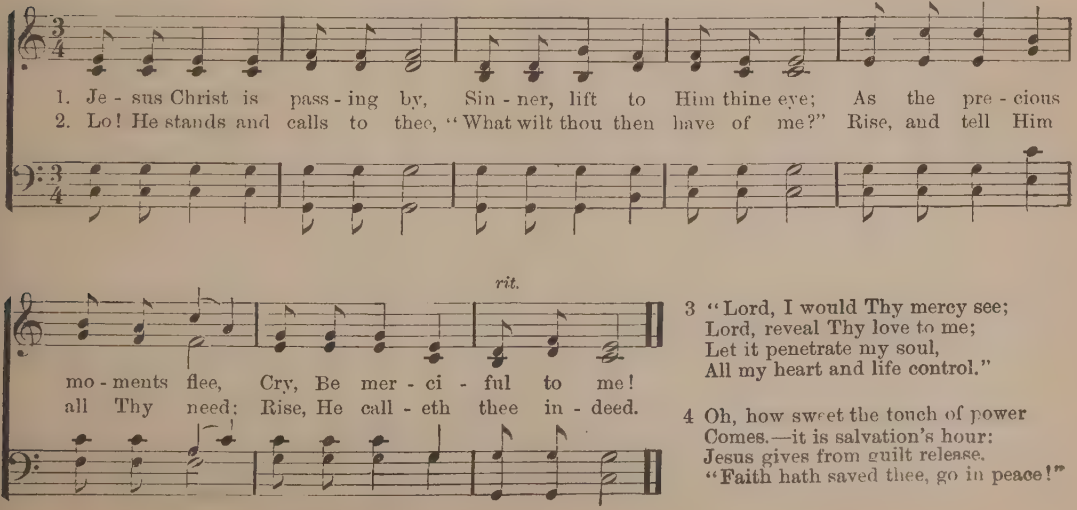


4 Oh, how great His loving kindness,
And the riches of His grace;
Deep and boundless, everlasting,
Changing not with time or place.

5 Oh, how great His loving kindness,
Let me tell it o'er and o'er;
Till in nobler strains I praise Him
With the ransomed evermore.

Jesus Christ is Passing by.

J. Denham Smith. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, by per.

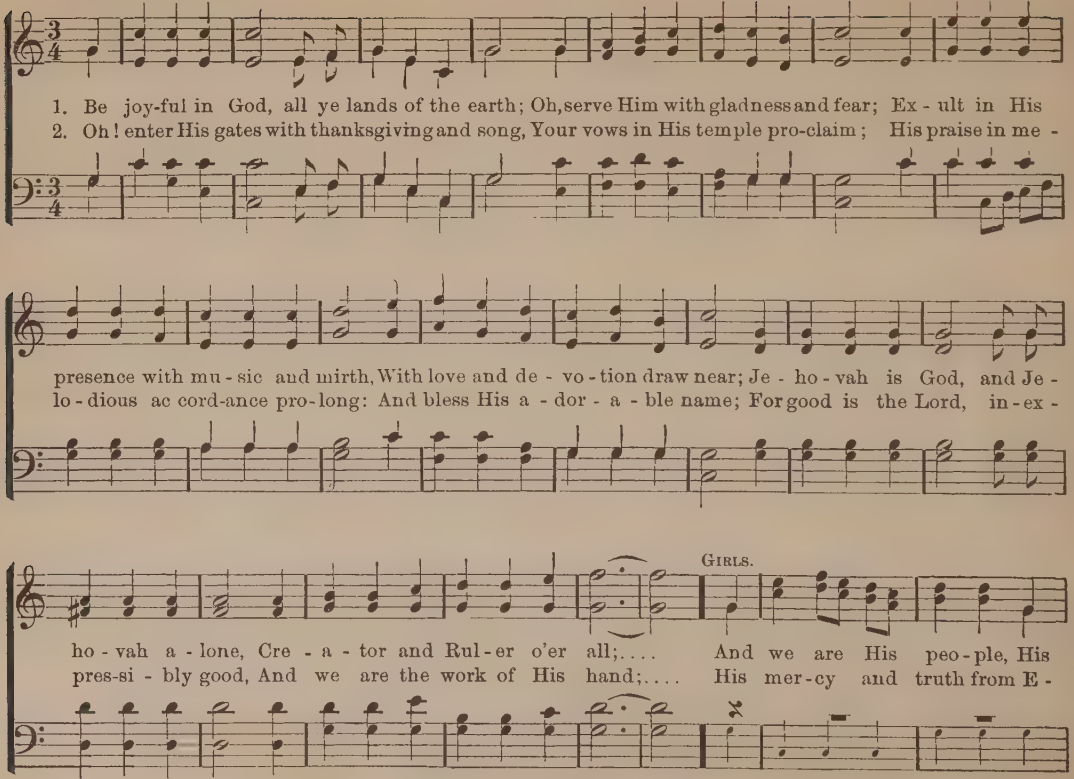

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye; As the pre - cious
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?" Rise, and tell Him
rit.
mo - ments flee, Cry, Be mer - ci - ful to me!
all Thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.

3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control."

4 Oh, how sweet the touch of power
Comes.—it is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release.
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

Be Joyful in God.

James Montgomery. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve Him with gladness and fear; Ex - ult in His
2. Oh! enter His gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in His temple pro-claim; His praise in me -
presence with mu - sic and mirth, With love and de - vo - tion draw near; Je - ho - vah is God, and Je -
lo - dious ac cord-ance pro-long: And bless His a - dor - a - ble name; For good is the Lord, in - ex -
GIRLS.
ho - vah a - lone, Cre - a - tor and Rul - er o'er all;.... And we are His peo - ple, His
pres-si - bly good, And we are the work of His hand;.... His mer - cy and truth from E -

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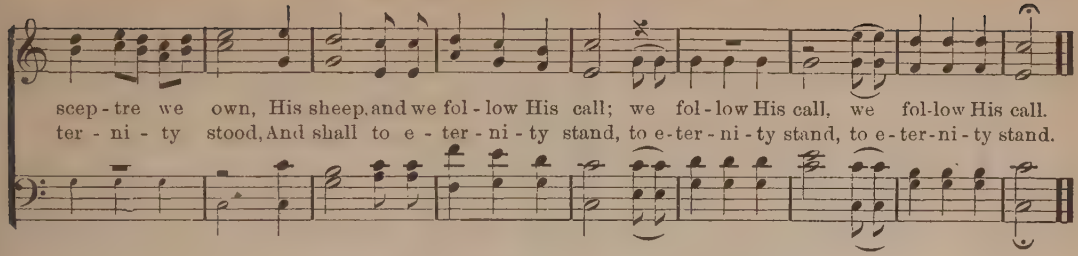
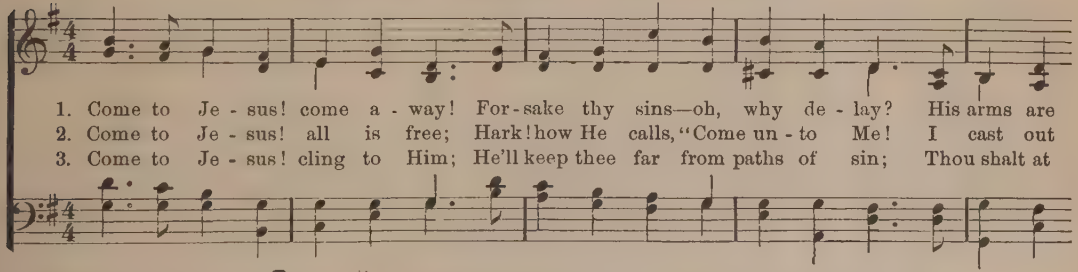
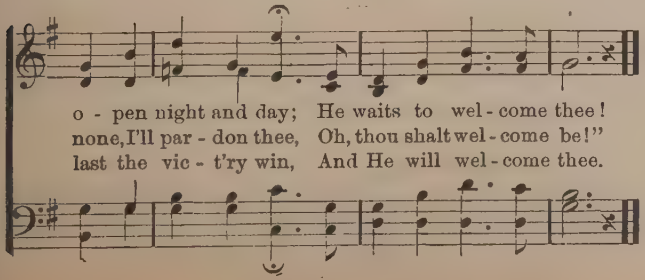

scep - tre we own, His sheep, and we fol - low His call; we fol - low His call, we fol-low His call.
ter - ni - ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand, to e-ter - ni - ty stand, to e-ter-ni - ty stand.

Come to Jesus! Come Away!

Anon. Anon.


1. Come to Je - sus! come a - way! For-sake thy sins—oh, why de - lay? His arms are
2. Come to Je - sus! all is free; Hark! how He calls, "Come un - to Me! I cast out
3. Come to Je - sus! cling to Him; He'll keep thee far from paths of sin; Thou shalt at


o - pen night and day; He waits to wel - come thee!
none, I'll par - don thee, Oh, thou shalt wel - come be!"
last the vic - t'ry win, And He will wel - come thee.

4 Come to Jesus! do not stand,
The Father draws—'tis His command;
And none shall pluck thee from His hand,
No—that can never be!

5 Come to Jesus!—Lord, I come!
Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
But with my Saviour be at home;
I know He'll welcome me!

March Steadily Onward.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. March steadi ly on-ward, to the bat - tle-field a - way, Haste, fol - low our Lead - er, let one and all His voice o - bey; Oh, march stead - i - ly on - ward, let the ranks be filled to - day, March un-der the ban - ner of the Sav - iour. March hope-ful - ly on - ward,
2. March steadi-ly on-ward like the ar - mies gone be - fore, Wear brave-ly the ar - mor, the shield that once on earth they wore; Oh, march stead - i - ly on - ward till our life's great work is o'er, March un-der the ban - ner of the Sav - iour. March trust-ing-ly on - ward
3. March steadi-ly on-ward to the con - quest here be - low, March stead - i - ly on - ward, nor let us fear to meet the foe; But march stead - i - ly on - ward, shout-ing vic - t'ry as we go, March un-der the ban - ner of the Sav - iour. March joy - ful - ly on - ward,
FINE.

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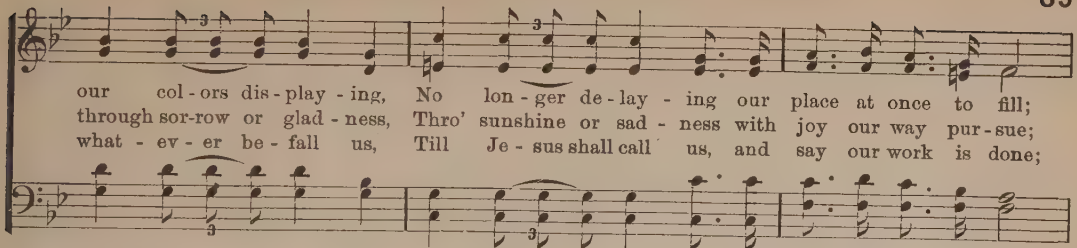
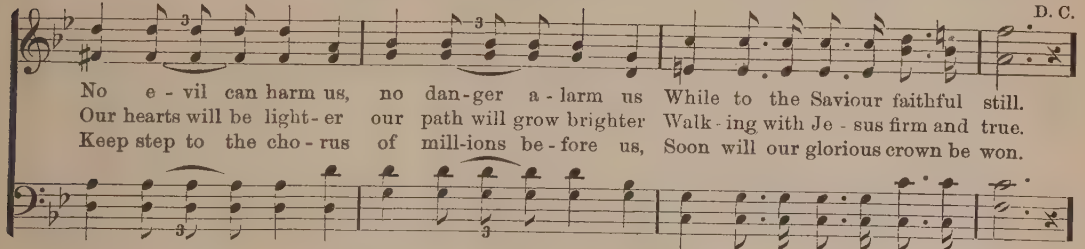
March Steadily Onward.—Concluded.

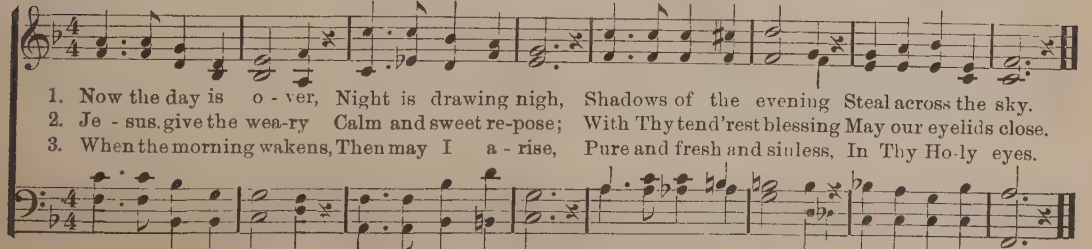

our col-ors dis-play-ing, No lon-ger de-lay-ing our place at once to fill;
through sor-row or glad-ness, Thro' sunshine or sad-ness with joy our way pur-sue;
what-ev-er be-fall us, Till Je-sus shall call us, and say our work is done;


D. C.
No e-vil can harm us, no dan-ger a-larm us While to the Saviour faithful still.
Our hearts will be light-er our path will grow brighter Walk-ing with Je-sus firm and true.
Keep step to the cho-rus of mill-ions be-fore us, Soon will our glorious crown be won.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

Now the Day is Over.

Hubert P. Main.


1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose; With Thy tend'rest blessing May our eyelids close.
3. When the morning wakens, Then may I a-rise, Pure and fresh and sinless, In Thy Ho-ly eyes.

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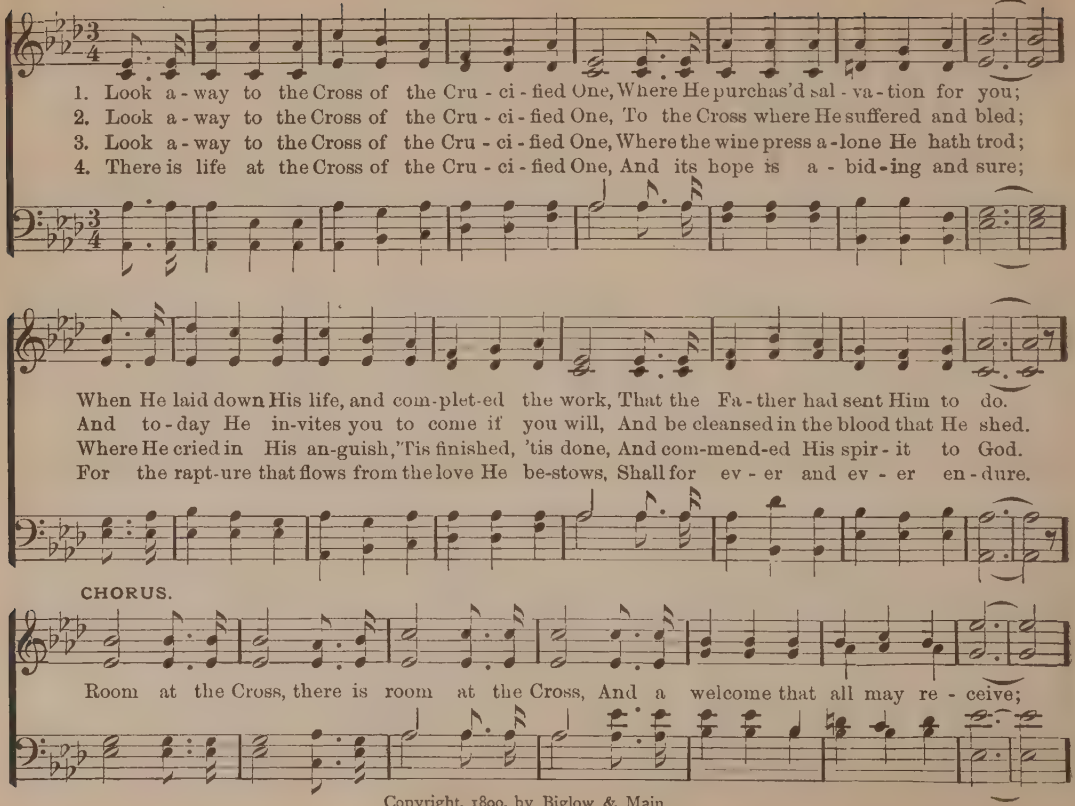
Room at the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Look a - way to the Cross of the Cru - ci - fied One, Where He purchas'd sal - va - tion for you;
2. Look a - way to the Cross of the Cru - ci - fied One, To the Cross where He suffered and bled;
3. Look a - way to the Cross of the Cru - ci - fied One, Where the wine press a - lone He hath trod;
4. There is life at the Cross of the Cru - ci - fied One, And its hope is a - bid - ing and sure;
When He laid down His life, and com-plet-ed the work, That the Fa - ther had sent Him to do.
And to - day He in-vites you to come if you will, And be cleansed in the blood that He shed.
Where He cried in His an-guish, 'Tis finished, 'tis done, And com-mend-ed His spir - it to God.
For the rapt-ure that flows from the love He be-stows, Shall for ev - er and ev - er en - dure.
CHORUS.
Room at the Cross, there is room at the Cross, And a welcome that all may re - ceive;

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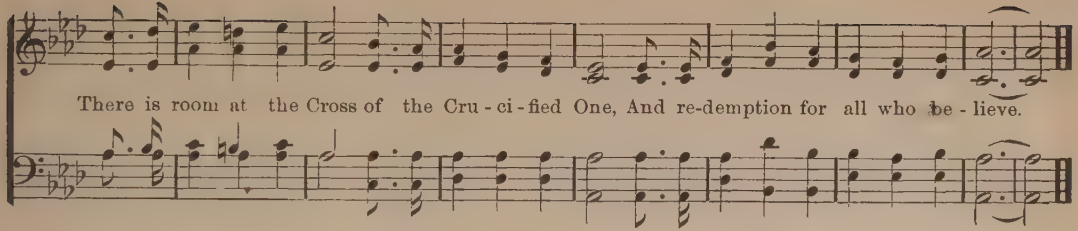
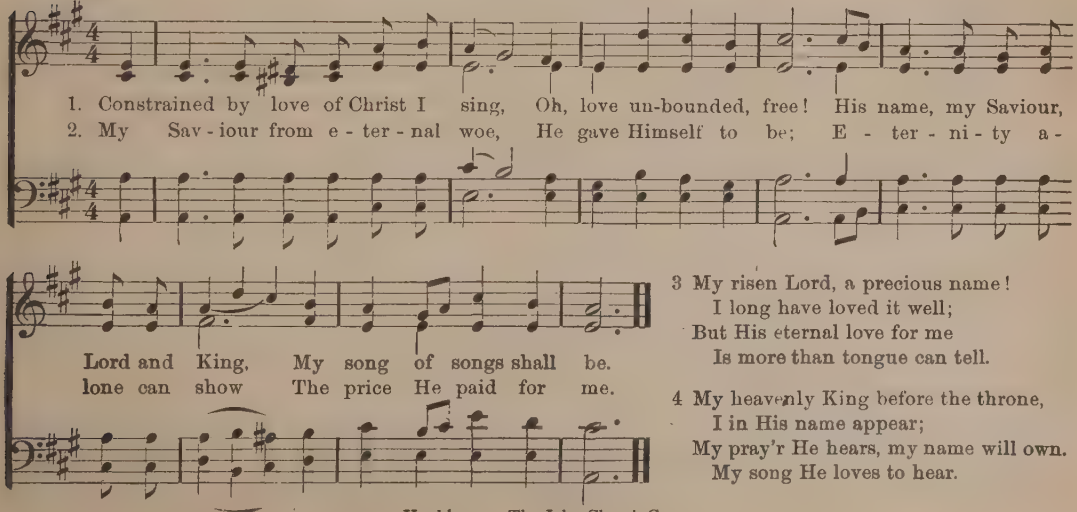


Constrained by Love.

P. P. Bliss. Geo. F. Root.


1. Constrained by love of Christ I sing, Oh, love un-bounded, free! His name, my Saviour,
2. My Sav - iour from e - ter - nal woe, He gave Himself to be; E - ter - ni - ty a-
Lord and King, My song of songs shall be.
lone can show The price He paid for me.

3 My risen Lord, a precious name!
I long have loved it well;
But His eternal love for me
Is more than tongue can tell.

4 My heavenly King before the throne,
I in His name appear;
My pray'r He hears, my name will own.
My song He loves to hear.

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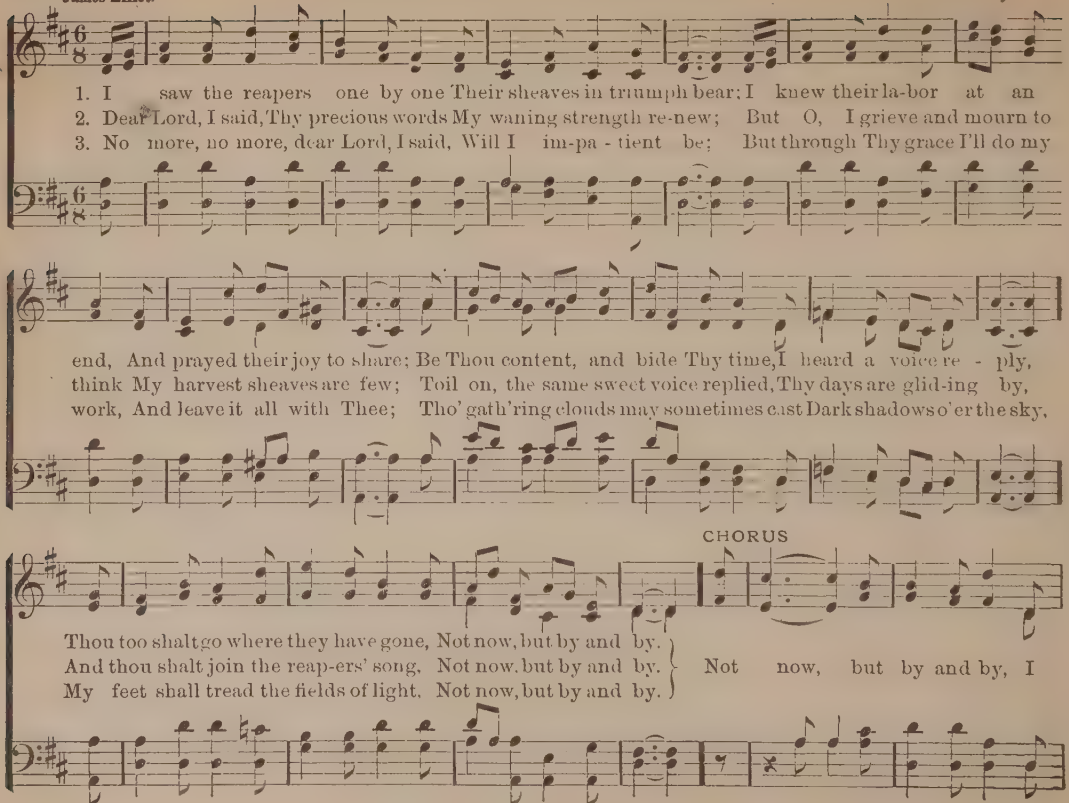
Not Now, but By and By.

James Elliot. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I saw the reapers one by one Their sheaves in triumph bear; I knew their la-bor at an
2. Dear Lord, I said, Thy precious words My waning strength re-new; But O, I grieve and mourn to
3. No more, no more, dear Lord, I said, Will I im-pa - tient be; But through Thy grace I'll do my
end, And prayed their joy to share; Be Thou content, and bide Thy time, I heard a voice re - ply,
think My harvest sheaves are few; Toil on, the same sweet voice replied, Thy days are glid-ing by,
work, And leave it all with Thee; Tho' gath'ring clouds may sometimes cast Dark shadows o'er the sky,
CHORUS
Thou too shalt go where they have gone, Not now, but by and by.
And thou shalt join the reap-ers' song. Not now, but by and by.
My feet shall tread the fields of light. Not now, but by and by.
Not now, but by and by, I

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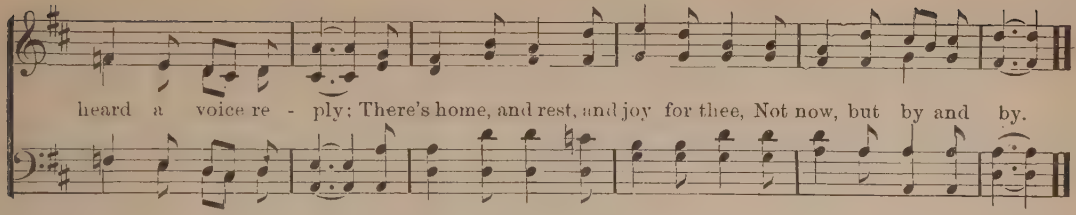
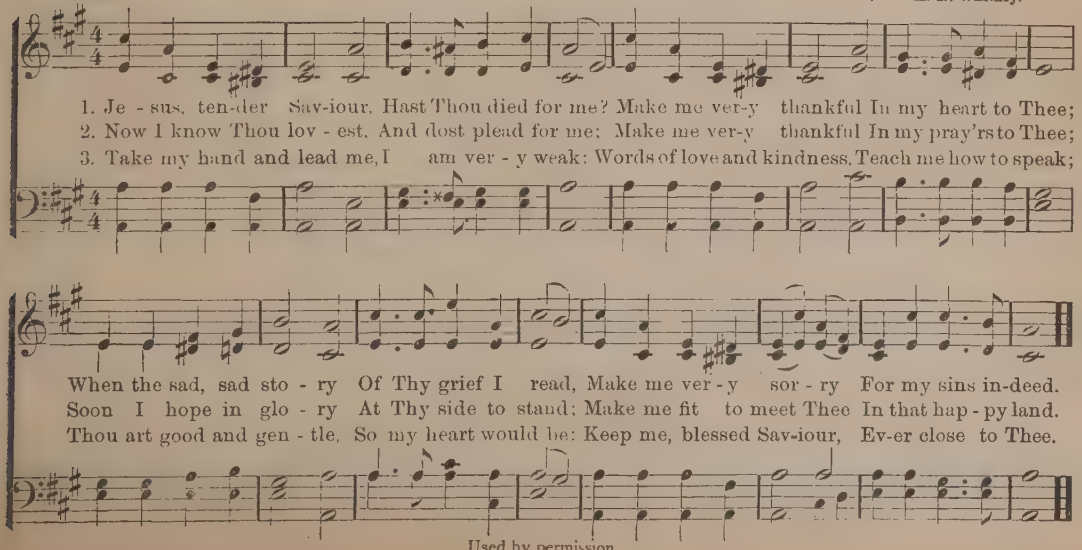


Jesus, Tender Saviour.

Anon. H. N. Whitney.


1. Je - sus, ten-der Sav-iour, Hast Thou died for me? Make me ver-y thankful In my heart to Thee;
2. Now I know Thou lov - est, And dost plead for me; Make me ver-y thankful In my pray'rs to Thee;
3. Take my hand and lead me, I am ver - y weak: Words of love and kindness, Teach me how to speak;
When the sad, sad sto - ry Of Thy grief I read, Make me ver - y sor - ry For my sins in-deed.
Soon I hope in glo - ry At Thy side to stand; Make me fit to meet Thee In that hap - py land.
Thou art good and gen - tle, So my heart would be: Keep me, blessed Sav-iour, Ev-er close to Thee.

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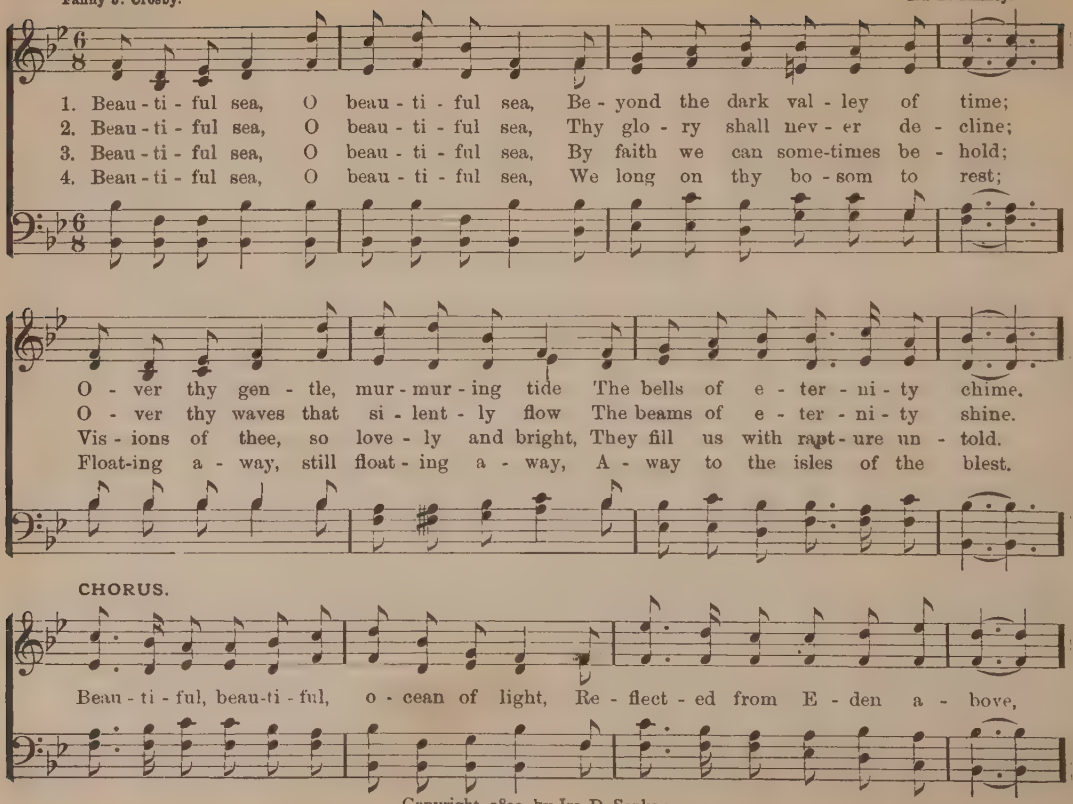
O Beautiful Sea.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Beau - ti - ful sea, O beau - ti - ful sea, Be - yond the dark val - ley of time;
2. Beau - ti - ful sea, O beau - ti - ful sea, Thy glo - ry shall nev - er de - cline;
3. Beau - ti - ful sea, O beau - ti - ful sea, By faith we can some-times be - hold;
4. Beau - ti - ful sea, O beau - ti - ful sea, We long on thy bo - som to rest;
O - ver thy gen - tle, mur - mur - ing tide The bells of e - ter - ni - ty chime.
O - ver thy waves that si - lent - ly flow The beams of e - ter - ni - ty shine.
Vis - ions of thee, so love - ly and bright, They fill us with rapt - ure un - told.
Float-ing a - way, still float - ing a - way, A - way to the isles of the blest.
CHORUS.
Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, o - cean of light, Re - flect - ed from E - den a - bove,

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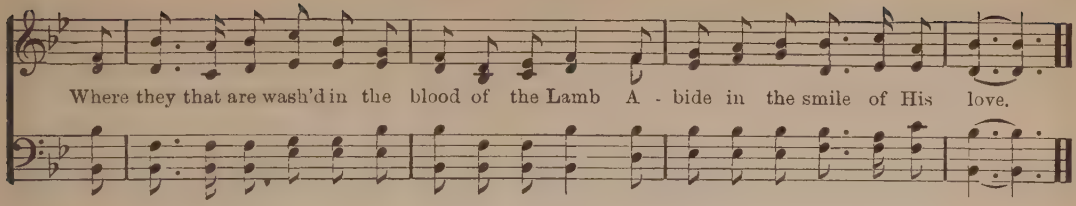
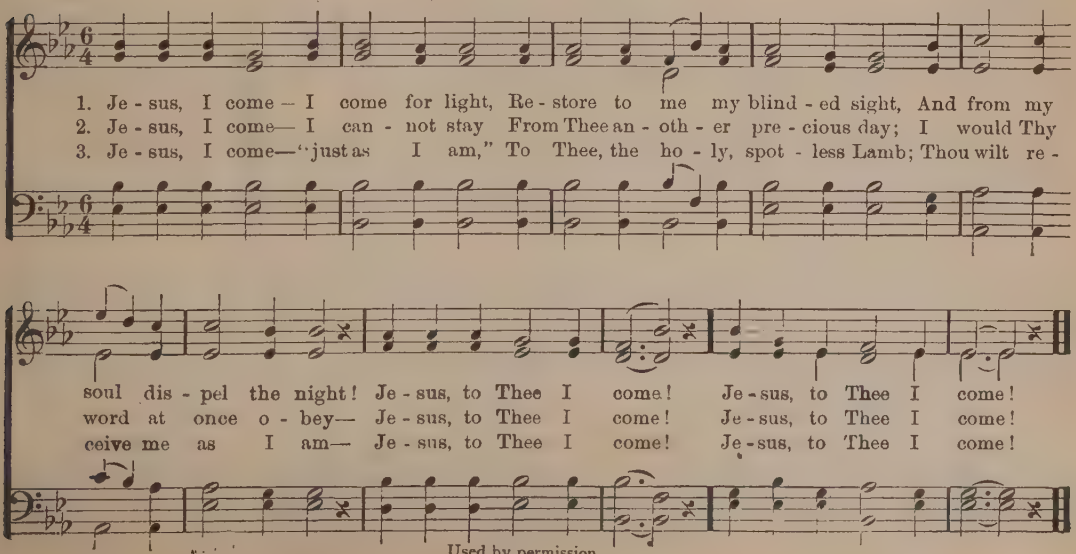


To Thee I Come.

Anon. J. E. Gould.


1. Je - sus, I come — I come for light, Re - store to me my blind - ed sight, And from my
2. Je - sus, I come— I can - not stay From Thee an - oth - er pre - cious day; I would Thy
3. Je - sus, I come—"just as I am," To Thee, the ho - ly, spot - less Lamb; Thou wilt re -
soul dis - pel the night! Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!
word at once o - bey— Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!
ceive me as I am— Je - sus, to Thee I come! Je - sus, to Thee I come!

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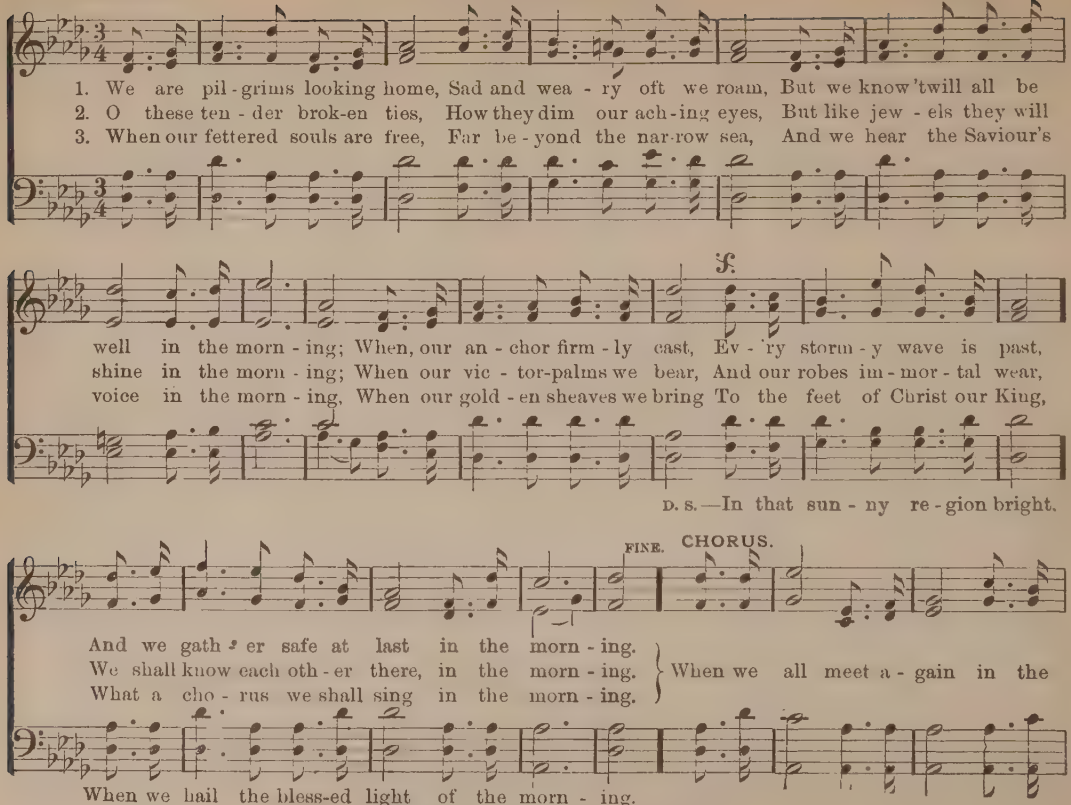
Lizzie Edwards.

In the Morning.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. We are pil - grims looking home, Sad and wea - ry oft we roam, But we know 'twill all be
2. O these ten - der brok-en ties, How they dim our ach-ing eyes, But like jew - els they will
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far be - yond the nar-row sea, And we hear the Saviour's
well in the morn - ing; When, our an - chor firm - ly cast, Ev - 'ry storm - y wave is past,
shine in the morn - ing; When our vic - tor-palms we bear, And our robes im - mor - tal wear,
voice in the morn - ing, When our gold - en sheaves we bring To the feet of Christ our King,
D. S.—In that sun - ny re - gion bright.
FINE.
CHORUS.
And we gath - er safe at last in the morn - ing.
We shall know each oth - er there, in the morn - ing.
What a cho - rus we shall sing in the morn - ing.
When we all meet a - gain in the
When we hail the bless-ed light of the morn - ing.

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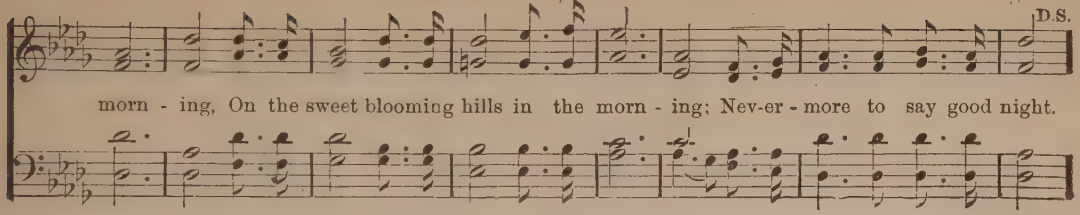
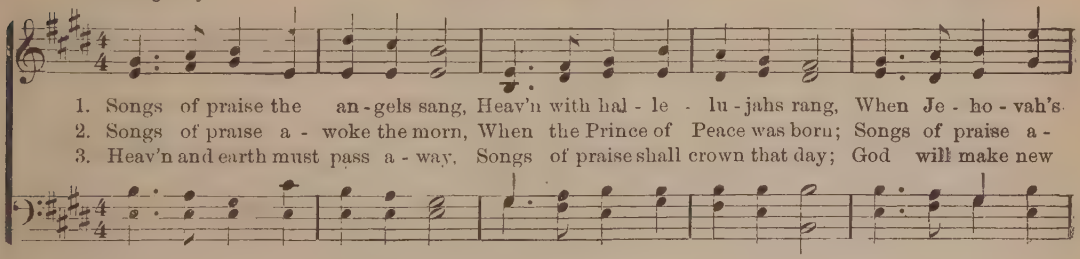
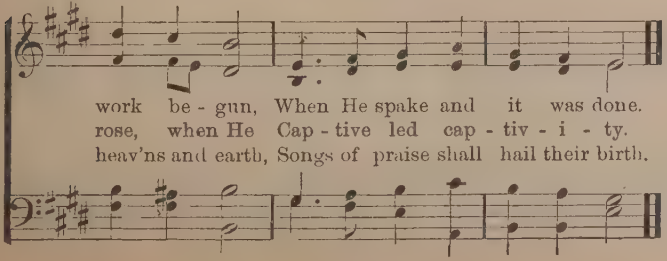


Songs of Praise.

James Montgomery. Thibaut of Navarre.


1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a -
3. Heav'n and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new

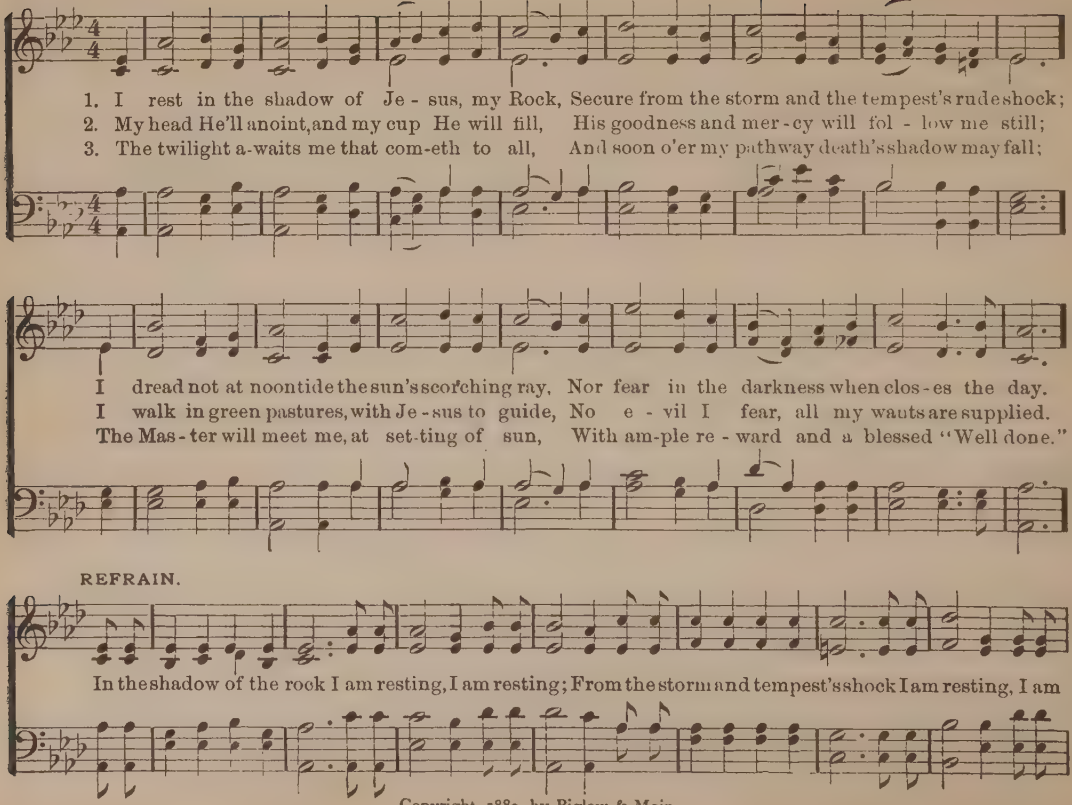

work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.
rose, when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
heav'ns and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Jesus, My Rock.

Wm. Stevenson. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. I rest in the shadow of Je - sus, my Rock, Secure from the storm and the tempest's rude shock;
2. My head He'll anoint, and my cup He will fill, His goodness and mer - cy will fol - low me still;
3. The twilight a-waits me that com-eth to all, And soon o'er my pathway death's shadow may fall;
I dread not at noontide the sun's scorching ray, Nor fear in the darkness when clos - es the day.
I walk in green pastures, with Je - sus to guide, No e - vil I fear, all my wants are supplied.
The Mas - ter will meet me, at set-ting of sun, With am-ple re - ward and a blessed "Well done."
REFRAIN.
In the shadow of the rock I am resting, I am resting; From the storm and tempest's shock I am resting, I am

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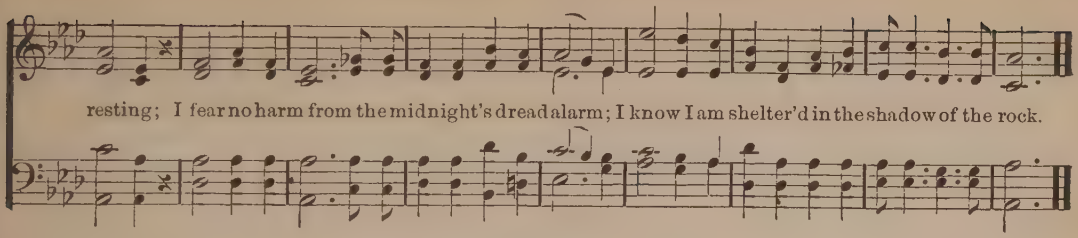
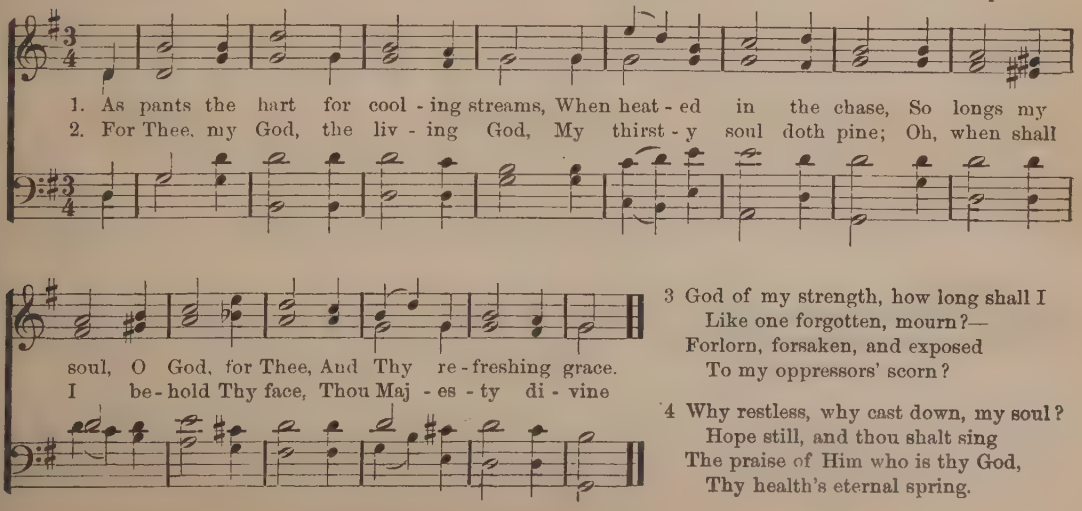


As Pants the Hart.

Tate and Brady. Louis Spohr.

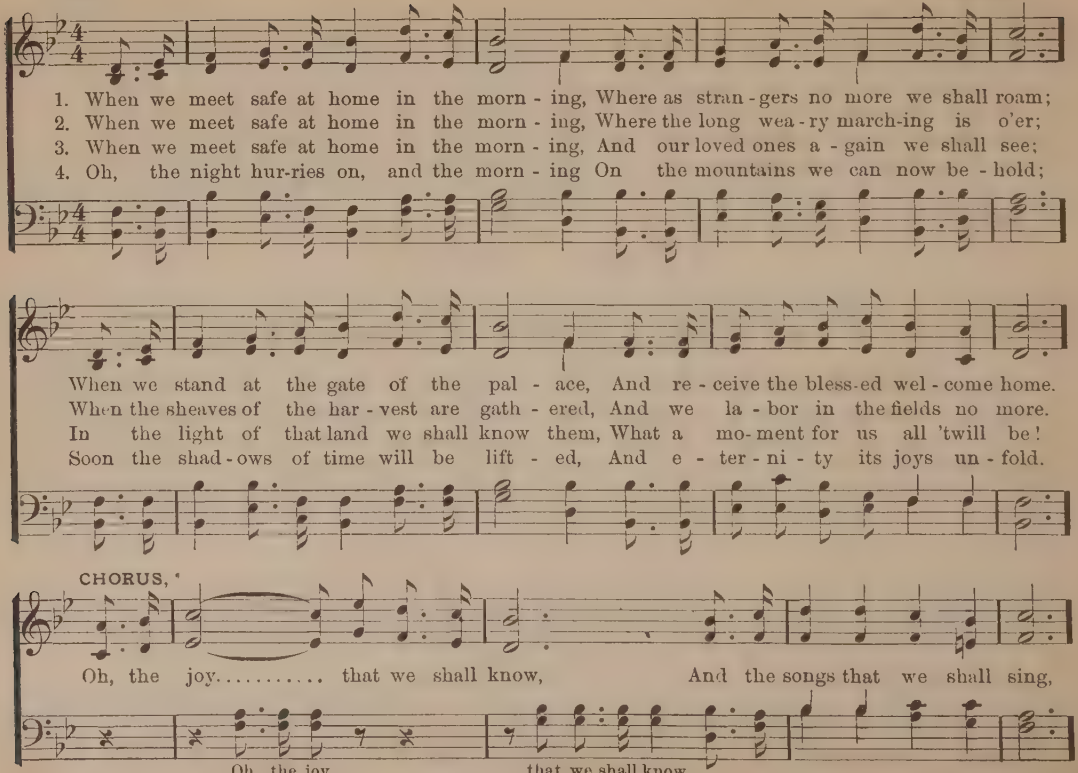

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase, So longs my
2. For Thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine; Oh, when shall
soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - freshing grace.
I be - hold Thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine

3 God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten, mourn?—
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' scorn?

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

When we Meet Safe at Home.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.


1. When we meet safe at home in the morn - ing, Where as stran - gers no more we shall roam;
2. When we meet safe at home in the morn - ing, Where the long wea - ry march-ing is o'er;
3. When we meet safe at home in the morn - ing, And our loved ones a - gain we shall see;
4. Oh, the night hur-ries on, and the morn - ing On the mountains we can now be - hold;
When we stand at the gate of the pal - ace, And re - ceive the bless-ed wel - come home.
When the sheaves of the har - vest are gath - ered, And we la - bor in the fields no more.
In the light of that land we shall know them, What a mo- ment for us all 'twill be!
Soon the shad - ows of time will be lift - ed, And e - ter - ni - ty its joys un - fold.
CHORUS.
Oh, the joy..... that we shall know, And the songs that we shall sing,
Oh, the joy that we shall know,

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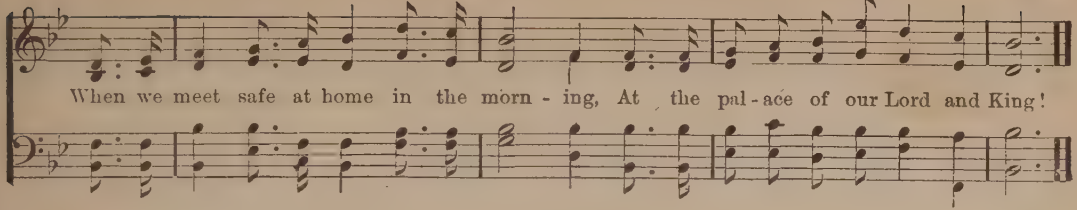
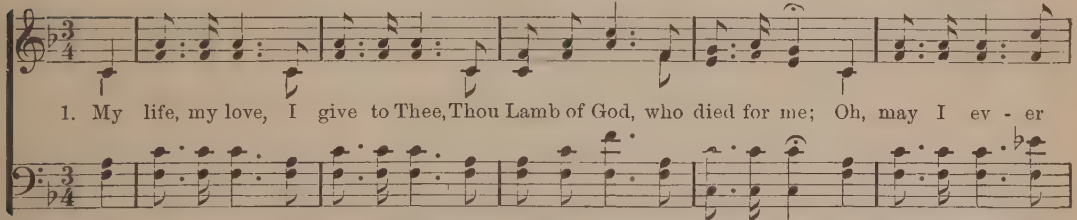
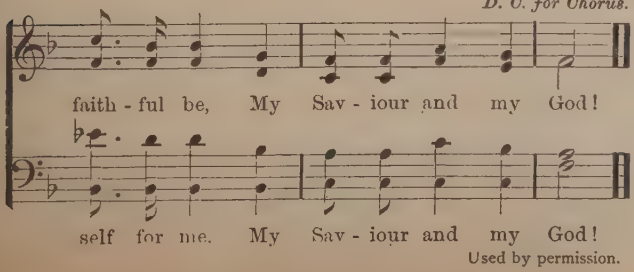


I'll Live for Thee.

C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me; Oh, may I ev - er
Cho.—I'll live for Thee, I'll live for Thee, And oh, how glad my soul should be, That Thou didst give Thy-



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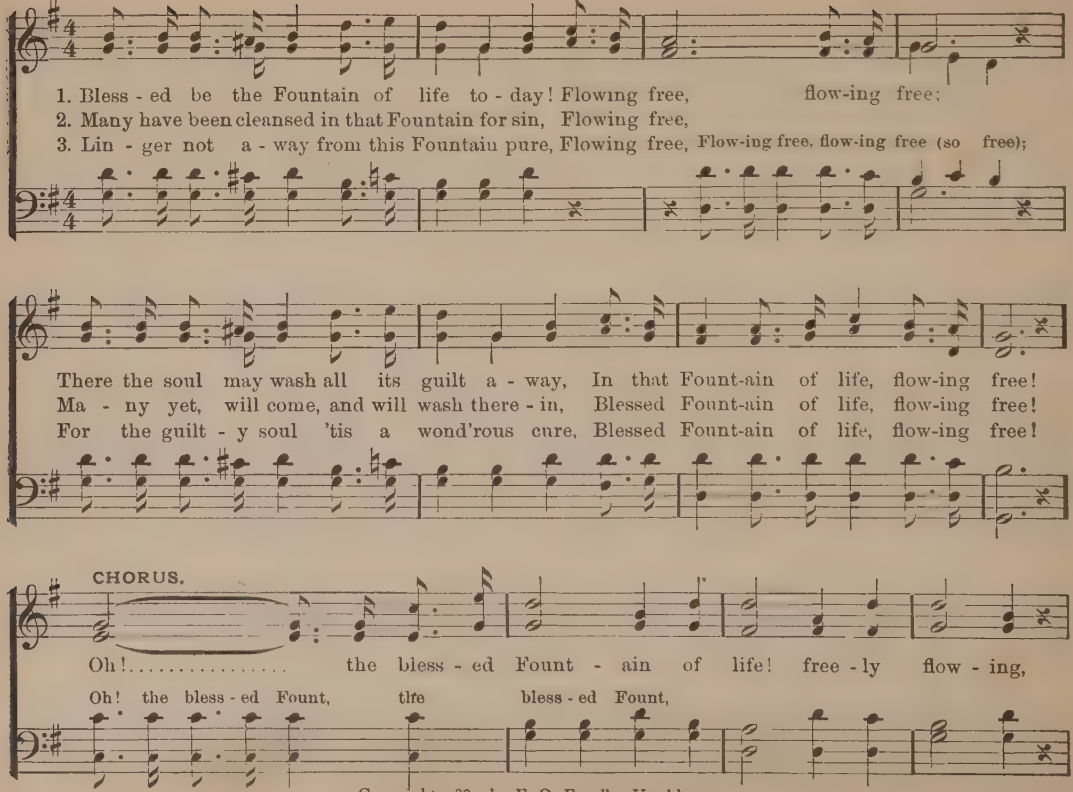
2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live;
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

3 Oh, Thou who diedst on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Saviour and my God!

Blessed be the Fountain.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. Bless - ed be the Fountain of life to - day! Flowing free, flow-ing free;
2. Many have been cleansed in that Fountain for sin, Flowing free,
3. Lin - ger not a - way from this Fountain pure, Flowing free, Flow-ing free, flow-ing free (so free);
There the soul may wash all its guilt a - way, In that Fount-ain of life, flow-ing free!
Ma - ny yet, will come, and will wash there - in, Blessed Fount-ain of life, flow-ing free!
For the guilt - y soul 'tis a wond'rous cure, Blessed Fount-ain of life, flow-ing free!
CHORUS.
Oh!..... the bless - ed Fount - ain of life! free - ly flow - ing,
Oh! the bless - ed Fount, the bless - ed Fount,

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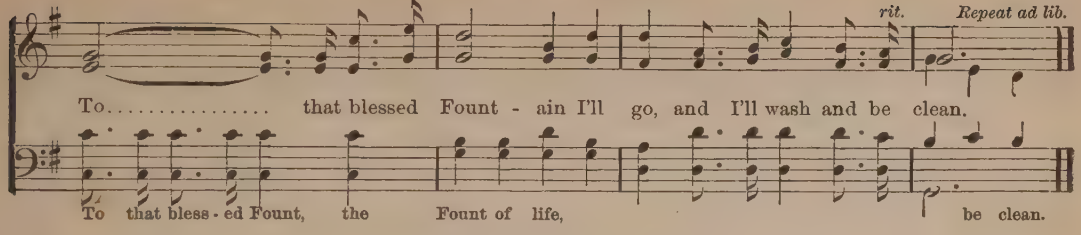
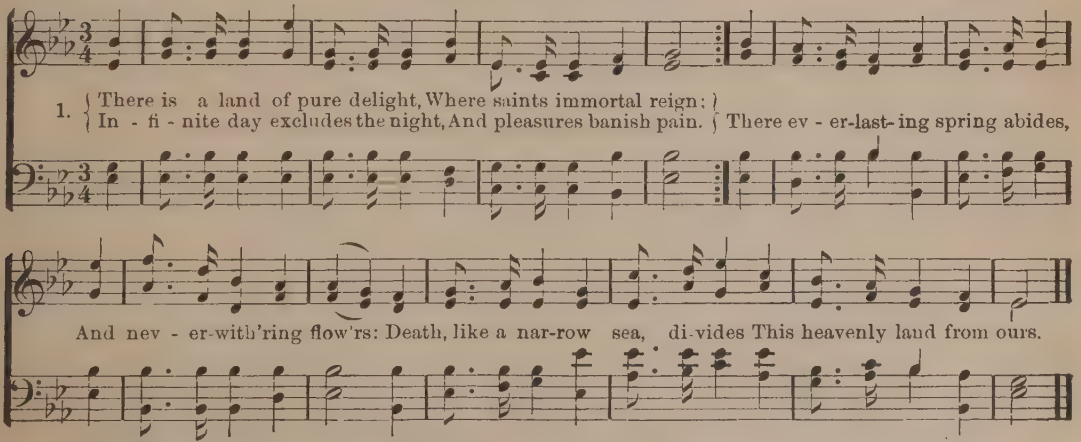


There is a Land.

Isaac Watts. Geo. F. Root.

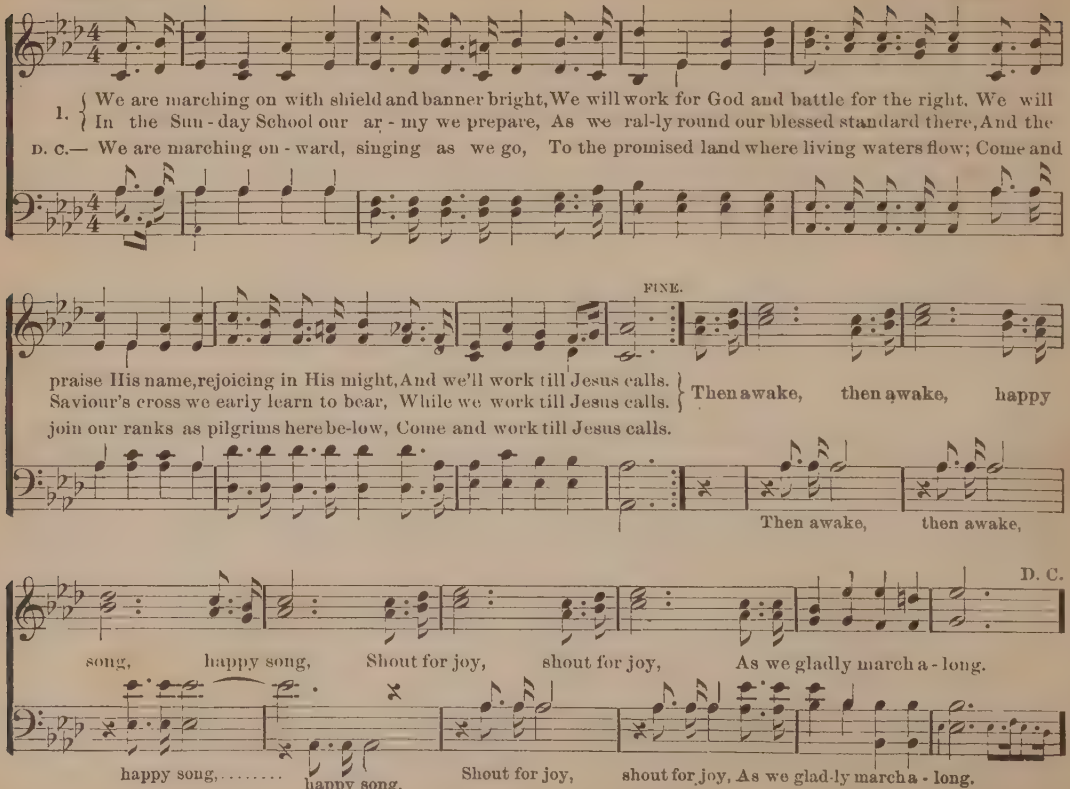

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
There ev - er-last-ing spring abides,
And nev - er-with'ring flow'rs: Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Sunday School Volunteer Song.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and battle for the right. We will
In the Sun-day School our ar-my we prepare, As we ral-ly round our blessed standard there, And the
D. C.— We are marching on-ward, singing as we go, To the promised land where living waters flow; Come and
FINE.
praise His name, rejoicing in His might, And we'll work till Jesus calls.
Saviour's cross we early learn to bear, While we work till Jesus calls.
join our ranks as pilgrims here be-low, Come and work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, then awake, happy
Then awake, then awake,
D. C.
song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we gladly march a-long.
happy song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we glad-ly march a-long.

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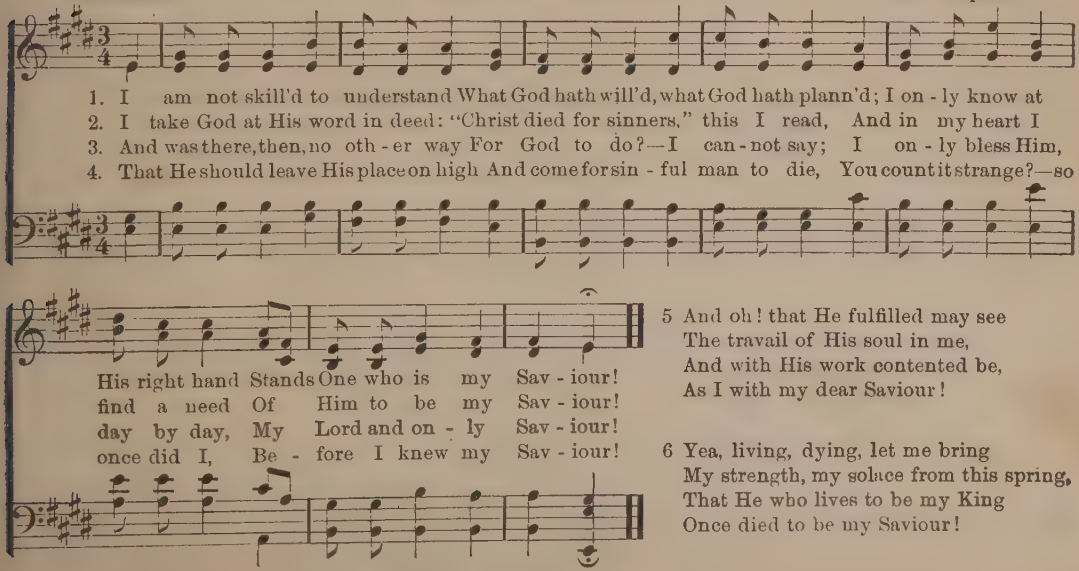
2 We are marching on, our Captain, ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear:
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.—*Cho.*

3 We are marching on the strait and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls.—*Cho.*

My Saviour.

Dora Greenwell. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd; I on - ly know at
2. I take God at His word in deed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read, And in my heart I
3. And was there, then, no oth - er way For God to do?—I can - not say; I on - ly bless Him,
4. That He should leave His place on high And come for sin - ful man to die, You count it strange?—so
His right hand Stands One who is my Sav - iour!
find a need Of Him to be my Sav - iour!
day by day, My Lord and on - ly Sav - iour!
once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav - iour!

5 And oh! that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

6 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour!

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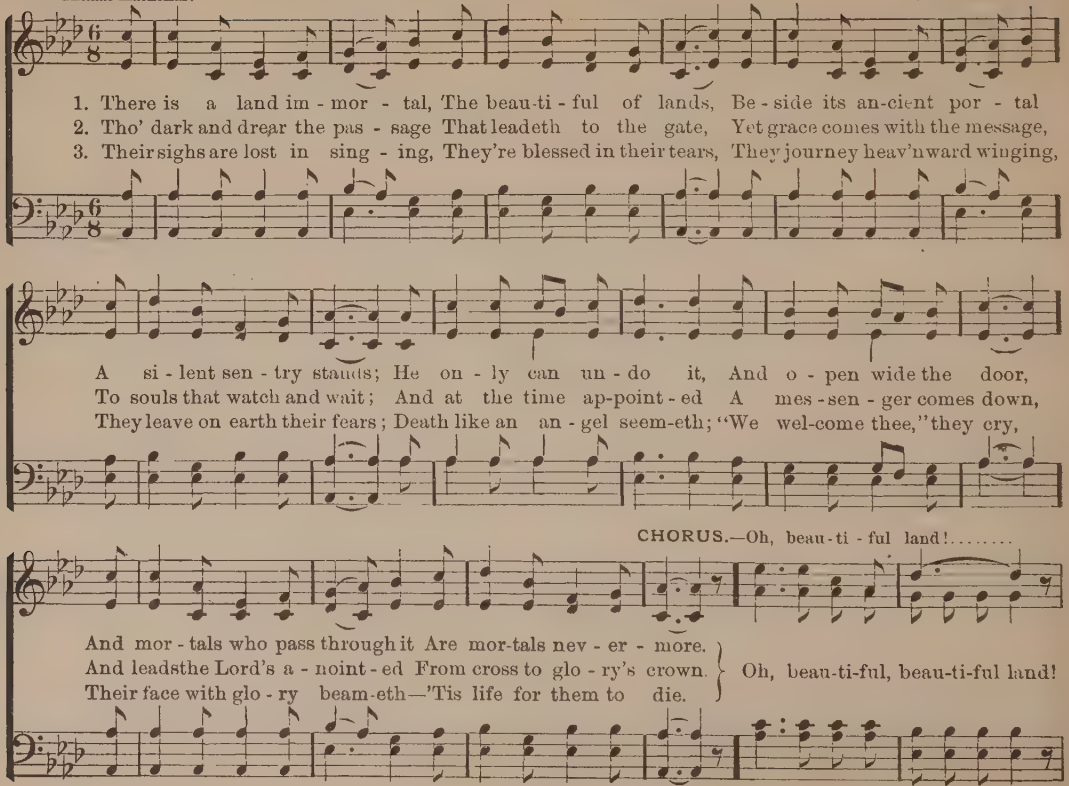
There is a Land Immortal.

Thomas Mackellar. Geo. F. Root.


1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau-ti - ful of lands, Be - side its an-cient por - tal
2. Tho' dark and drear the pas - sage That leadeth to the gate, Yet grace comes with the message,
3. Their sighs are lost in sing - ing, They're blessed in their tears, They journey heav'nward winging,
A si - lent sen - try stands; He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door,
To souls that watch and wait; And at the time ap-point - ed A mes - sen - ger comes down,
They leave on earth their fears; Death like an an - gel seem-eth; "We wel-come thee," they cry,
CHORUS.—Oh, beau - ti - ful land!.....
And mor - tals who pass through it Are mor-tals nev - er - more.
And leads the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.
Their face with glo - ry beam-eth—'Tis life for them to die.
Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful land!

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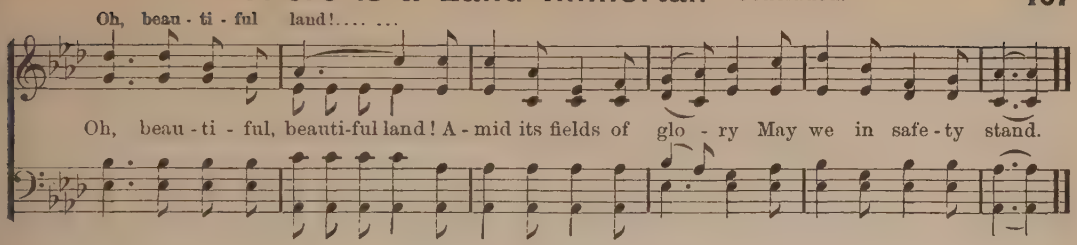
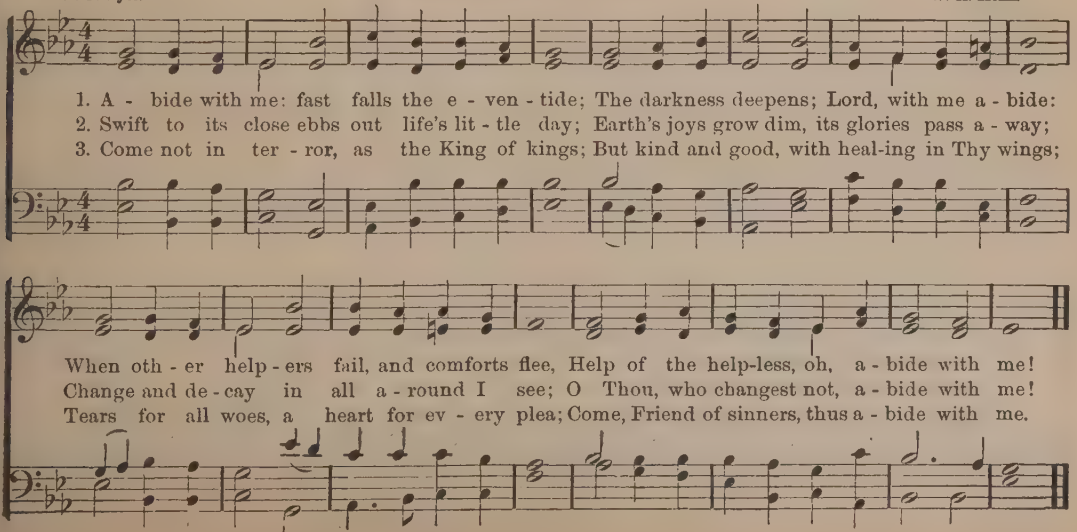


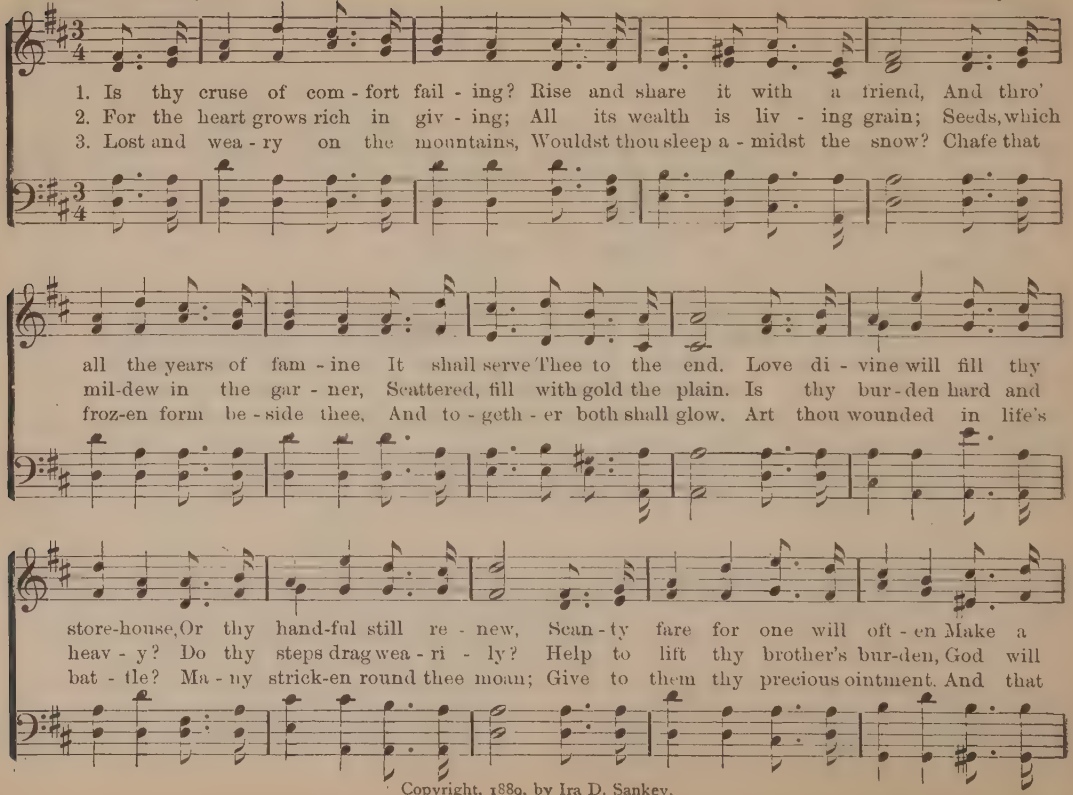
Abide with Me!

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide:
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
3. Come not in ter - ror, as the King of kings; But kind and good, with heal-ing in Thy wings;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - ery plea; Come, Friend of sinners, thus a - bide with me.

Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

Mrs. E. R. Charles, arr. Ira D. Sankey


1. Is thy cruse of com - fort fail - ing? Rise and share it with a friend, And thro'
2. For the heart grows rich in giv - ing; All its wealth is liv - ing grain; Seeds, which
3. Lost and wea - ry on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep a - midst the snow? Chafe that
all the years of fam - ine It shall serve Thee to the end. Love di - vine will fill thy
mil-dew in the gar - ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain. Is thy bur - den hard and
froz-en form be - side thee, And to - geth - er both shall glow. Art thou wounded in life's
store-house, Or thy hand-ful still re - new, Scan - ty fare for one will oft - en Make a
heav - y? Do thy steps drag wea - ri - ly? Help to lift thy brother's bur-den, God will
bat - tle? Ma - ny strick-en round thee moan; Give to them thy precious ointment. And that

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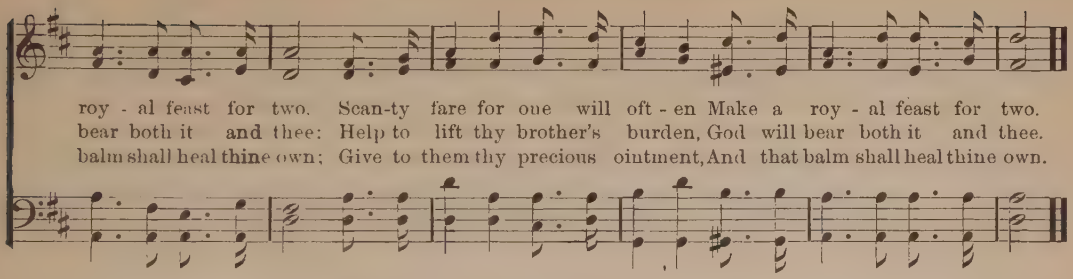
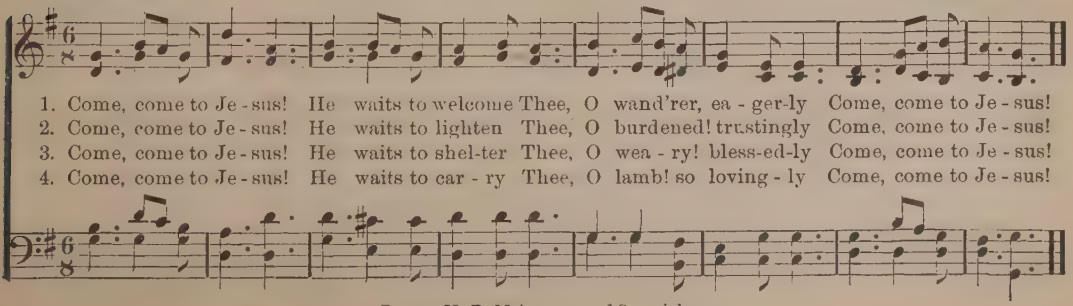

roy - al feast for two. Scan-ty fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two.
bear both it and thee: Help to lift thy brother's burden, God will bear both it and thee.
balm shall heal thine own; Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.

4 Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is thy heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
‖: It can only live by loving.
And by serving love will grow. :‖

Come, Come to Jesus!

Rev. Geo. B. Peck. Hubert P. Main.


1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome Thee, O wand'rer, ea - ger-ly Come, come to Je - sus!
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to lighten Thee, O burdened! trustingly Come, come to Je - sus!
3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to shel-ter Thee, O wea - ry! bless-ed-ly Come, come to Je - sus!
4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to car - ry Thee, O lamb! so loving - ly Come, come to Je - sus!

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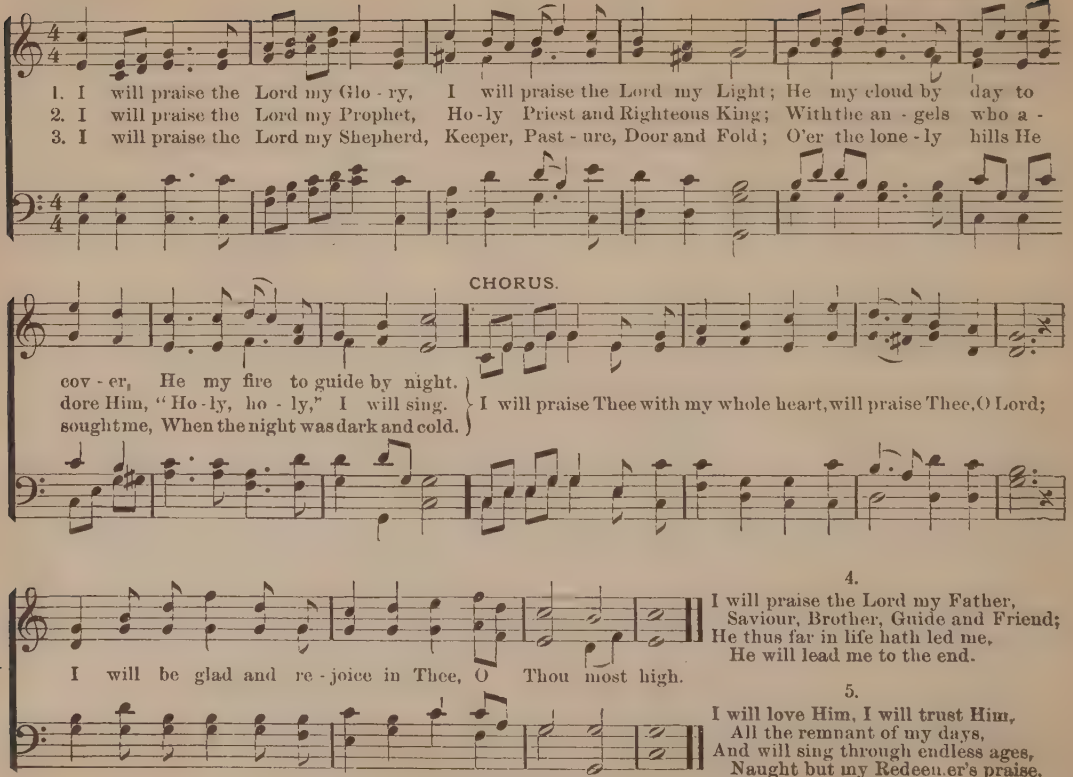
I will Praise Thee.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.


1. I will praise the Lord my Glo - ry, I will praise the Lord my Light; He my cloud by day to
2. I will praise the Lord my Prophet, Ho - ly Priest and Righteous King; With the an - gels who a -
3. I will praise the Lord my Shepherd, Keeper, Past - ure, Door and Fold; O'er the lone - ly hills He
CHORUS.
cov - er, He my fire to guide by night.
dore Him, "Ho - ly, ho - ly," I will sing.
sought me, When the night was dark and cold.
I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise Thee, O Lord;
I will be glad and re - joice in Thee, O Thou most high.

4.

I will praise the Lord my Father,
Saviour, Brother, Guide and Friend;
He thus far in life hath led me,
He will lead me to the end.

5.

I will love Him, I will trust Him,
All the remnant of my days,
And will sing through endless ages,
Naught but my Redeemer's praise.

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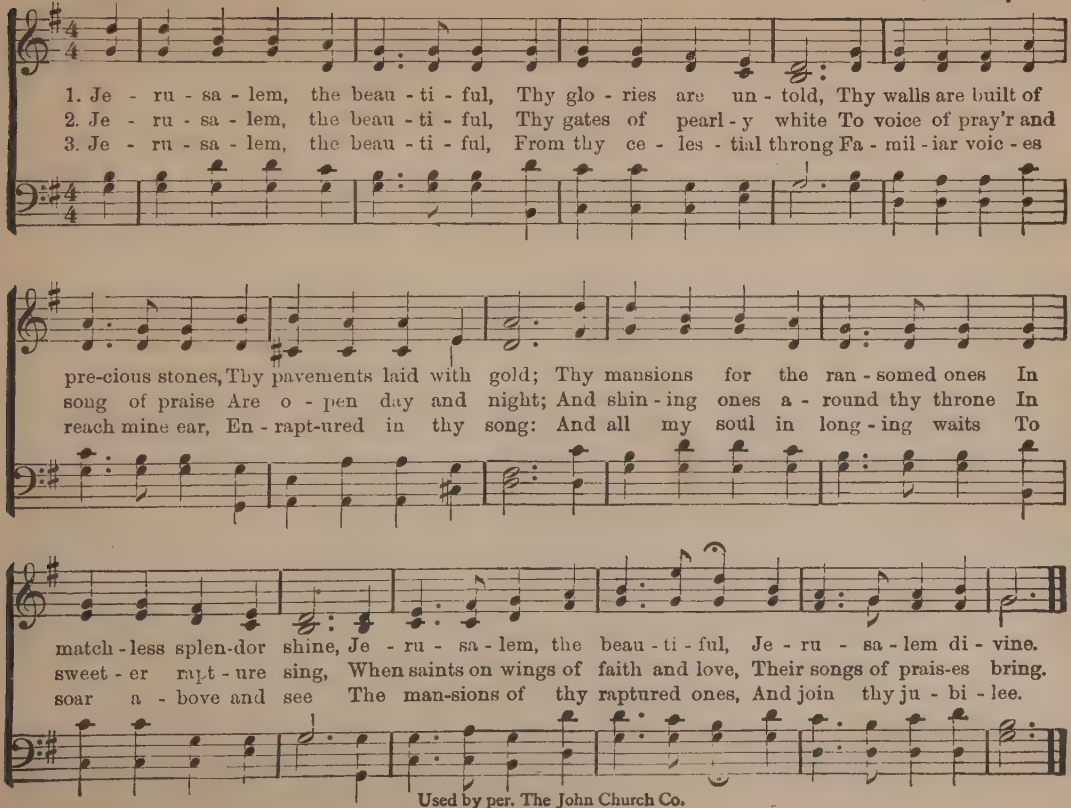
Jerusalem, the Beautiful.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. J. R. Murray.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful, Thy glo - ries are un - told, Thy walls are built of
2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful, Thy gates of pearl - y white To voice of pray'r and
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful, From thy ce - les - tial throng Fa - mil - iar voic - es
pre-cious stones, Thy pavements laid with gold; Thy mansions for the ran - somed ones In
song of praise Are o - pen day and night; And shin - ing ones a - round thy throne In
reach mine ear, En - rapt-ured in thy song: And all my soul in long - ing waits To
match - less splen-dor shine, Je - ru - sa - lem, the beau - ti - ful, Je - ru - sa - lem di - vine.
sweet - er rapt - ure sing, When saints on wings of faith and love, Their songs of prais-es bring.
soar a - bove and see The man-sions of thy raptured ones, And join thy ju - bi - lee.

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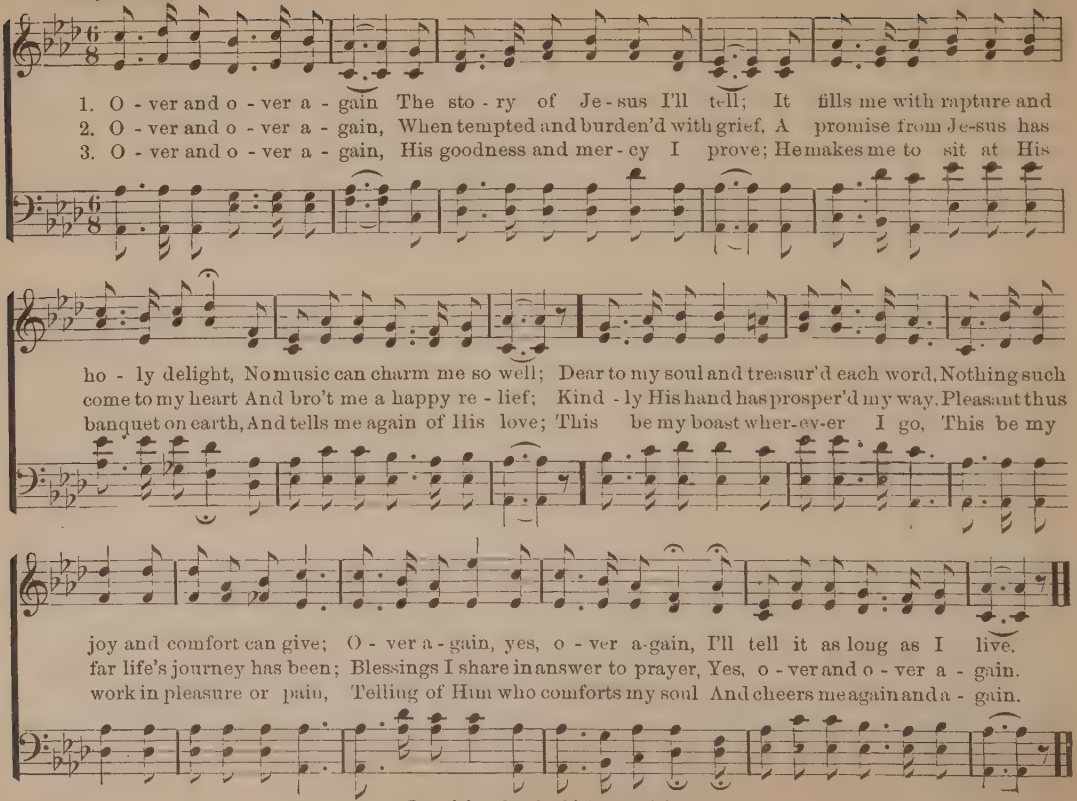
Over and Over Again.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. O - ver and o - ver a - gain The sto - ry of Je - sus I'll tell; It fills me with rapture and
2. O - ver and o - ver a - gain, When tempted and burden'd with grief, A promise from Je-sus has
3. O - ver and o - ver a - gain, His goodness and mer - cy I prove; He makes me to sit at His
ho - ly delight, No music can charm me so well; Dear to my soul and treasur'd each word, Nothing such
come to my heart And bro't me a happy re - lief; Kind - ly His hand has prosper'd my way. Pleasant thus
banquet on earth, And tells me again of His love; This be my boast wher-ev-er I go, This be my
joy and comfort can give; O - ver a - gain, yes, o - ver a-gain, I'll tell it as long as I live.
far life's journey has been; Blessings I share in answer to prayer, Yes, o - ver and o - ver a - gain.
work in pleasure or pain, Telling of Him who comforts my soul And cheers me again and a - gain.

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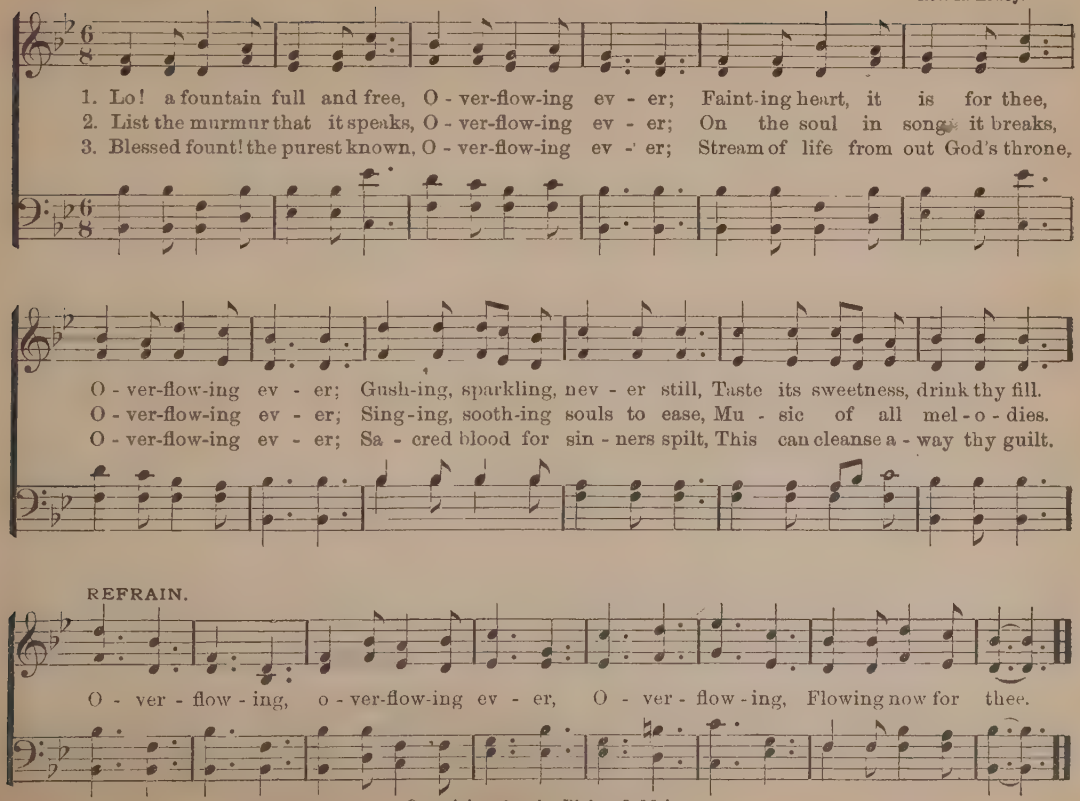
Overflowing Ever.

E. F. C. Husted. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Lo! a fountain full and free, O - ver-flow-ing ev - er; Faint-ing heart, it is for thee,
2. List the murmur that it speaks, O - ver-flow-ing ev - er; On the soul in song it breaks,
3. Blessed fount! the purest known, O - ver-flow-ing ev - er; Stream of life from out God's throne,
O - ver-flow-ing ev - er; Gush-ing, sparkling, nev - er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.
O - ver-flow-ing ev - er; Sing-ing, sooth-ing souls to ease, Mu - sic of all mel - o - dies.
O - ver-flow-ing ev - er; Sa - cred blood for sin - ners spilt, This can cleanse a - way thy guilt.
REFRAIN.
O - ver - flow - ing, o - ver-flow-ing ev - er, O - ver - flow - ing, Flowing now for thee.

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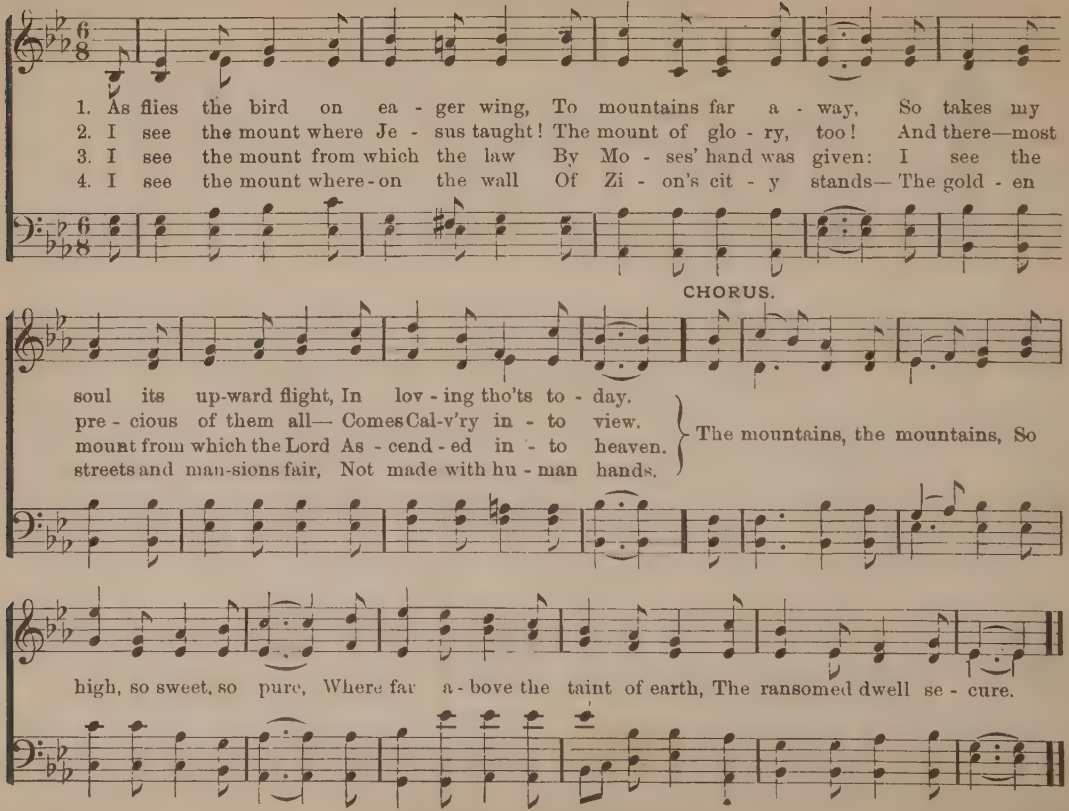
As Flies the Bird.

Geo. F. Root.


1. As flies the bird on ea - ger wing, To mountains far a - way, So takes my
2. I see the mount where Je - sus taught! The mount of glo - ry, too! And there—most
3. I see the mount from which the law By Mo - ses' hand was given: I see the
4. I see the mount where-on the wall Of Zi - on's cit - y stands— The gold - en
CHORUS.
soul its up-ward flight, In lov - ing tho'ts to - day.
pre - cious of them all— Comes Cal-v'ry in - to view.
mount from which the Lord As - cend - ed in - to heaven.
streets and man-sions fair, Not made with hu - man hands.
The mountains, the mountains, So
high, so sweet, so pure, Where far a - bove the taint of earth, The ransomed dwell se - cure.

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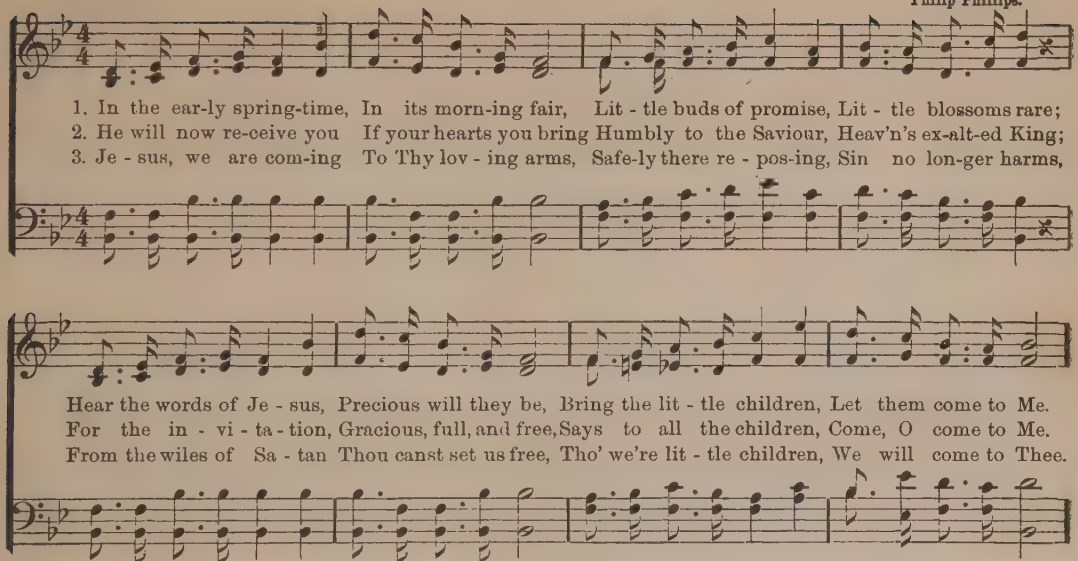
Let the Children Come.

Dr. Helmer. Philip Phillips.


1. In the ear-ly spring-time, In its morn-ing fair, Lit - tle buds of promise, Lit - tle blossoms rare;
2. He will now re-ceive you If your hearts you bring Humbly to the Saviour, Heav'n's ex-alt-ed King;
3. Je - sus, we are com-ing To Thy lov - ing arms, Safe-ly there re - pos-ing, Sin no lon-ger harms,
Hear the words of Je - sus, Precious will they be, Bring the lit - tle children, Let them come to Me.
For the in - vi - ta - tion, Gracious, full, and free, Says to all the children, Come, O come to Me.
From the wiles of Sa - tan Thou canst set us free, Tho' we're lit - tle children, We will come to Thee.
CHORUS.
Let them come to Me, Let them come to Me, Bring the lit - tle children. Let them come to Me.

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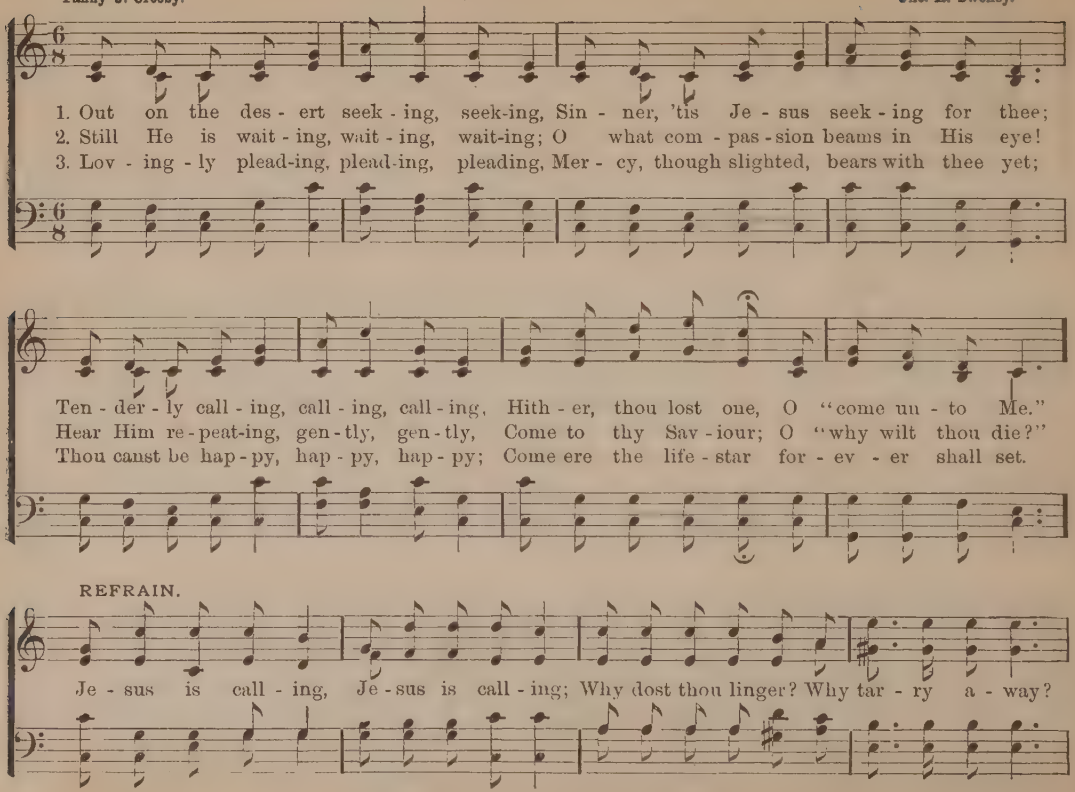
Coming To-Day.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Out on the des - ert seek - ing, seek-ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus seek - ing for thee;
2. Still He is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait-ing; O what com - pas - sion beams in His eye!
3. Lov - ing - ly plead-ing, plead-ing, pleading, Mer - cy, though slighted, bears with thee yet;
Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing, Hith - er, thou lost one, O "come un - to Me."
Hear Him re - peat-ing, gen - tly, gen - tly, Come to thy Sav - iour; O "why wilt thou die?"
Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py; Come ere the life - star for - ev - er shall set.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus is call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing; Why dost thou linger? Why tar - ry a - way?

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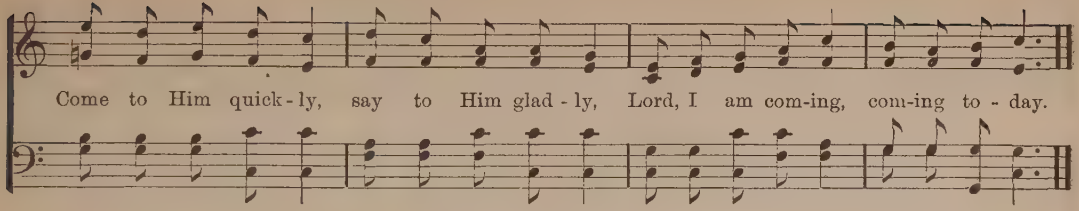
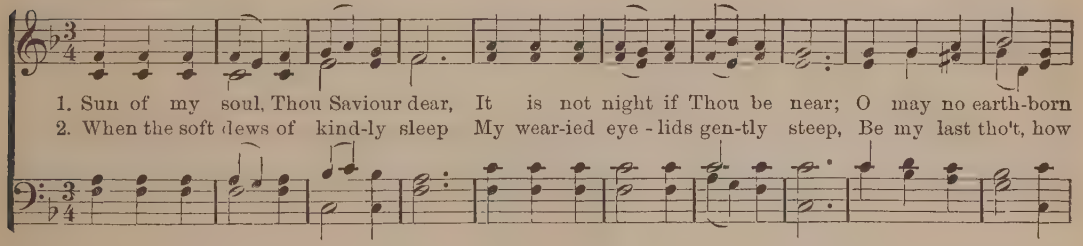
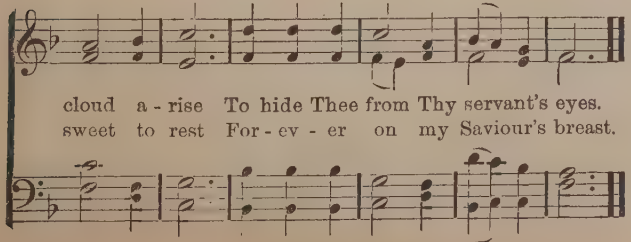


Sun of my Soul.

Rev. John Keble. Peter Ritter.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no earth-born
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-ied eye-lids gen-tly steep, Be my last tho't, how

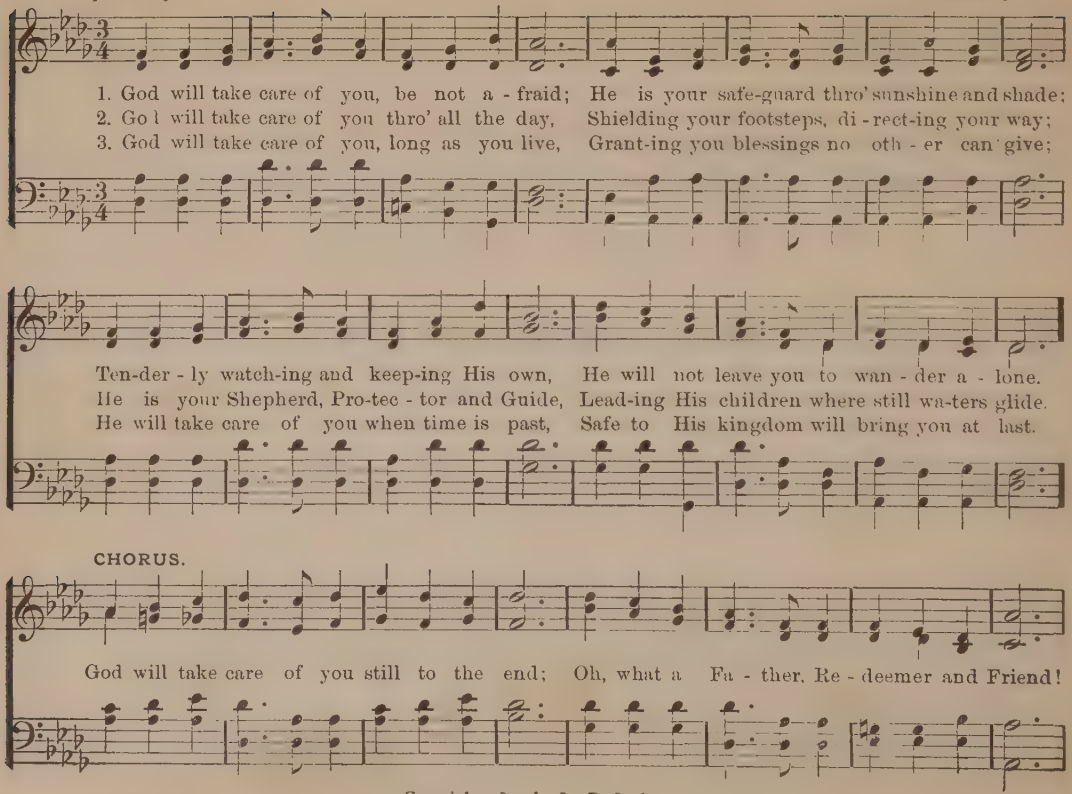


3 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let Him no more lie down in sin.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

God will take Care of You.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. God will take care of you, be not a - fraid; He is your safe-guard thro' sunshine and shade;
2. God will take care of you thro' all the day, Shielding your footsteps, di - rect-ing your way;
3. God will take care of you, long as you live, Grant-ing you blessings no oth - er can give;
Ten-der - ly watch-ing and keep-ing His own, He will not leave you to wan - der a - lone.
He is your Shepherd, Pro-tec - tor and Guide, Lead-ing His children where still wa-ters glide.
He will take care of you when time is past, Safe to His kingdom will bring you at last.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you still to the end; Oh, what a Fa - ther, Re - deemer and Friend!

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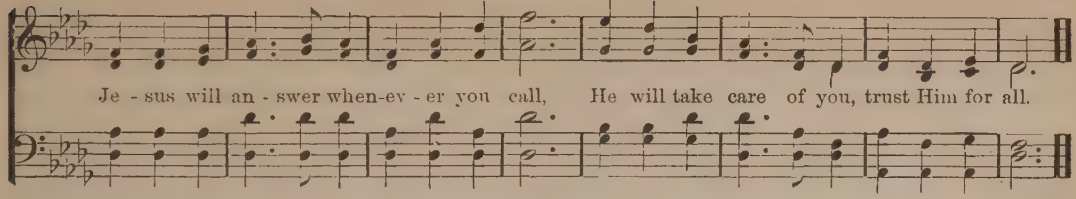
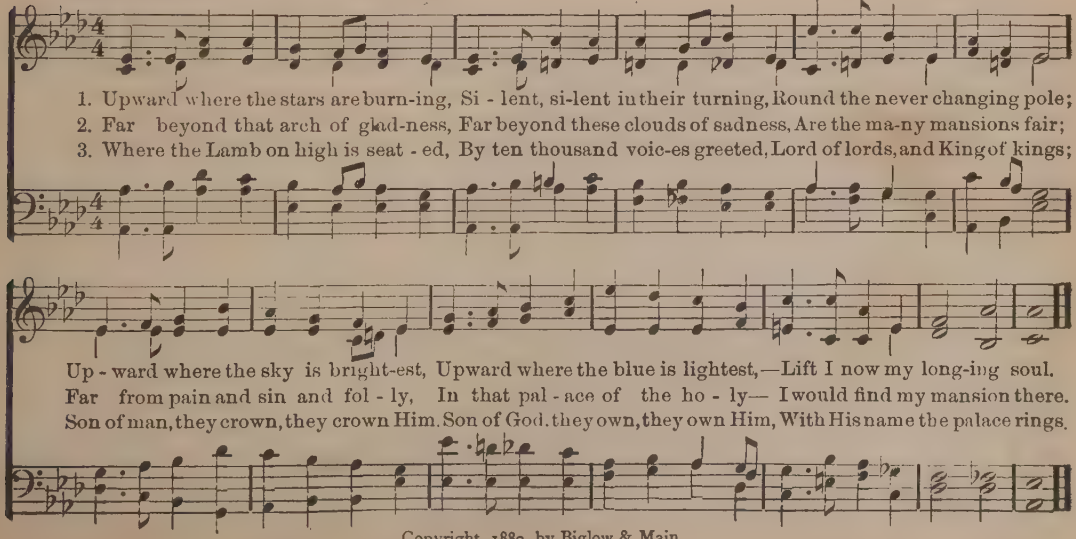


Upward where the Stars are Burning.

Horatius Bonar, D.D. John B. Calkin, arr.


1. Upward where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si-lent in their turning, Round the never changing pole;
2. Far beyond that arch of glad-ness, Far beyond these clouds of sadness, Are the ma-ny mansions fair;
3. Where the Lamb on high is seat - ed, By ten thousand voic-es greeted, Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Up - ward where the sky is bright-est, Upward where the blue is lightest,—Lift I now my long-ing soul.
Far from pain and sin and fol - ly, In that pal - ace of the ho - ly— I would find my mansion there.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him. Son of God, they own, they own Him, With His name the palace rings.

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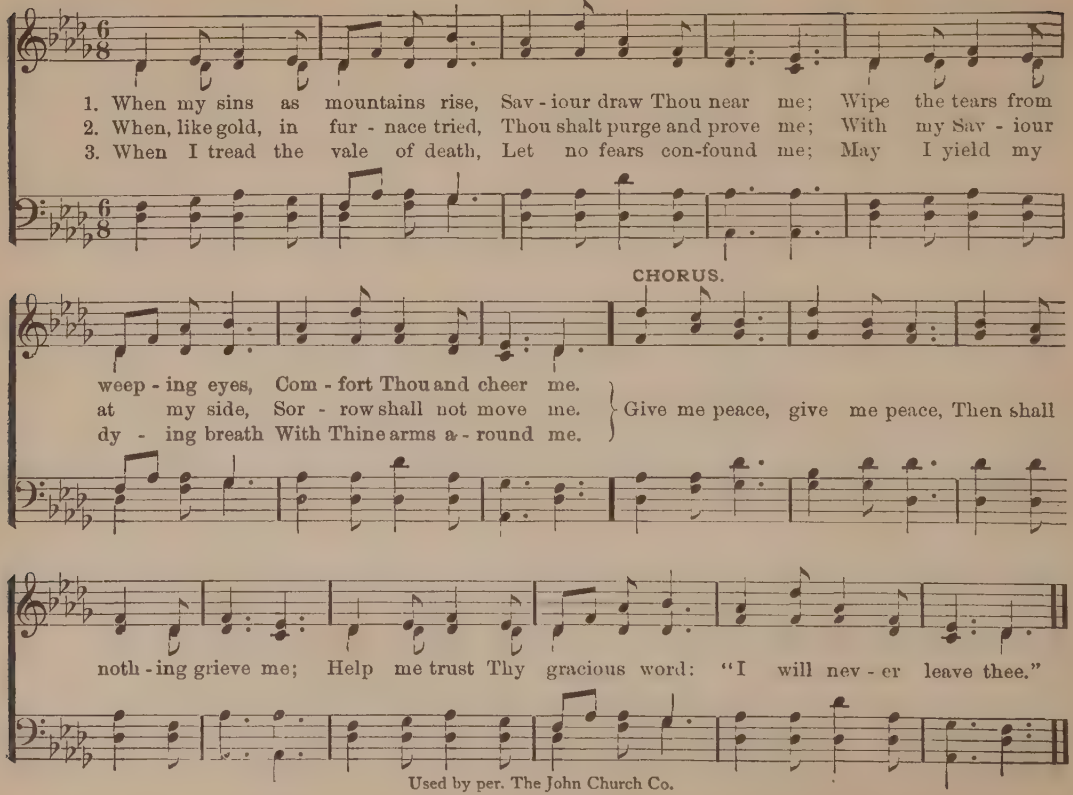
I will Never Leave Thee.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. James McGranahan.


1. When my sins as mountains rise, Sav - iour draw Thou near me; Wipe the tears from
2. When, like gold, in fur - nace tried, Thou shalt purge and prove me; With my Sav - iour
3. When I tread the vale of death, Let no fears con-found me; May I yield my
CHORUS.
weep - ing eyes, Com - fort Thou and cheer me.
at my side, Sor - row shall not move me.
dy - ing breath With Thine arms a - round me.
Give me peace, give me peace, Then shall
noth - ing grieve me; Help me trust Thy gracious word: "I will nev - er leave thee."

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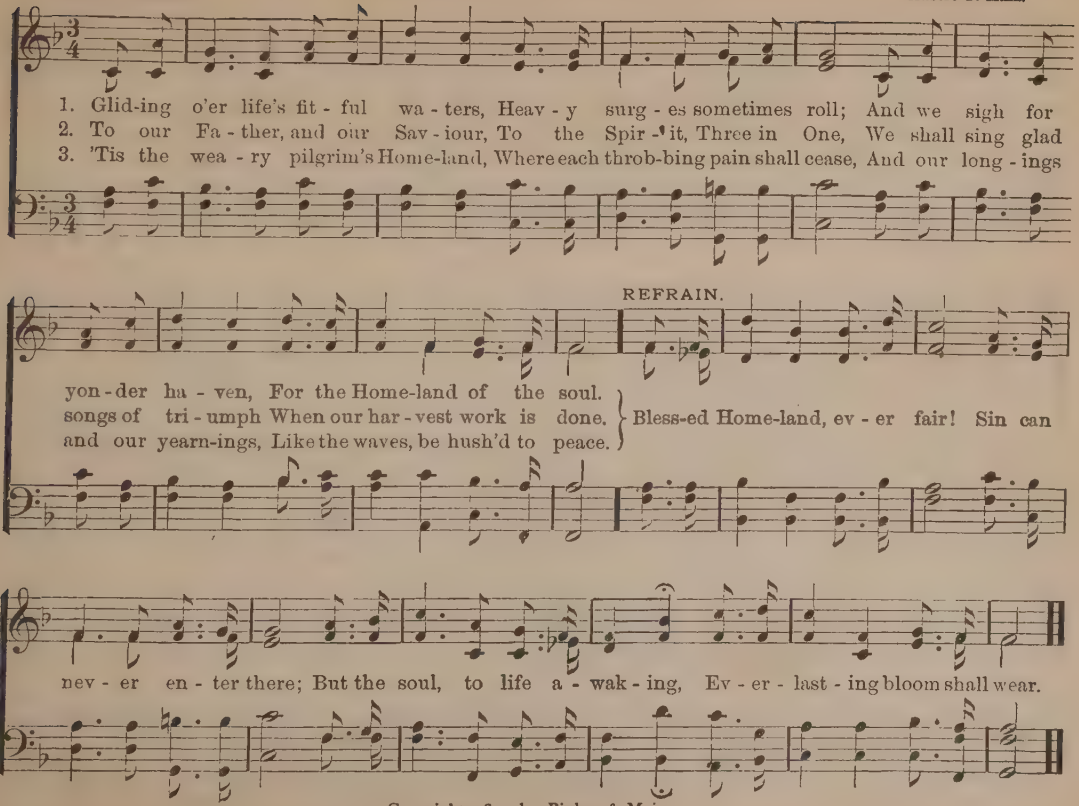
Blessed Home-land.

Grace J. Frances.

Hubert P. Main.


1. Glid-ing o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes roll; And we sigh for yon - der ha - ven, For the Home-land of the soul.
2. To our Fa - ther, and our Sav - iour, To the Spir - it, Three in One, We shall sing glad songs of tri - umph When our har - vest work is done.
3. 'Tis the wea - ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throb-bing pain shall cease, And our long - ings and our yearn-ings, Like the waves, be hush'd to peace.
REFRAIN.
Bless-ed Home-land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there; But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.

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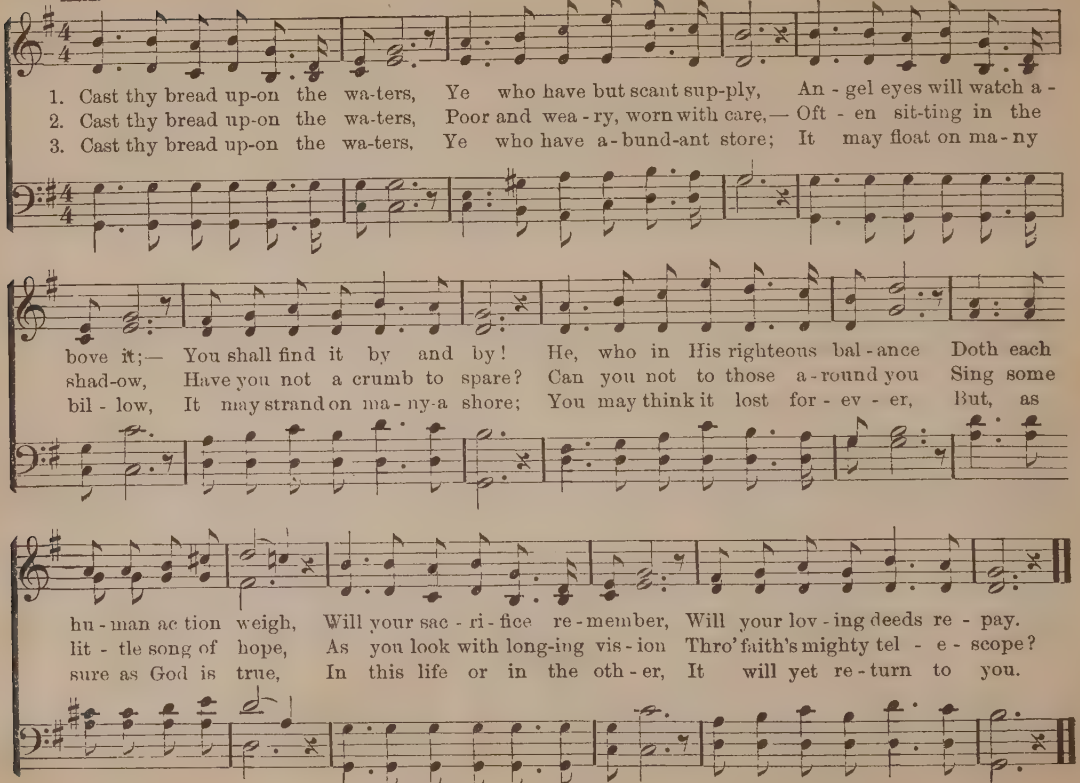
Cast thy Bread Upon the Waters.

Anon. Arr. by W. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup-ply, An-gel eyes will watch a-
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wea-ry, worn with care,— Oft-en sit-ting in the
3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bund-ant store; It may float on ma-ny
bove it;— You shall find it by and by! He, who in His righteous bal-ance Doth each
shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare? Can you not to those a-round you Sing some
bil-low, It may strand on ma-ny-a shore; You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as
hu-man ac tion weigh, Will your sac-ri-fice re-member, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
lit-tle song of hope, As you look with long-ing vis-ion Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
sure as God is true, In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.

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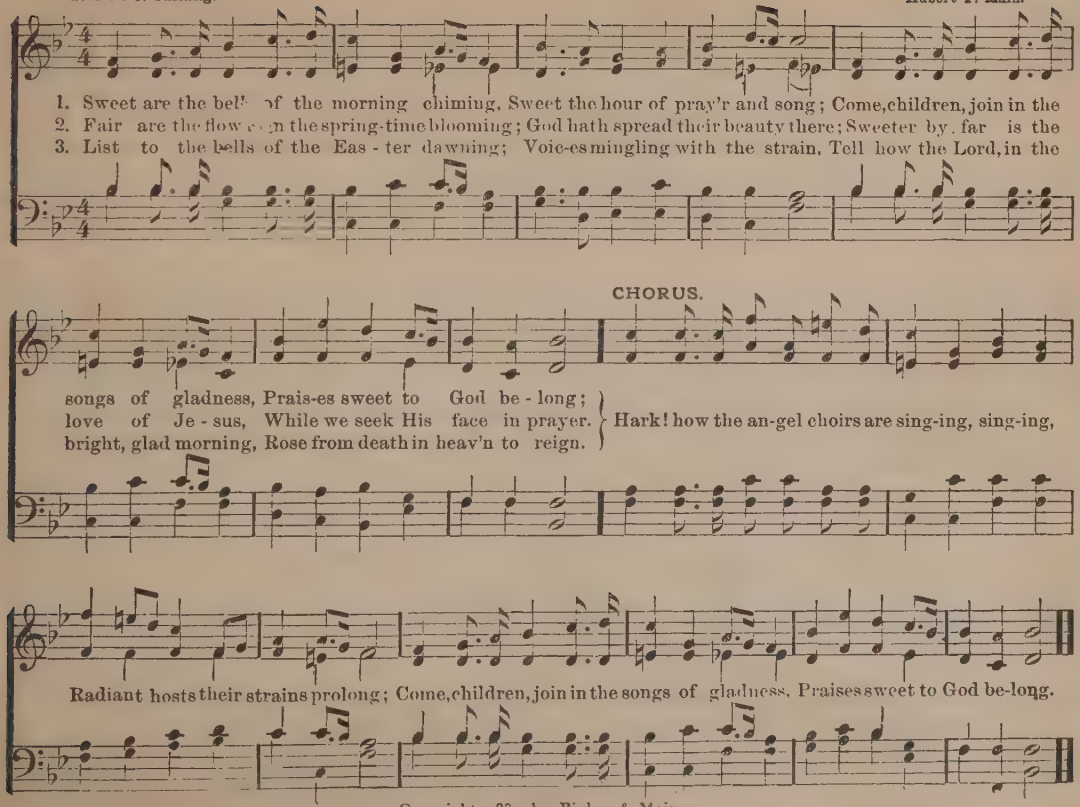
Sweet are the Bells.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Hubert P. Main.


1. Sweet are the bells of the morning chiming, Sweet the hour of pray'r and song; Come, children, join in the
2. Fair are the flowers in the spring-time blooming; God hath spread their beauty there; Sweeter by far is the
3. List to the bells of the Eas - ter dawning; Voices mingling with the strain, Tell how the Lord, in the
CHORUS.
songs of gladness, Prais-es sweet to God be - long;
love of Je - sus, While we seek His face in prayer.
bright, glad morning, Rose from death in heav'n to reign.
Hark! how the an-gel choirs are sing-ing, sing-ing,
Radiant hosts their strains prolong; Come, children, join in the songs of gladness, Praises sweet to God be-long.

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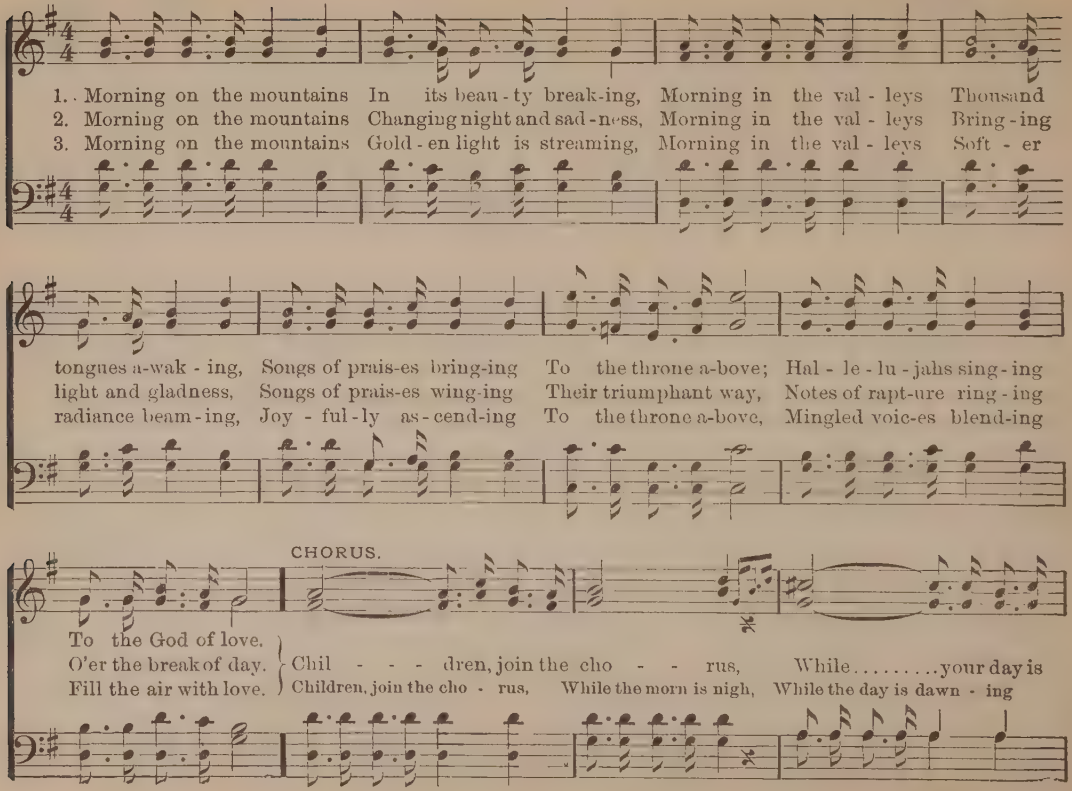
Morning on the Mountains.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. Henry C. Work.


1. Morning on the mountains In its beau-ty break-ing, Morning in the val-leys Thousand
2. Morning on the mountains Changing night and sad-ness, Morning in the val-leys Bring-ing
3. Morning on the mountains Gold-en light is streaming, Morning in the val-leys Soft-er
tongues a-wak-ing, Songs of prais-es bring-ing To the throne a-bove; Hal-le-lu-jahs sing-ing
light and gladness, Songs of prais-es wing-ing Their triumphant way, Notes of rapt-ure ring-ing
radiance beam-ing, Joy-ful-ly as-cend-ing To the throne a-bove, Mingled voic-es blend-ing
CHORUS.
To the God of love,
O'er the break of day.
Fill the air with love.
Chil - - - dren, join the cho - - rus, While.....your day is
Children, join the cho - rus, While the morn is nigh, While the day is dawn - ing

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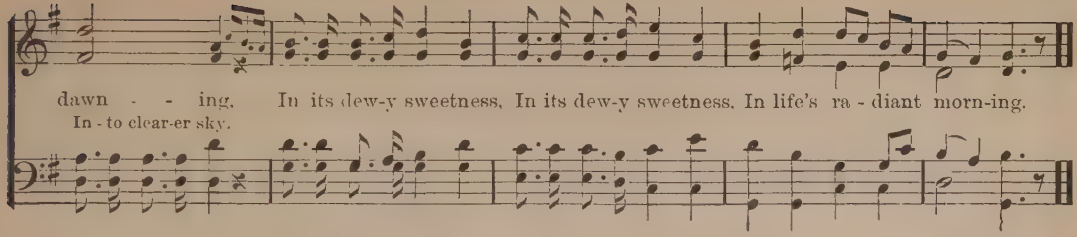
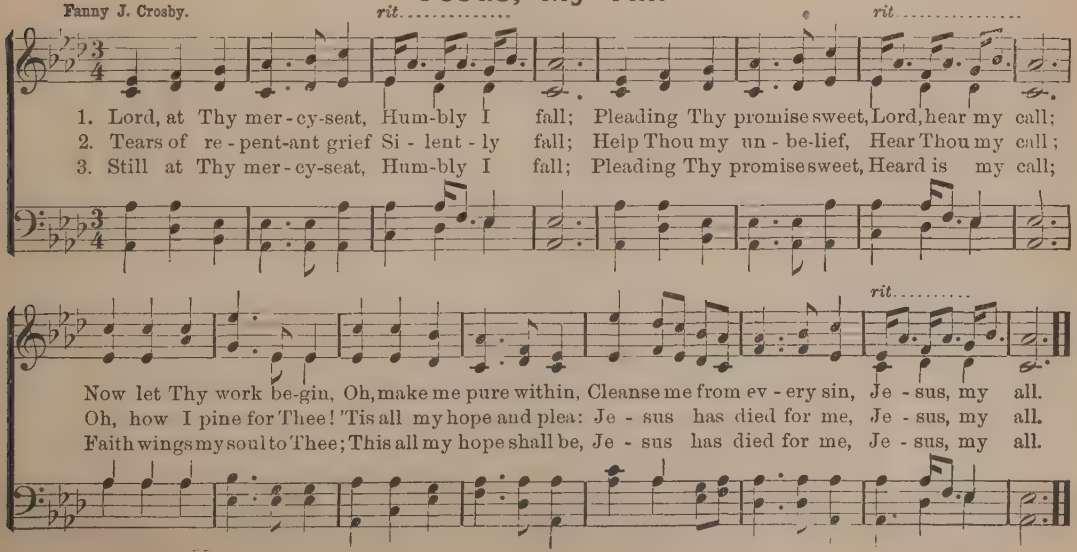


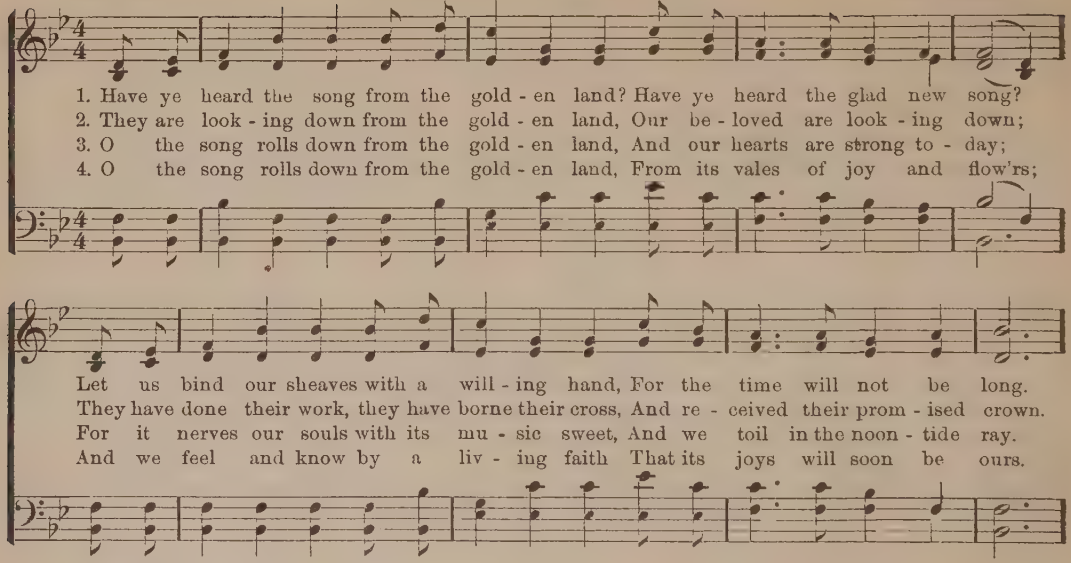
Jesus, My All.

Fanny J. Crosby.


rit.
rit.
1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Pleading Thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call;
2. Tears of re - pent-ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my un - be-lief, Hear Thou my call;
3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Pleading Thy promise sweet, Heard is my call;
rit.
Now let Thy work be-gin, Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev - ery sin, Je - sus, my all.
Oh, how I pine for Thee! 'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
Faith wings my soul to Thee; This all my hope shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

Gather the Reapers Home.

Jennie Johnson. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Have ye heard the song from the gold - en land? Have ye heard the glad new song?
2. They are look - ing down from the gold - en land, Our be - loved are look - ing down;
3. O the song rolls down from the gold - en land, And our hearts are strong to - day;
4. O the song rolls down from the gold - en land, From its vales of joy and flow'rs;
Let us bind our sheaves with a will - ing hand, For the time will not be long.
They have done their work, they have borne their cross, And re - ceived their prom - ised crown.
For it nerves our souls with its mu - sic sweet, And we toil in the noon - tide ray.
And we feel and know by a liv - ing faith That its joys will soon be ours.
REFRAIN.
The Lord of the har - vest will soon ap - pear, His smile, His voice we shall see and hear;

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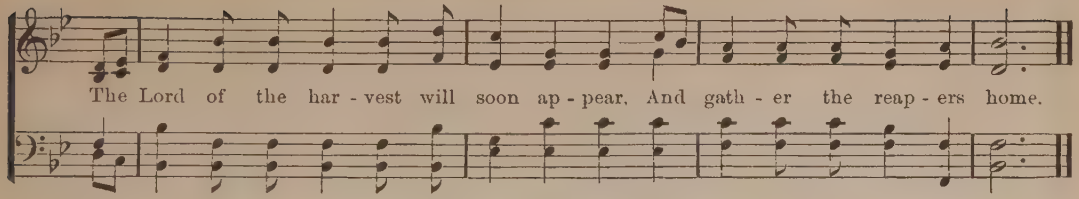
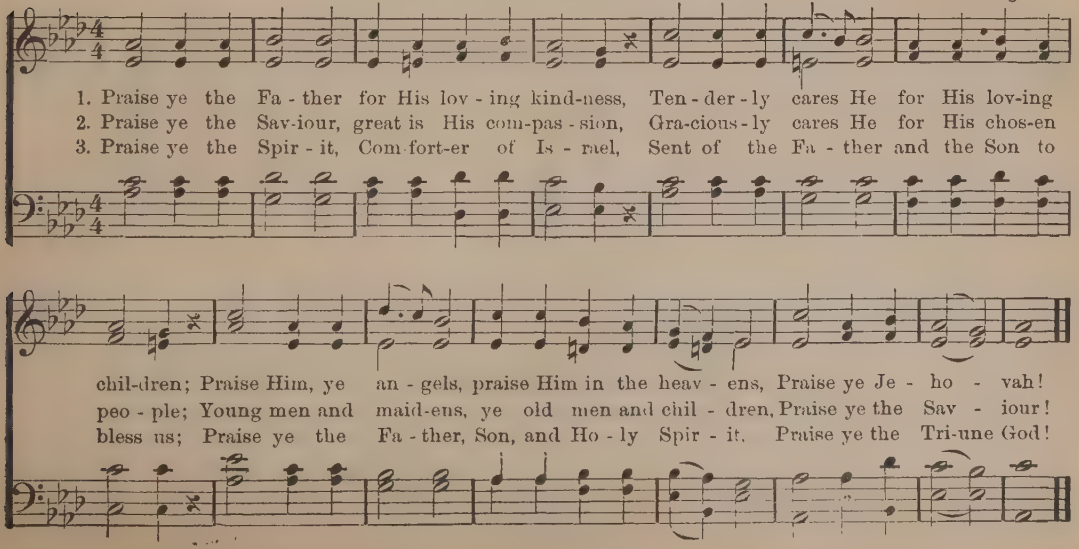


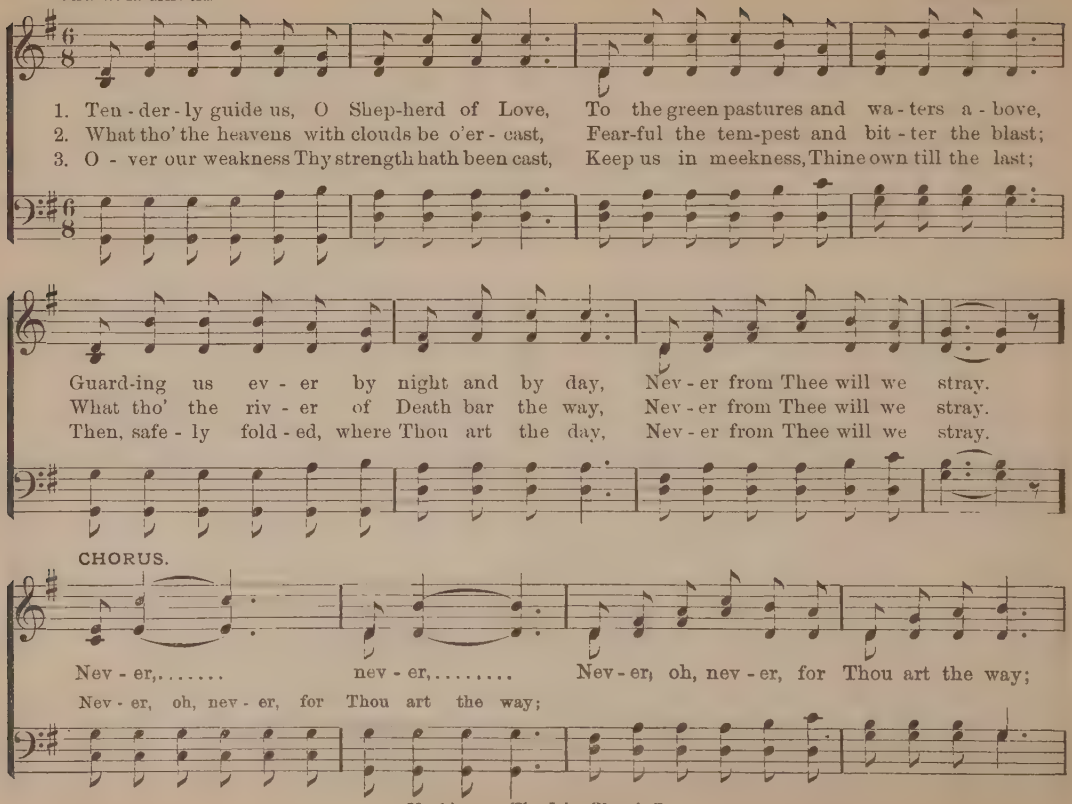
Praise Ye the Father.

F. F. Flemming.


1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing kind-ness, Ten - der - ly cares He for His lov-ing
2. Praise ye the Sav-iour, great is His com-pas - sion, Gra-cious - ly cares He for His chos-en
3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com-fort-er of Is - rael, Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to
chil-dren; Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
peo - ple; Young men and maid-ens, ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - iour!
bless us; Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. Praise ye the Tri-une God!

Tenderly Guide Us.

Mrs. W. R. Griswold. Geo. F. Root.


1. Ten - der - ly guide us, O Shep-herd of Love, To the green pastures and wa - ters a - bove,
2. What tho' the heavens with clouds be o'er - cast, Fear-ful the tem-pest and bit - ter the blast;
3. O - ver our weakness Thy strength hath been cast, Keep us in meekness, Thine own till the last;
Guard-ing us ev - er by night and by day, Nev - er from Thee will we stray.
What tho' the riv - er of Death bar the way, Nev - er from Thee will we stray.
Then, safe - ly fold - ed, where Thou art the day, Nev - er from Thee will we stray.
CHORUS.
Nev - er,..... nev - er,..... Nev - er, oh, nev - er, for Thou art the way;
Nev - er, oh, nev - er, for Thou art the way;

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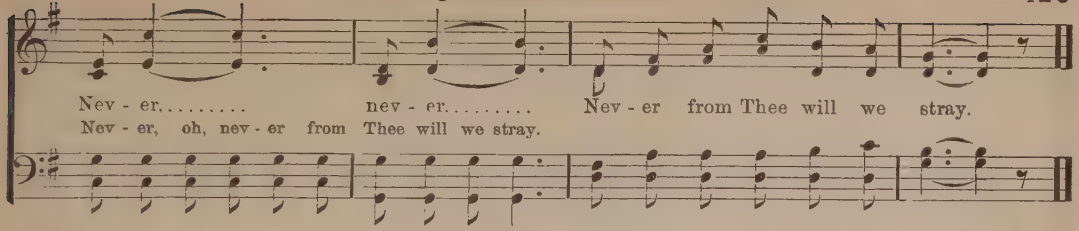
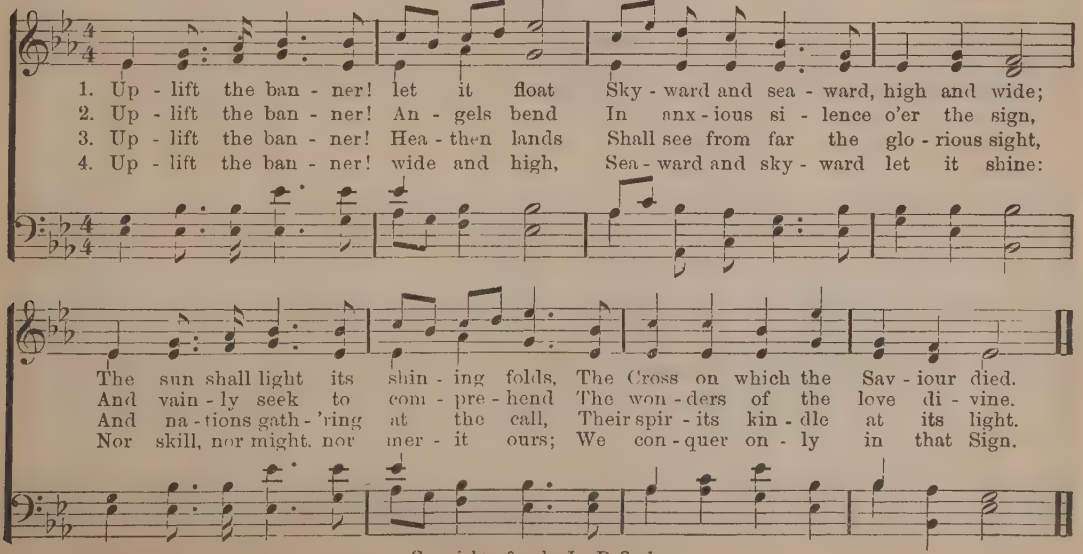


Geo. W. Doane, D. D.

Uplift the Banner.

Ira D. Sankey.


1. Up - lift the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
2. Up - lift the ban - ner! An - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,
3. Up - lift the ban - ner! Hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight,
4. Up - lift the ban - ner! wide and high, Sea - ward and sky - ward let it shine:
The sun shall light its shin - ing folds, The Cross on which the Sav - iour died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - ders of the love di - vine.
And na - tions gath - 'ring at the call, Their spir - its kin - dle at its light.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it ours; We con - quer on - ly in that Sign.

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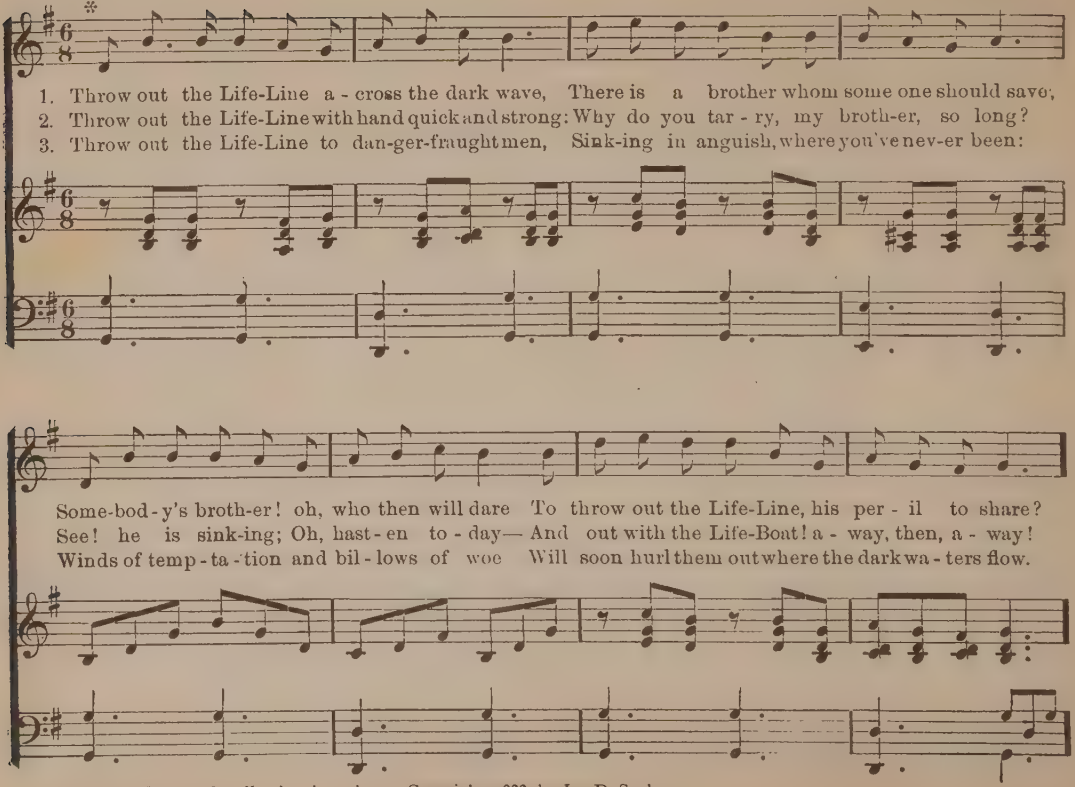
Throw Out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. Ufford. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom some one should save,
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, my broth-er, so long?
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish, where you've nev-er been:
Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
See! he is sink-ing; Oh, hast - en to - day— And out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.

* *Solo may be sung by all voices in unison.*

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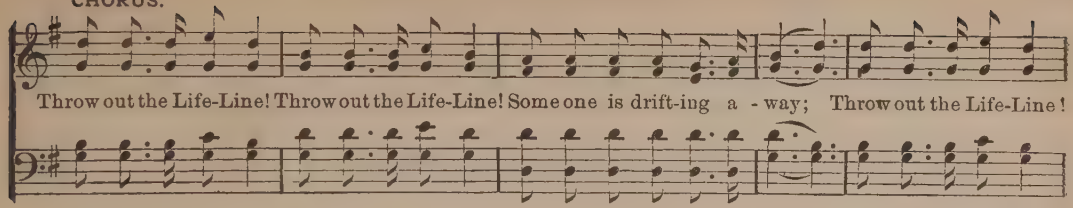
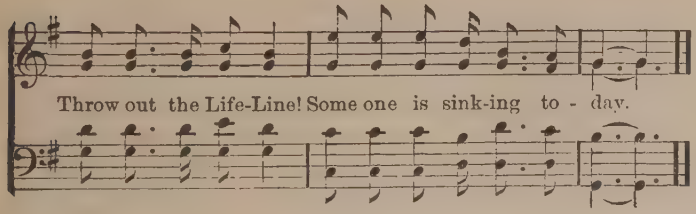
CHORUS.

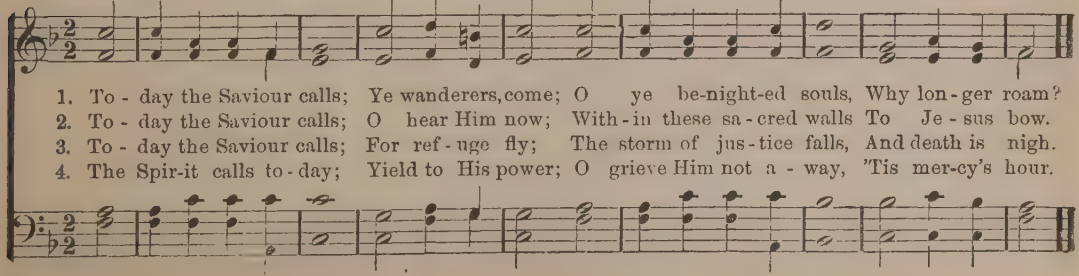




4 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will we come to the fair Eden-shore;
Then, in the dark hour of death may it be
That Jesus will throw out the Life-Line to thee.

To-day the Saviour Calls.

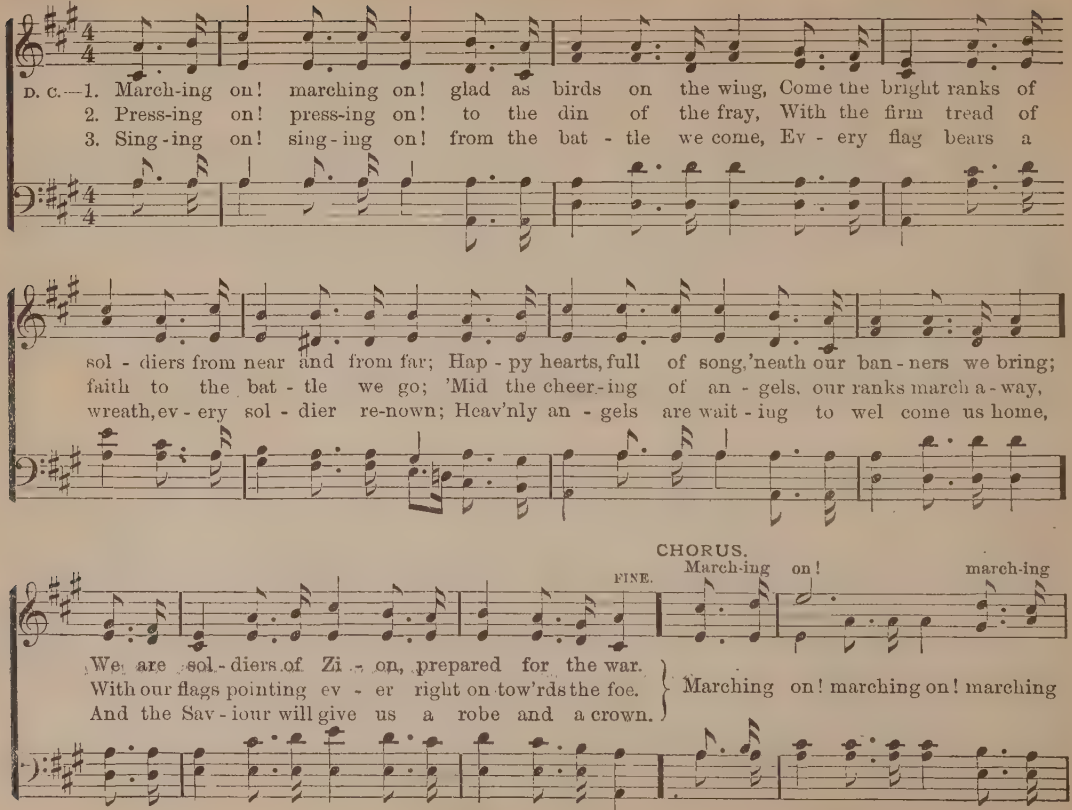
S. F. Smith, D.D. Lowell Mason.


1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wanderers, come; O ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon-ger roam?
2. To - day the Saviour calls; O hear Him now; With-in these sa-cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Saviour calls; For ref-uge fly; The storm of jus-tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir-it calls to-day; Yield to His power; O grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

Rev. R. Lowry.

"Marching On!"

Wm. B. Bradbury.


D. C.—1. March-ing on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of
2. Press-ing on! press-ing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of
3. Sing-ing on! sing-ing on! from the bat - tle we come, Ev - ery flag bears a
sol - diers from near and from far; Hap - py hearts, full of song, 'neath our ban - ners we bring;
faith to the bat - tle we go; 'Mid the cheer - ing of an - gels, our ranks march a - way,
wreath, ev - ery sol - dier re-nown; Heav'nly an - gels are wait - ing to wel come us home,
CHORUS.
FINE.
March-ing on! march-ing
We are sol - diers of Zi - on, prepared for the war.
With our flags pointing ev - er right on tow'rds the foe.
And the Sav - iour will give us a robe and a crown.
Marching on! marching on! marching

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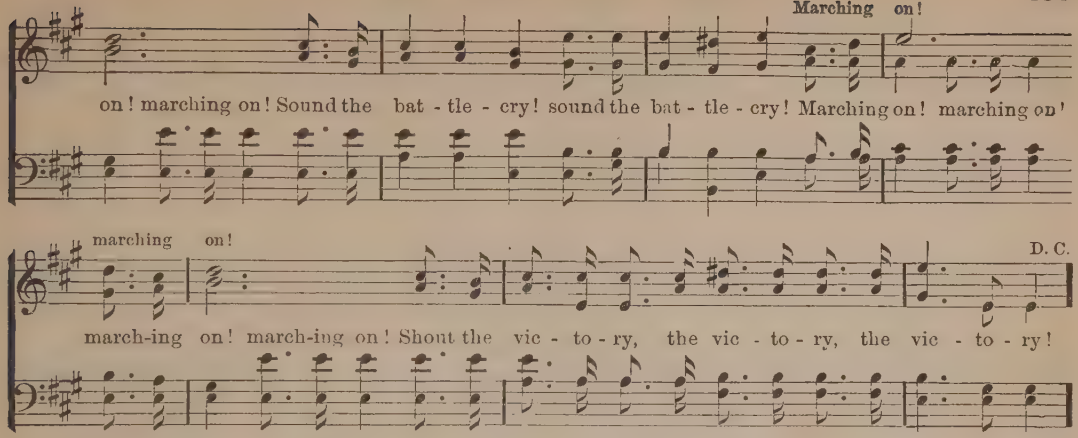
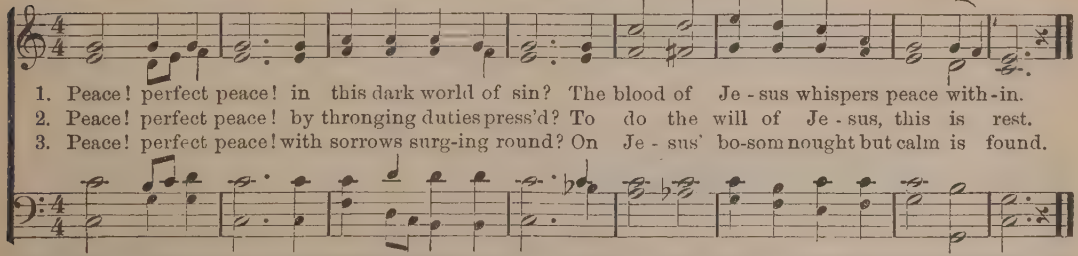

Marching on!
on! marching on! Sound the bat - tle - cry! sound the bat - tle - cry! Marching on! marching on!
marching on!
D. C.
march-ing on! march-ing on! Shout the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry!

Bp. E. H. Bickersteth.

Peace! Perfect Peace!

G. T. Caldbeck.


1. Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin? The blood of Je - sus whispers peace with-in.
2. Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties press'd? To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
3. Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surg-ing round? On Je - sus' bo-som nought but calm is found.

4. Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

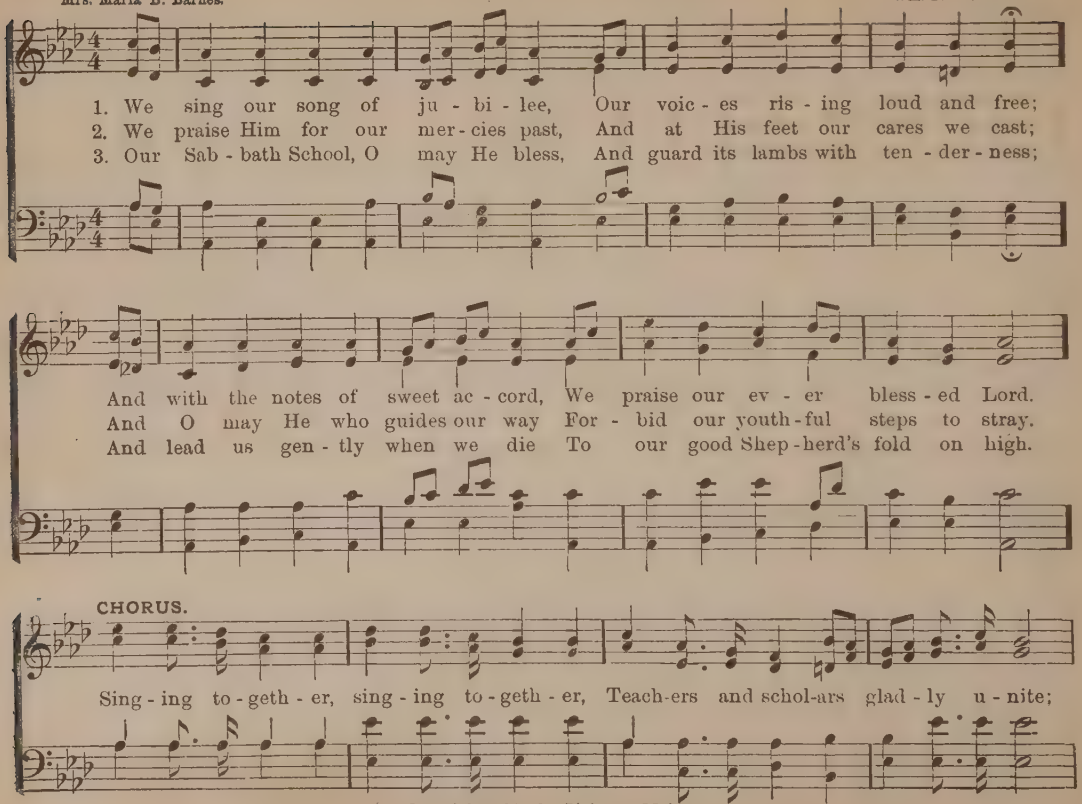
5. Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6. Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace!

Our Song of Jubilee.

Mrs. Maria B. Barnes. Wm. F. Sherwin.


1. We sing our song of ju - bi - lee, Our voic - es ris - ing loud and free;
2. We praise Him for our mer - cies past, And at His feet our cares we cast;
3. Our Sab - bath School, O may He bless, And guard its lambs with ten - der - ness;
And with the notes of sweet ac - cord, We praise our ev - er bless - ed Lord.
And O may He who guides our way For - bid our youth - ful steps to stray.
And lead us gen - tly when we die To our good Shep - herd's fold on high.
CHORUS.
Sing - ing to - geth - er, sing - ing to - geth - er, Teach - ers and schol - ars glad - ly u - nite;

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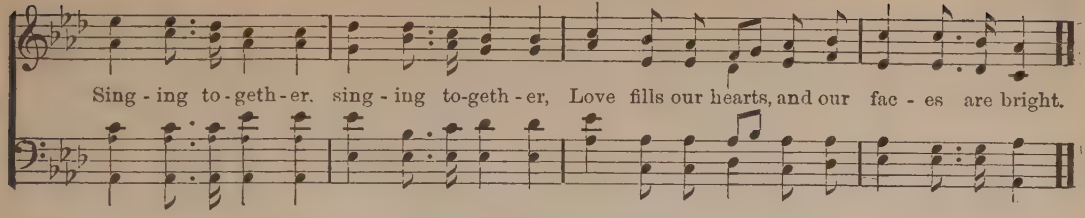
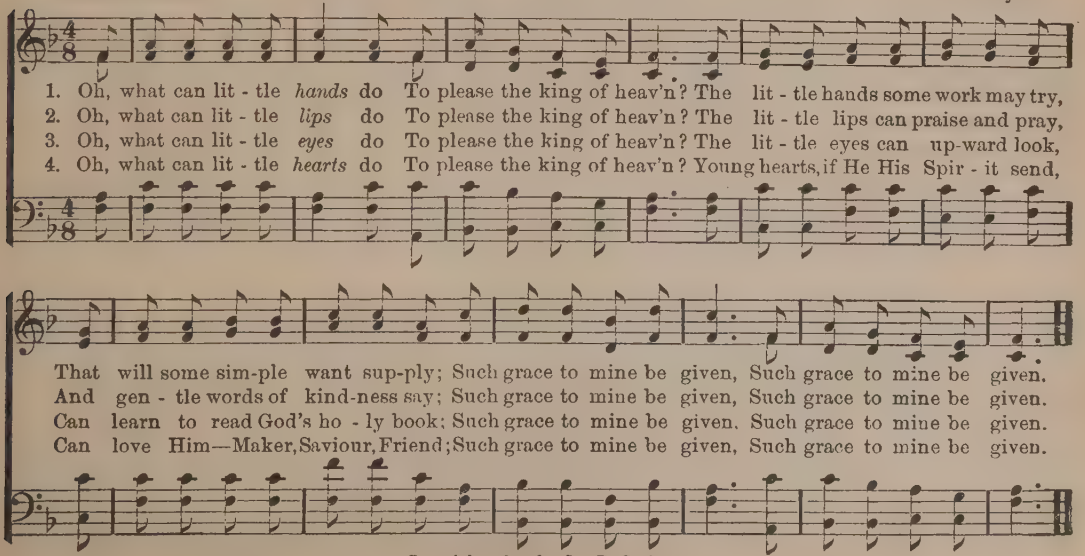


Grace W. Hinsdale.

What can Little Hands do?

Ira D. Sankey.


1. Oh, what can lit - tle *hands* do To please the king of heav'n? The lit - tle hands some work may try,
2. Oh, what can lit - tle *lips* do To please the king of heav'n? The lit - tle lips can praise and pray,
3. Oh, what can lit - tle *eyes* do To please the king of heav'n? The lit - tle eyes can up-ward look,
4. Oh, what can lit - tle *hearts* do To please the king of heav'n? Young hearts, if He His Spir - it send,
That will some sim-ple want sup-ply; Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.
And gen - tle words of kind-ness say; Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.
Can learn to read God's ho - ly book; Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.
Can love Him—Maker, Saviour, Friend; Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.

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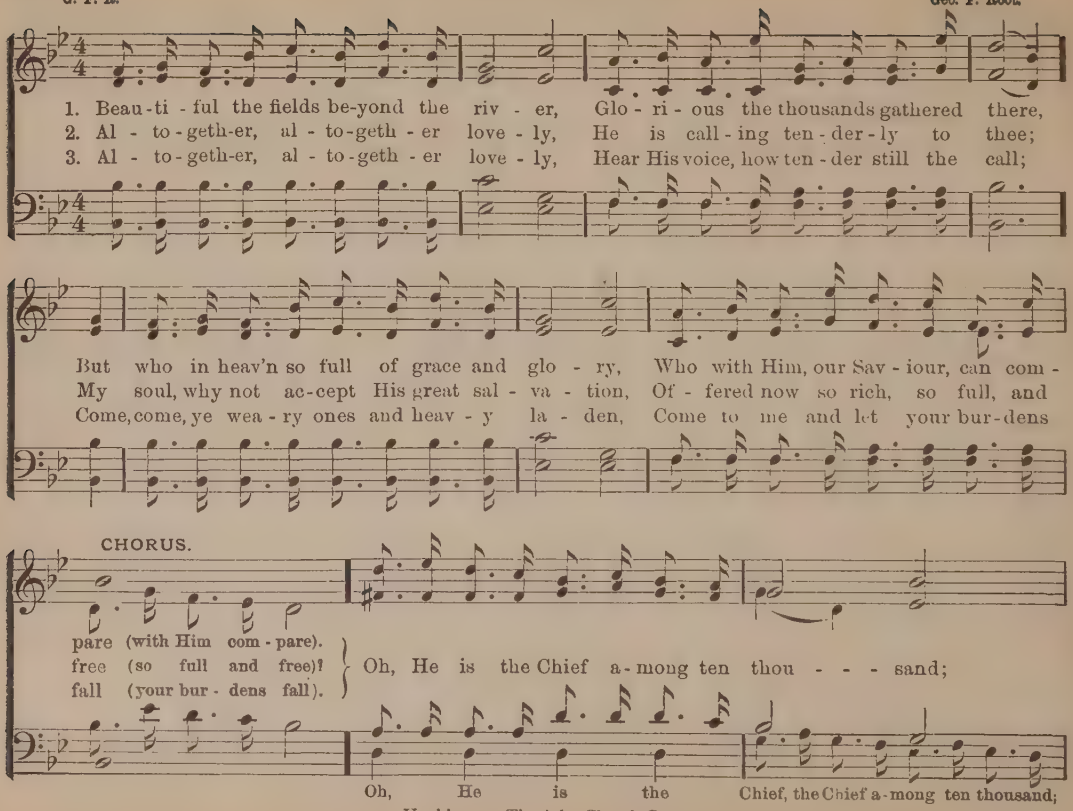
Altogether Lovely.

G. F. B. Geo. F. Root.


1. Beau-ti-ful the fields be-yond the riv-er, Glo-ri-ous the thousands gathered there,
2. Al-to-geth-er, al-to-geth-er love-ly, He is call-ing ten-der-ly to thee;
3. Al-to-geth-er, al-to-geth-er love-ly, Hear His voice, how ten-der still the call;
But who in heav'n so full of grace and glo-ry, Who with Him, our Sav-iour, can com-
My soul, why not ac-cept His great sal-va-tion, Of-fered now so rich, so full, and
Come, come, ye wea-ry ones and heav-y la-den, Come to me and let your bur-dens
CHORUS.
pare (with Him com-pare).
free (so full and free)!
fall (your bur-dens fall).
Oh, He is the Chief a-mong ten thou - - - sand;
Oh, He is the Chief, the Chief a-mong ten thousand;

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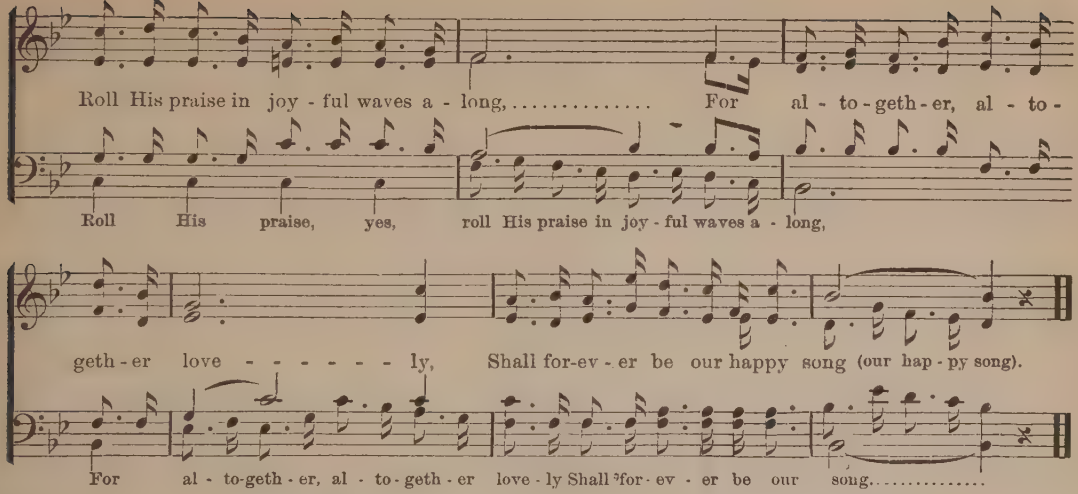
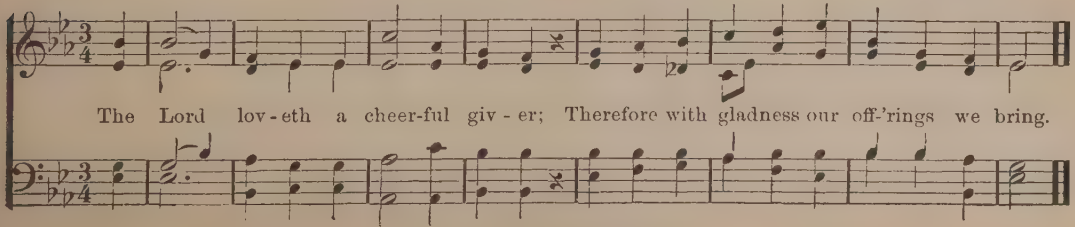

Roll His praise in joy - ful waves a - long, For al - to - geth - er, al - to -
Roll His praise, yes, roll His praise in joy - ful waves a - long,
geth - er love - - - - - ly, Shall for-ev - er be our happy song (our hap - py song).
For al - to-geth - er, al - to - geth - er love - ly Shall for - ev - er be our song.

The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.

W. F. S. BEFORE OR AFTER A COLLECTION. Wm. F. Sherwin.



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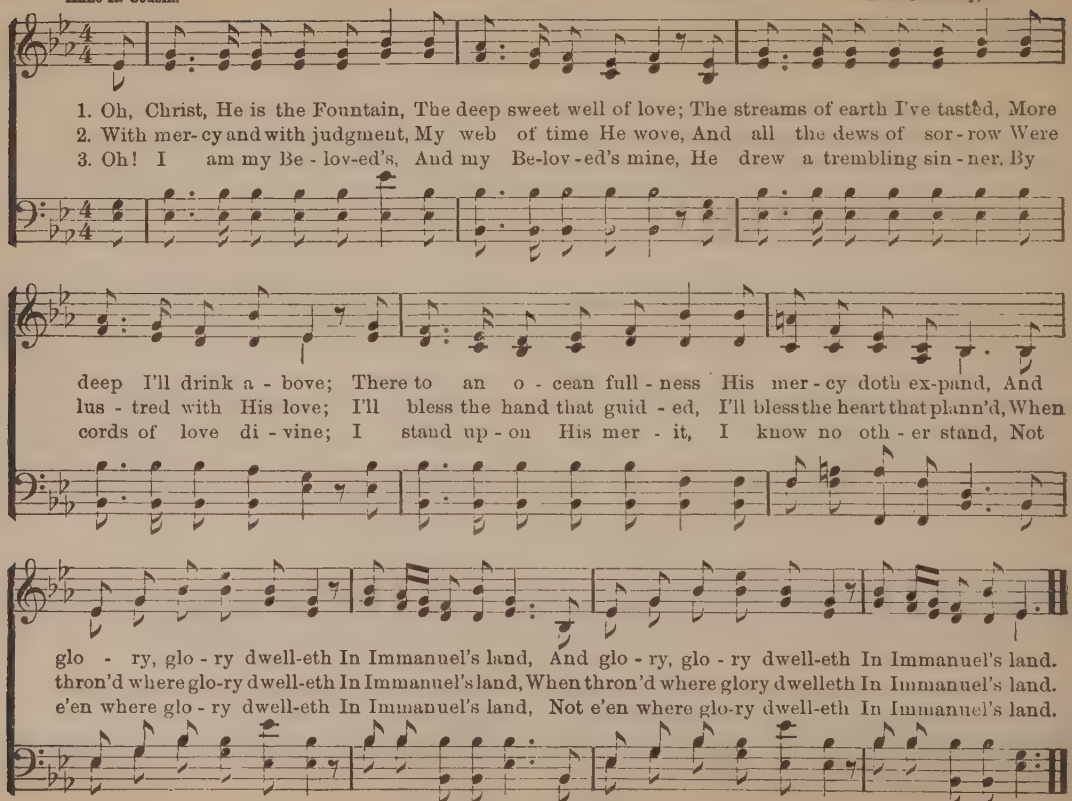
Oh, Christ, He is the Fountain.

Anne R. Cousin. Wm. B. Bradbury, arr.


1. Oh, Christ, He is the Fountain, The deep sweet well of love; The streams of earth I've tasted, More
2. With mer-cy and with judgment, My web of time He wove, And all the dews of sor-row Were
3. Oh! I am my Be-lov-ed's, And my Be-lov-ed's mine, He drew a trembling sin-ner, By
deep I'll drink a-bove; There to an o-cean full-ness His mer-cy doth ex-pand, And
lus-tred with His love; I'll bless the hand that guid-ed, I'll bless the heart that plann'd, When
cords of love di-vine; I stand up-on His mer-it, I know no oth-er stand, Not
glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
thron'd where glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, When thron'd where glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
e'en where glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, Not e'en where glo-ry dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.

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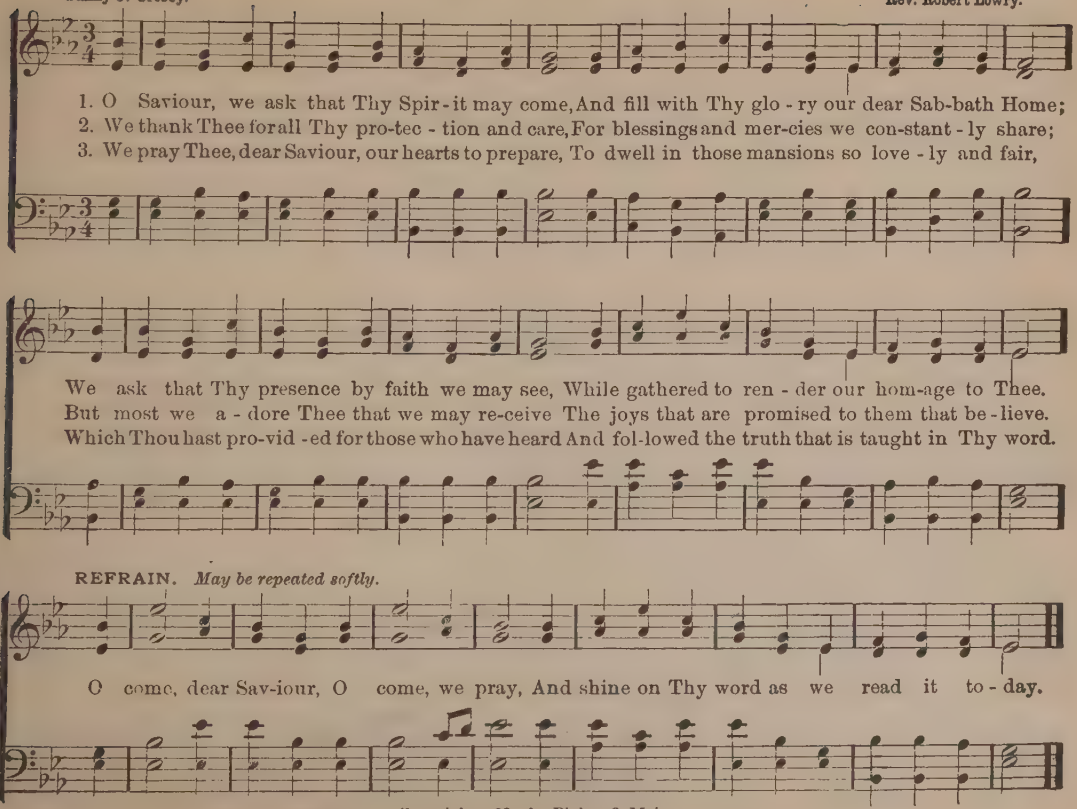
O Come, Dear Saviour.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. O Saviour, we ask that Thy Spir - it may come, And fill with Thy glo - ry our dear Sab-bath Home;
2. We thank Thee for all Thy pro-tec - tion and care, For blessings and mer-cies we con-stant - ly share;
3. We pray Thee, dear Saviour, our hearts to prepare, To dwell in those mansions so love - ly and fair,
We ask that Thy presence by faith we may see, While gathered to ren - der our hom-age to Thee.
But most we a - dore Thee that we may re-ceive The joys that are promised to them that be - lieve.
Which Thou hast pro-vid - ed for those who have heard And fol-lowed the truth that is taught in Thy word.
REFRAIN. May be repeated softly.
O come, dear Sav-iour, O come, we pray, And shine on Thy word as we read it to - day.

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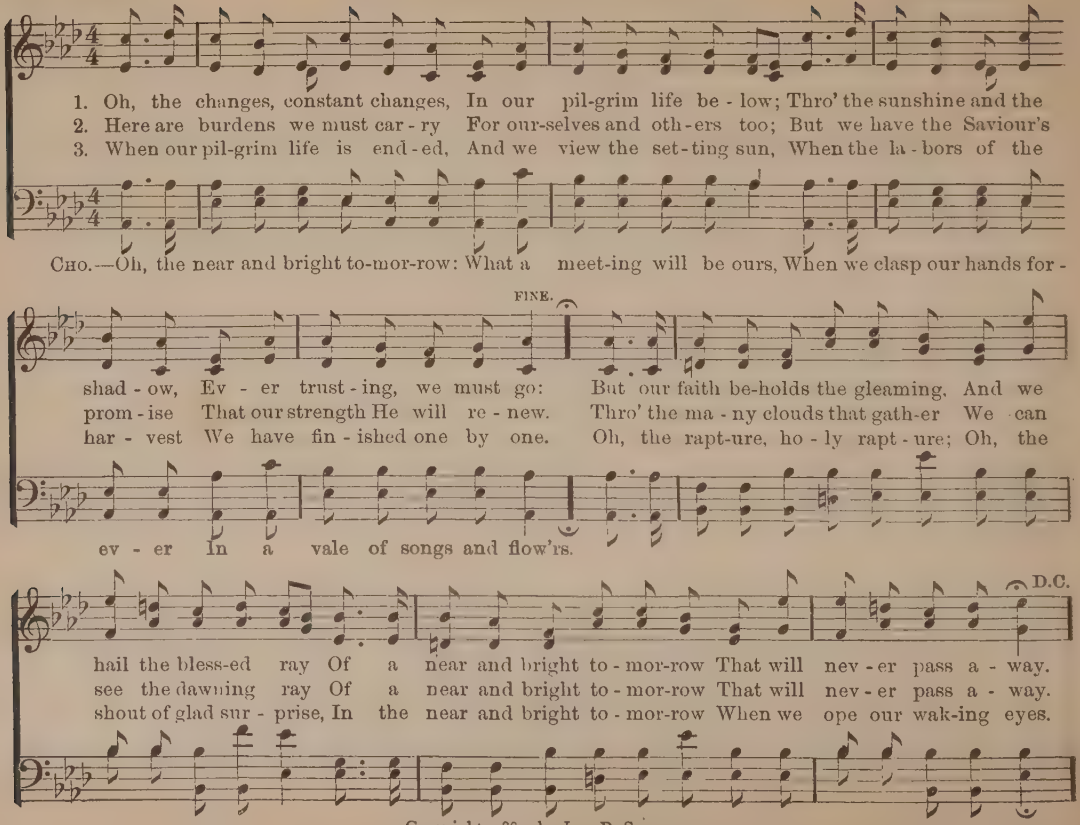
140 S. M. Smith. **The Near To-morrow.** Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Oh, the changes, constant changes, In our pil-grim life be - low; Thro' the sunshine and the
2. Here are burdens we must car - ry For our-selves and oth-ers too; But we have the Saviour's
3. When our pil-grim life is end-ed, And we view the set-ting sun, When the la-bors of the
Cho.—Oh, the near and bright to-mor-row: What a meet-ing will be ours, When we clasp our hands for -
FINE.
shad - ow, Ev - er trust - ing, we must go: But our faith be-holds the gleaming, And we
prom - ise That our strength He will re - new. Thro' the ma - ny clouds that gath-er We can
har - vest We have fin - ished one by one. Oh, the rapt-ure, ho - ly rapt - ure; Oh, the
ev - er In a vale of songs and flow'rs.
D.C.
hail the bless-ed ray Of a near and bright to - mor-row That will nev - er pass a - way.
see the dawning ray Of a near and bright to - mor-row That will nev - er pass a - way.
shout of glad sur - prise, In the near and bright to - mor-row When we ope our wak-ing eyes.

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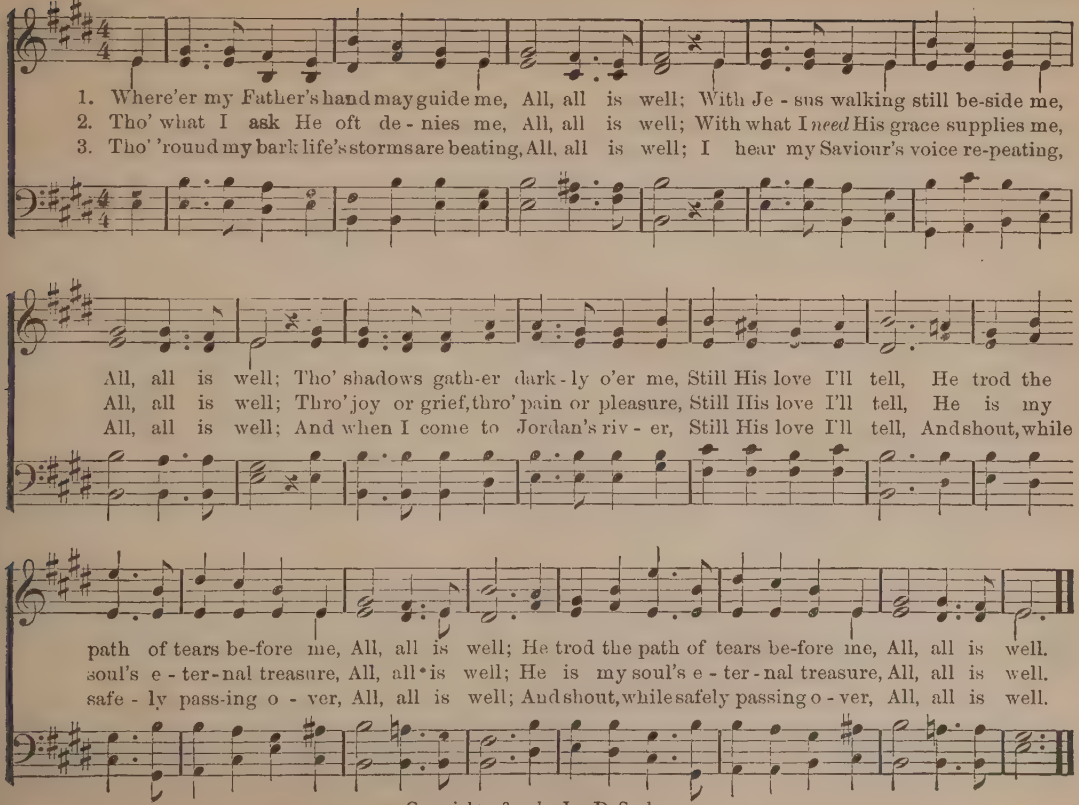
All, All is Well.

W. Robert Lindsay.

Ira D. Sankey.


1. Where'er my Father's hand may guide me, All, all is well; With Je - sus walking still be-side me,
2. Tho' what I ask He oft de - nies me, All, all is well; With what I need His grace supplies me,
3. Tho' 'round my bark life's storms are beating, All, all is well; I hear my Saviour's voice re-peating,
All, all is well; Tho' shadows gath-er dark - ly o'er me, Still His love I'll tell, He trod the
All, all is well; Thro' joy or grief, thro' pain or pleasure, Still His love I'll tell, He is my
All, all is well; And when I come to Jordan's riv - er, Still His love I'll tell, And shout, while
path of tears be-fore me, All, all is well; He trod the path of tears be-fore me, All, all is well.
soul's e - ter - nal treasure, All, all is well; He is my soul's e - ter - nal treasure, All, all is well.
safe - ly pass-ing o - ver, All, all is well; And shout, while safely passing o - ver, All, all is well.

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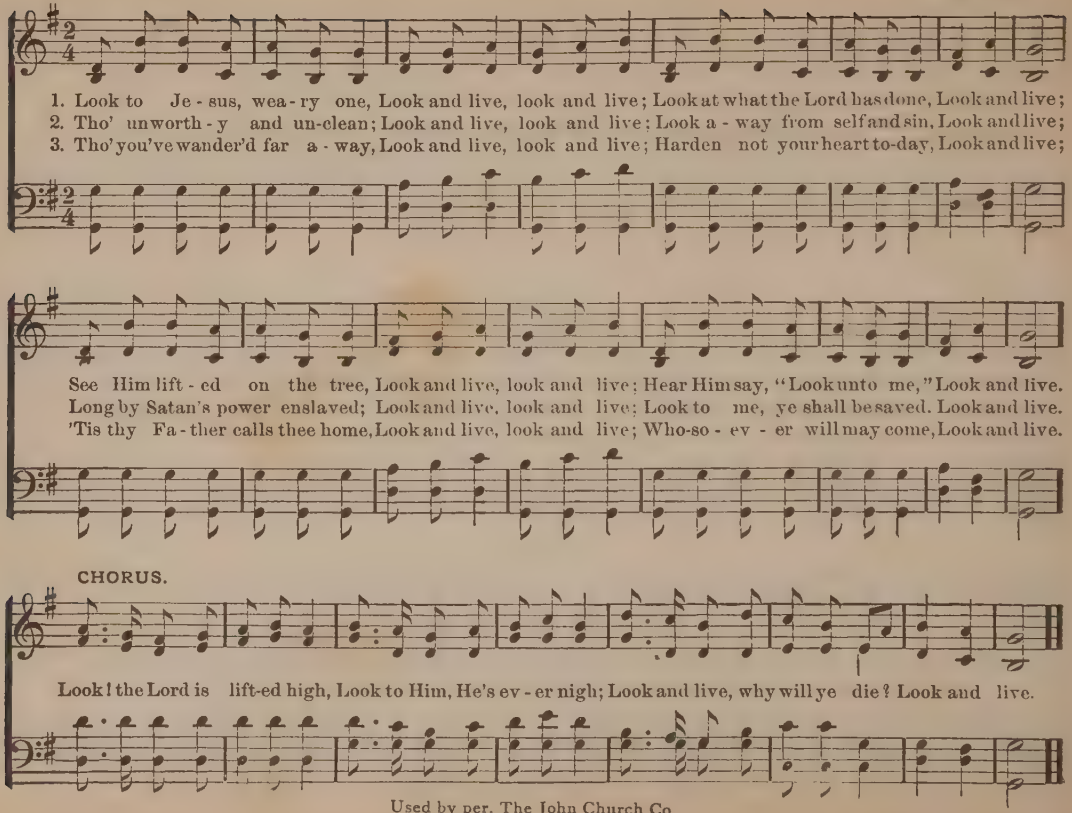
Look and Live.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Look and live, look and live; Look at what the Lord has done, Look and live;
2. Tho' unworth - y and un-clean; Look and live, look and live; Look a - way from self and sin, Look and live;
3. Tho' you've wander'd far a - way, Look and live, look and live; Harden not your heart to-day, Look and live;
See Him lift - ed on the tree, Look and live, look and live; Hear Him say, "Look unto me," Look and live.
Long by Satan's power enslaved; Look and live, look and live; Look to me, ye shall be saved. Look and live.
'Tis thy Fa - ther calls thee home, Look and live, look and live; Who-so - ev - er will may come, Look and live.
CHORUS.
Look! the Lord is lift-ed high, Look to Him, He's ev - er nigh; Look and live, why will ye die? Look and live.

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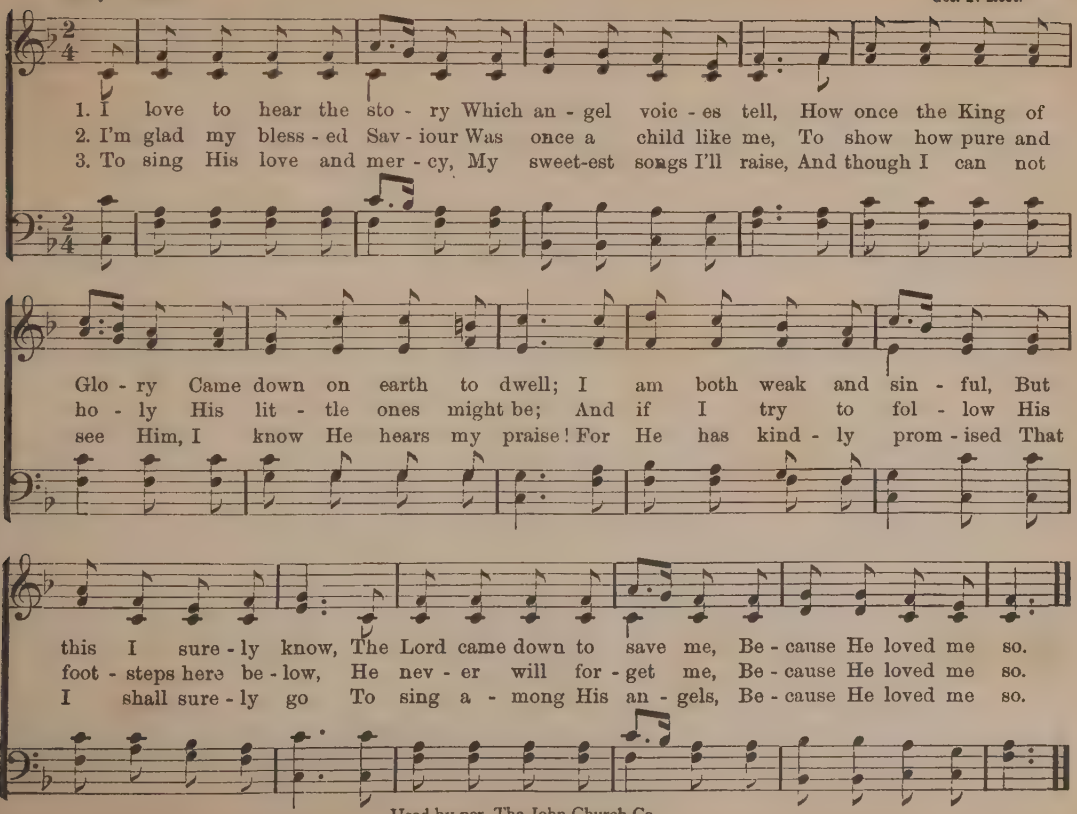
Because He Loved Me so.

Emily H. Miller.

Geo. F. Root.


1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell, How once the King of
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and
3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet-est songs I'll raise, And though I can not
Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sin - ful, But
ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His
see Him, I know He hears my praise! For He has kind - ly prom - ised That
this I sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
foot - steps here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loved me so.
I shall sure - ly go To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loved me so.

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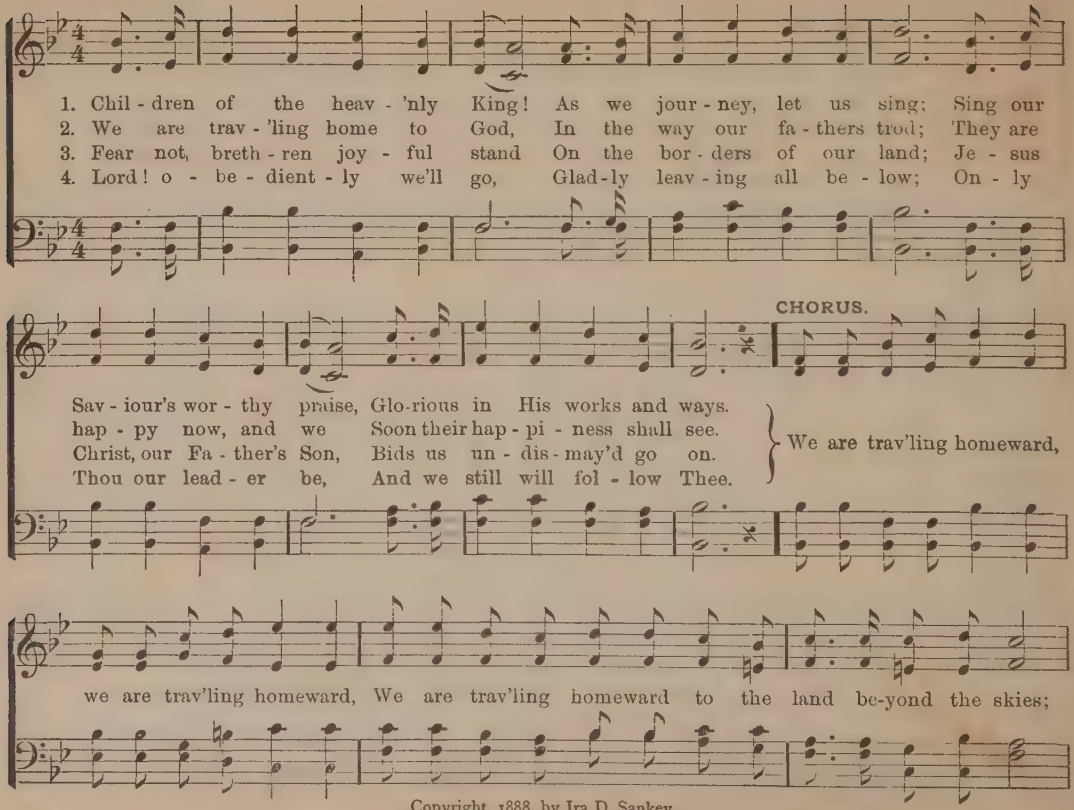
Traveling Homeward.

John Cennick. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King! As we jour - ney, let us sing; Sing our
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod; They are
3. Fear not, breth - ren joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of our land; Je - sus
4. Lord! o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low; On - ly
CHORUS.
Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
Christ, our Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dis - may'd go on.
Thou our lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.
We are trav'ling homeward,
we are trav'ling homeward, We are trav'ling homeward to the land be-yond the skies;

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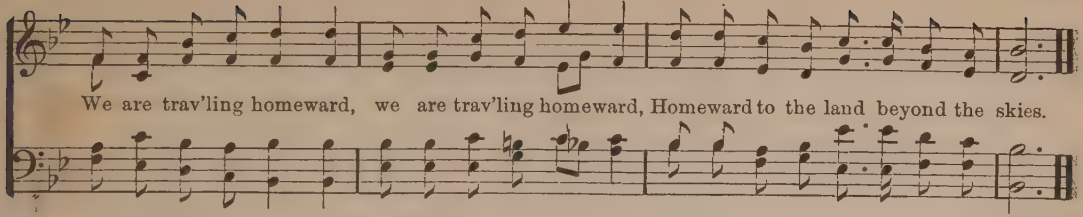
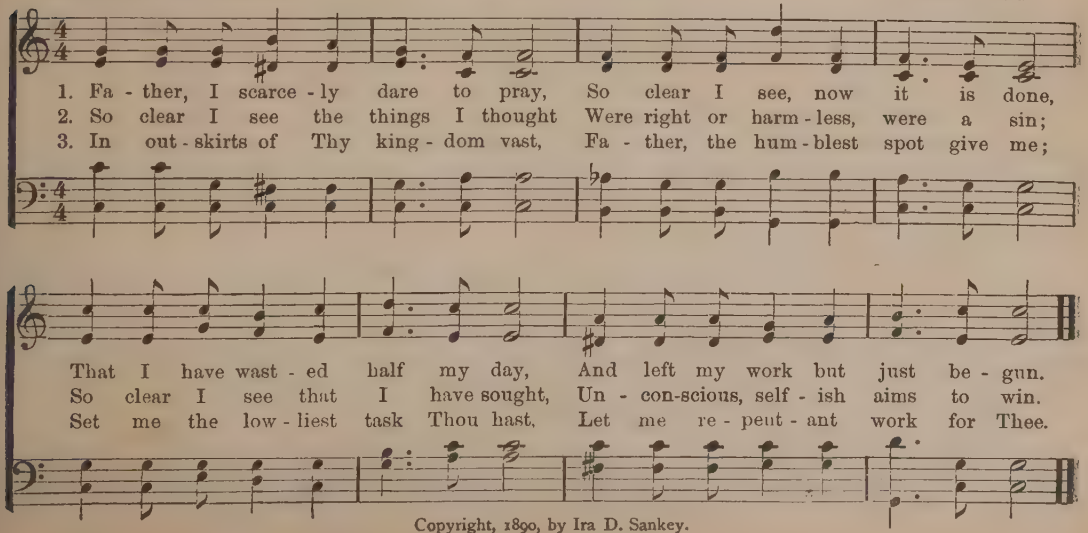


A Last Prayer.

Helen Hunt Jackson.
(Written four days before her death.)

Hubert P. Main.


1. Fa - ther, I scarce - ly dare to pray, So clear I see, now it is done,
2. So clear I see the things I thought Were right or harm - less, were a sin;
3. In out - skirts of Thy king - dom vast, Fa - ther, the hum - blest spot give me;
That I have wast - ed half my day, And left my work but just be - gun.
So clear I see that I have sought, Un - con-scious, self - ish aims to win.
Set me the low - liest task Thou hast, Let me re - pent - ant work for Thee.

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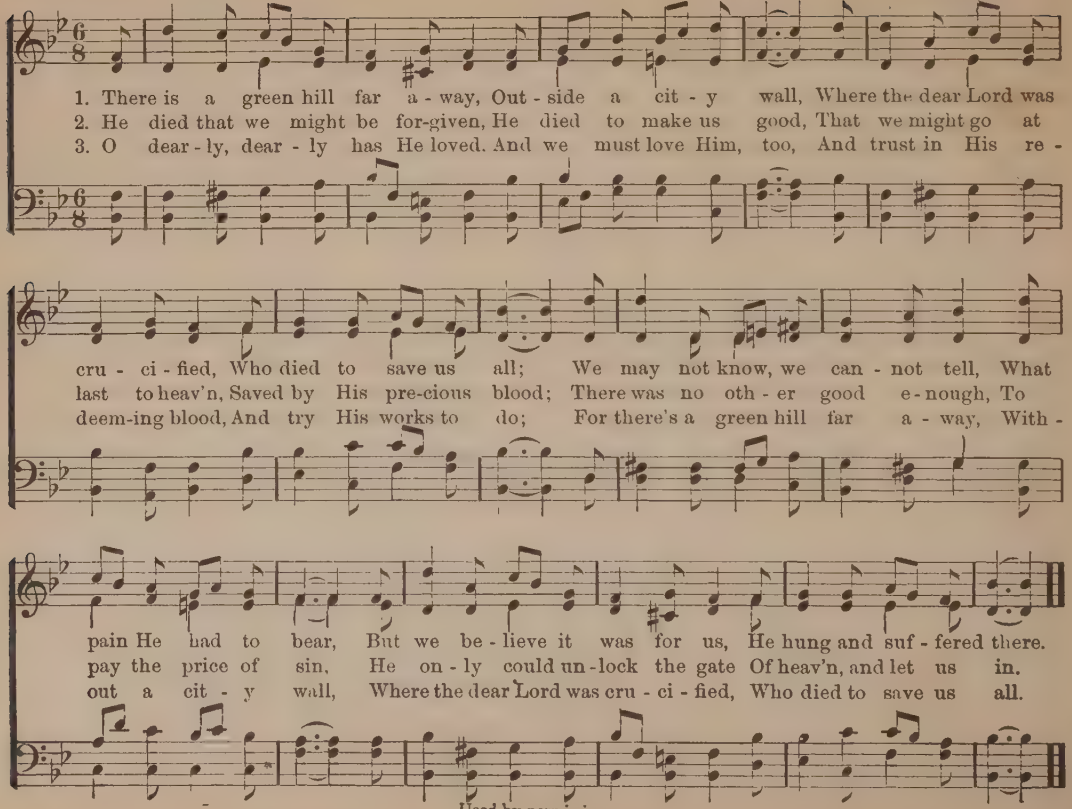
A Green Hill far Away.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. Richard S. Willis.


1. There is a green hill far a - way, Out - side a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was
2. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good, That we might go at
3. O dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved. And we must love Him, too, And trust in His re -
cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all; We may not know, we can - not tell, What
last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood; There was no oth - er good e - nough, To
deem-ing blood, And try His works to do; For there's a green hill far a - way, With -
pain He had to bear, But we be - lieve it was for us, He hung and suf - fered there.
pay the price of sin, He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
out a cit - y wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

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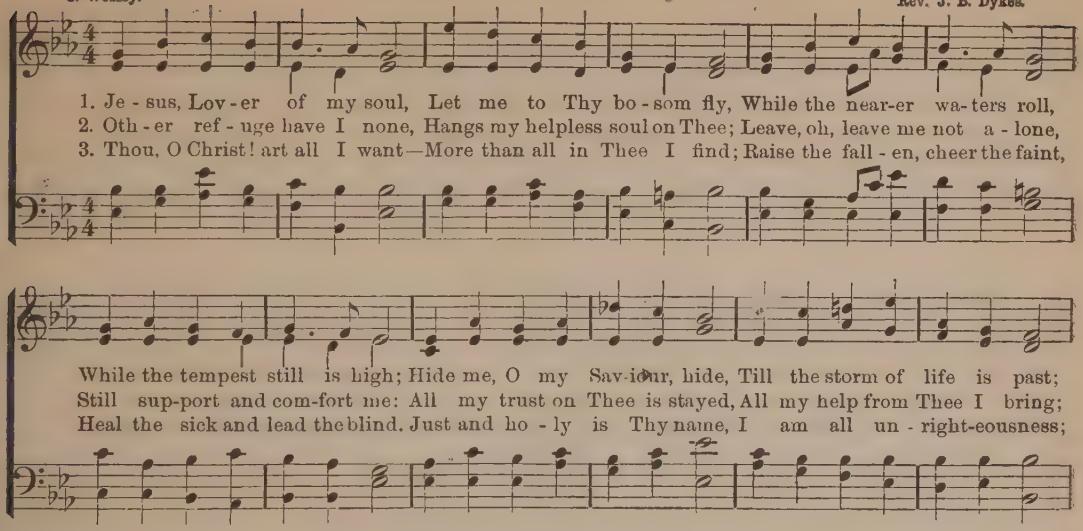
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.*

C. Wesley. Rev. J. B. Dykes.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near-er wa - ters roll,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone,
3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want—More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint,
While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Still sup-port and com-fort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Heal the sick and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eousness;
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

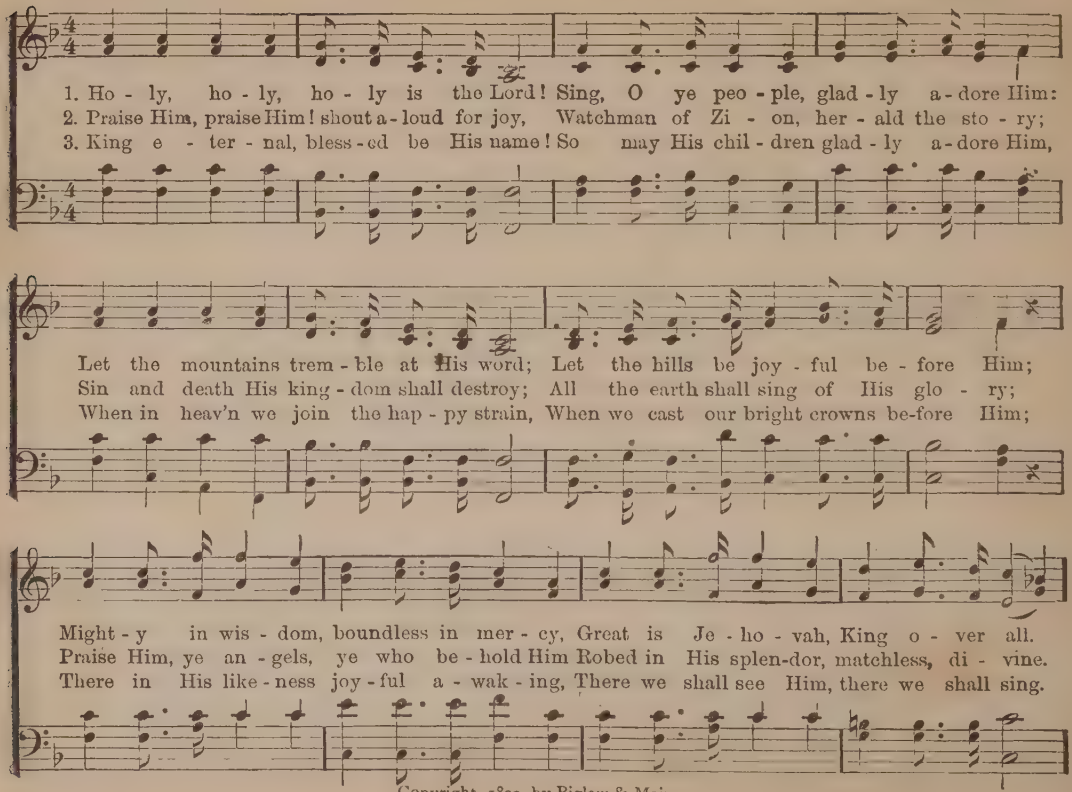
4.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

* Tune MARTYN may also be used.

Holy, Holy is the Lord.

Frances J. Van Alstyne. Wm. B. Bradbury, arr.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple, glad - ly a - dore Him:
2. Praise Him, praise Him! shout a - loud for joy, Watchman of Zi - on, her - ald the sto - ry;
3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren glad - ly a - dore Him,
Let the mountains trem - ble at His word; Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him;
Sin and death His king - dom shall destroy; All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry;
When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain, When we cast our bright crowns be-fore Him;
Might - y in wis - dom, boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
Praise Him, ye an - gels, ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen-dor, matchless, di - vine.
There in His like - ness joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

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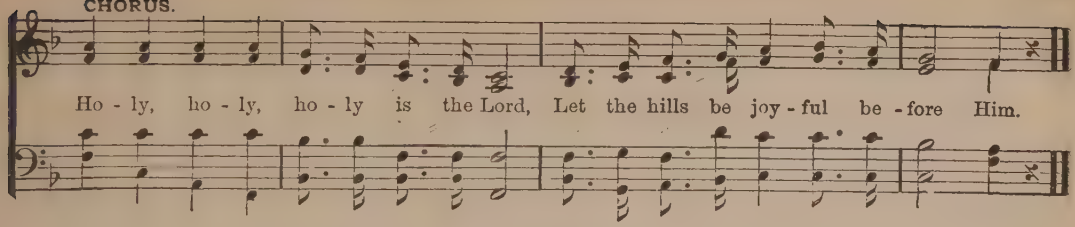
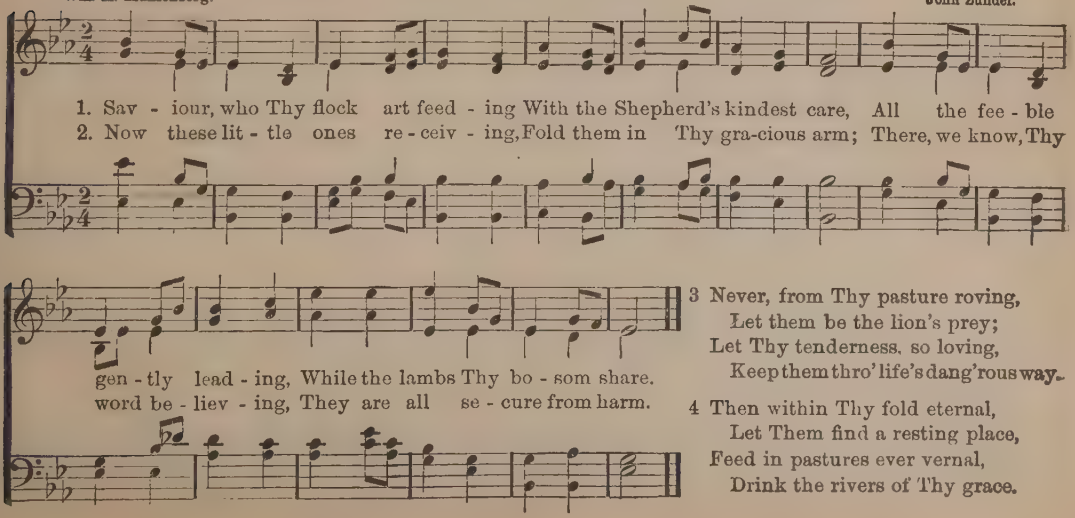
Holy, Holy is the Lord.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Saviour, who Thy Flock art Feeding.

Wm. A. Muhlenberg. John Zundel.

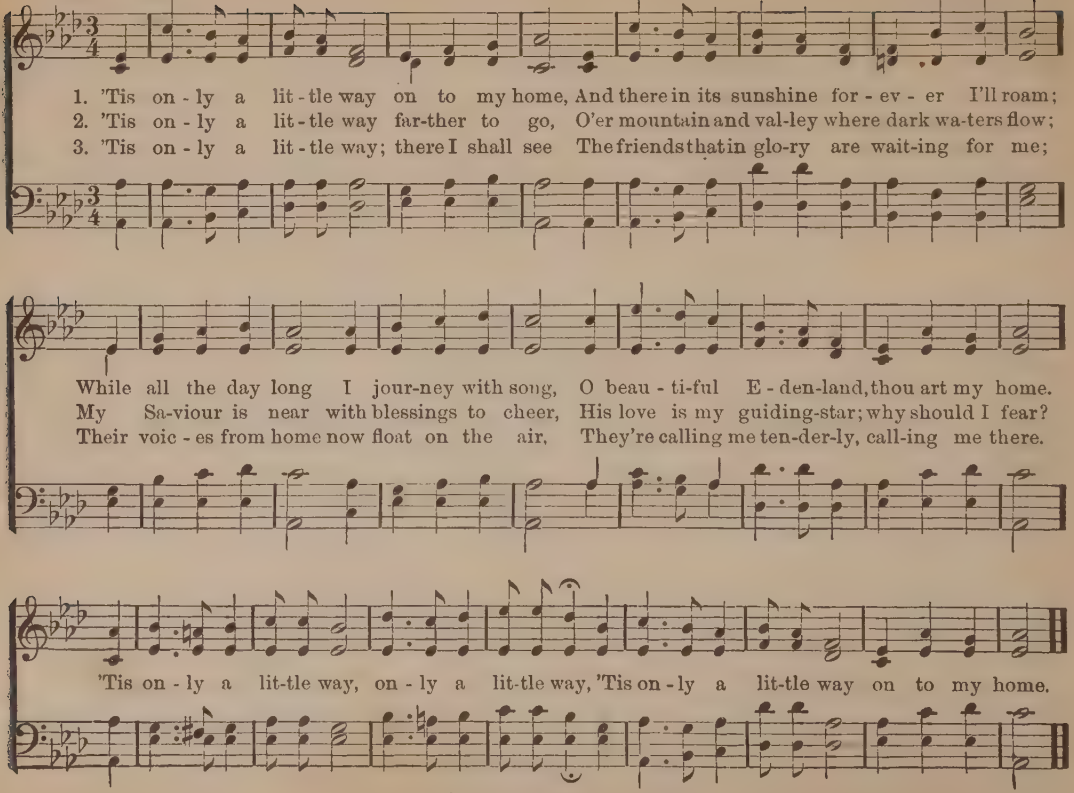

1. Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed - ing With the Shepherd's kindest care, All the fee - ble
2. Now these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra-cious arm; There, we know, Thy
gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share.
word be - liev - ing, They are all se - cure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's dang'rous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let Them find a resting place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Only a Little Way.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way on to my home, And there in its sunshine for - ev - er I'll roam;
2. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way far-ther to go, O'er mountain and val-ley where dark wa-ters flow;
3. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way; there I shall see The friends that in glo-ry are wait-ing for me;
While all the day long I jour-ney with song, O beau - ti-ful E - den-land, thou art my home.
My Sa-viour is near with blessings to cheer, His love is my guiding-star; why should I fear?
Their voic - es from home now float on the air, They're calling me ten-der-ly, call-ing me there.
'Tis on - ly a lit-tle way, on - ly a lit-tle way, 'Tis on - ly a lit-tle way on to my home.

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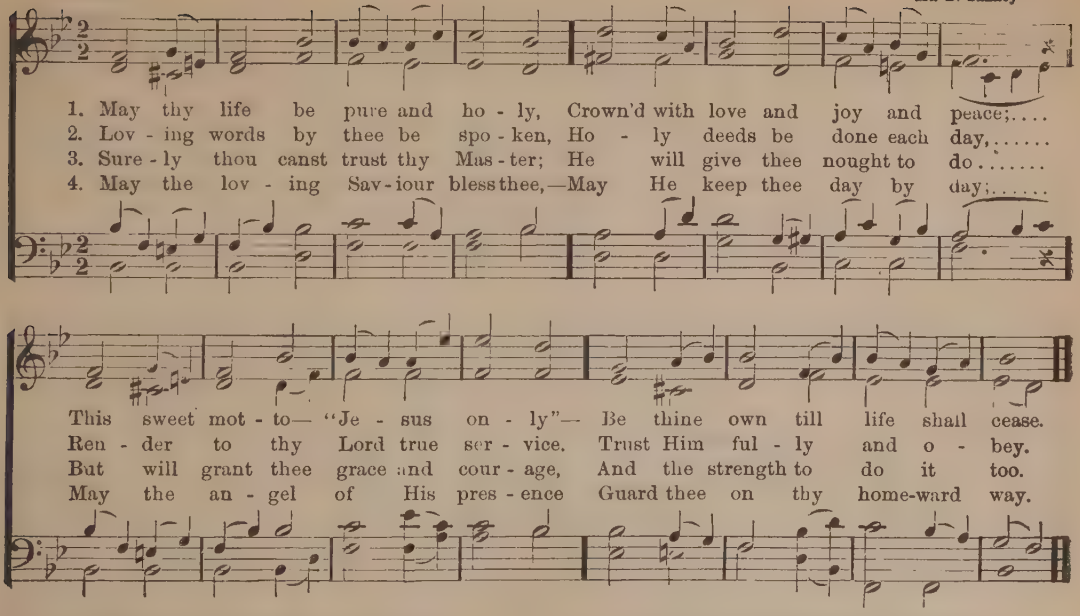
My Prayer for Thee.

M. E. B.

Ira D. Sankey


1. May thy life be pure and ho - ly, Crown'd with love and joy and peace;....
2. Lov - ing words by thee be spo - ken, Ho - ly deeds be done each day,.....
3. Sure - ly thou canst trust thy Mas - ter; He will give thee nought to do.....
4. May the lov - ing Sav - iour bless thee,—May He keep thee day by day;.....
This sweet mot - to— "Je - sus on - ly"— Be thine own till life shall cease.
Ren - der to thy Lord true ser - vice. Trust Him ful - ly and o - bey.
But will grant thee grace and cour - age, And the strength to do it too.
May the an - gel of His pres - ence Guard thee on thy home-ward way.

5 Lean thy whole weight on thy Saviour,
Cling to His dear, loving hand;
Very gently may He lead thee
To the bright and better land.

6 Look to Him in days of darkness
As thy Helper, Friend, and Guide:
Jesus, never, never faileth;
Trust in Him whate'er betide.

7 When the evening shadows lengthen,
At the close of life's short day,
May His presence cheer and comfort,
May He be thy strength and stay.

8 What is better than His blessing?
What is sweeter than His care?
O may these be thine for ever
Is my earnest, heartfelt prayer.

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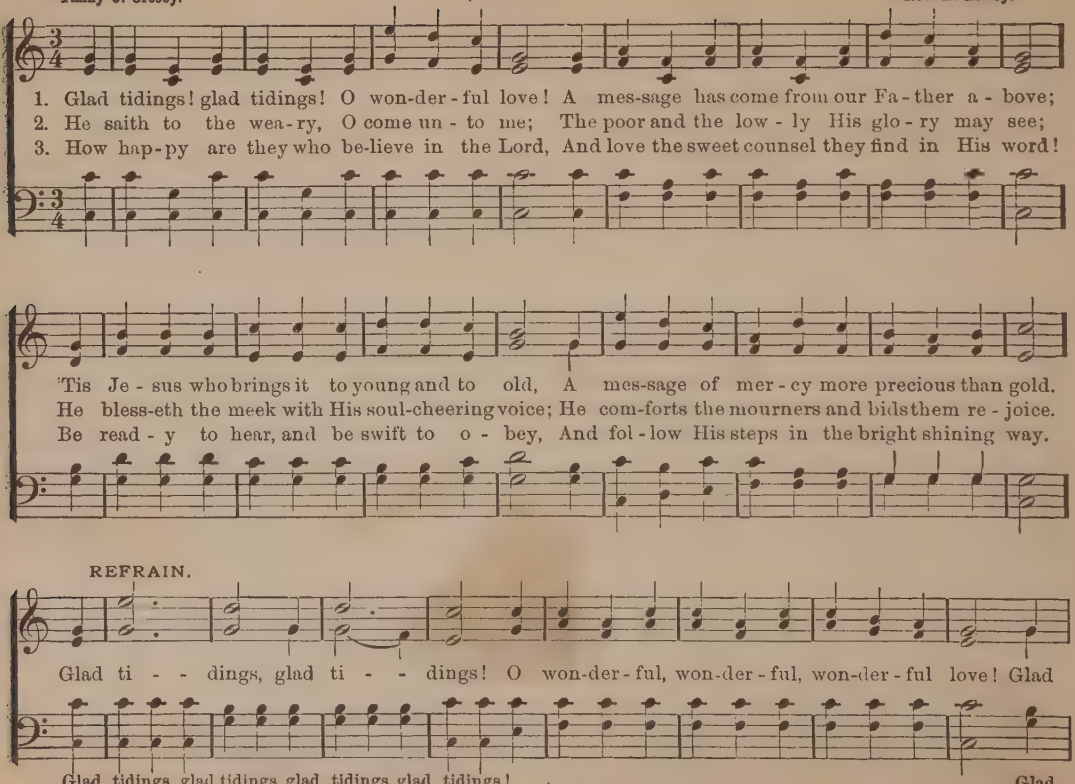
Glad Tidings.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Glad tidings! glad tidings! O won-der-ful love! A mes-sage has come from our Fa-ther a-bove;
2. He saith to the wea-ry, O come un-to me; The poor and the low-ly His glo-ry may see;
3. How hap-py are they who be-lieve in the Lord, And love the sweet counsel they find in His word!
'Tis Je-sus who brings it to young and to old, A mes-sage of mer-cy more precious than gold.
He bless-eth the meek with His soul-cheering voice; He com-forts the mourners and bids them re-joice.
Be read-y to hear, and be swift to o-bey, And fol-low His steps in the bright shining way.
REFRAIN.
Glad ti - - dings, glad ti - - dings! O won-der-ful, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love! Glad
Glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings, glad tidings!
Glad

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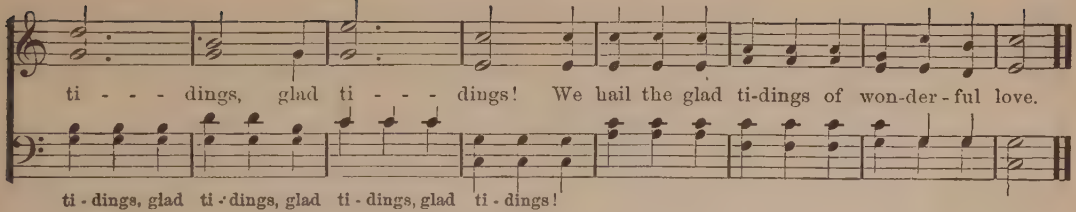

Who is He?

B. R. H. CHORUS. B. R. Hanby.

1. Who is He in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall?
2. Who is He in yon-der cot, Bend-ing to His toil-some lot?
3. Who is He in deep dis-tress, Fast-ing in the wil-der-ness?
4. On the cross, lo! who is He, Sheds His precious blood for me?
5. Who is He that, from the grave, Comes to heal, and help, and save?

'Tis the Lord, O wondrous sto-ry!

'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo-ry! At His feet we humbly fall, Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.

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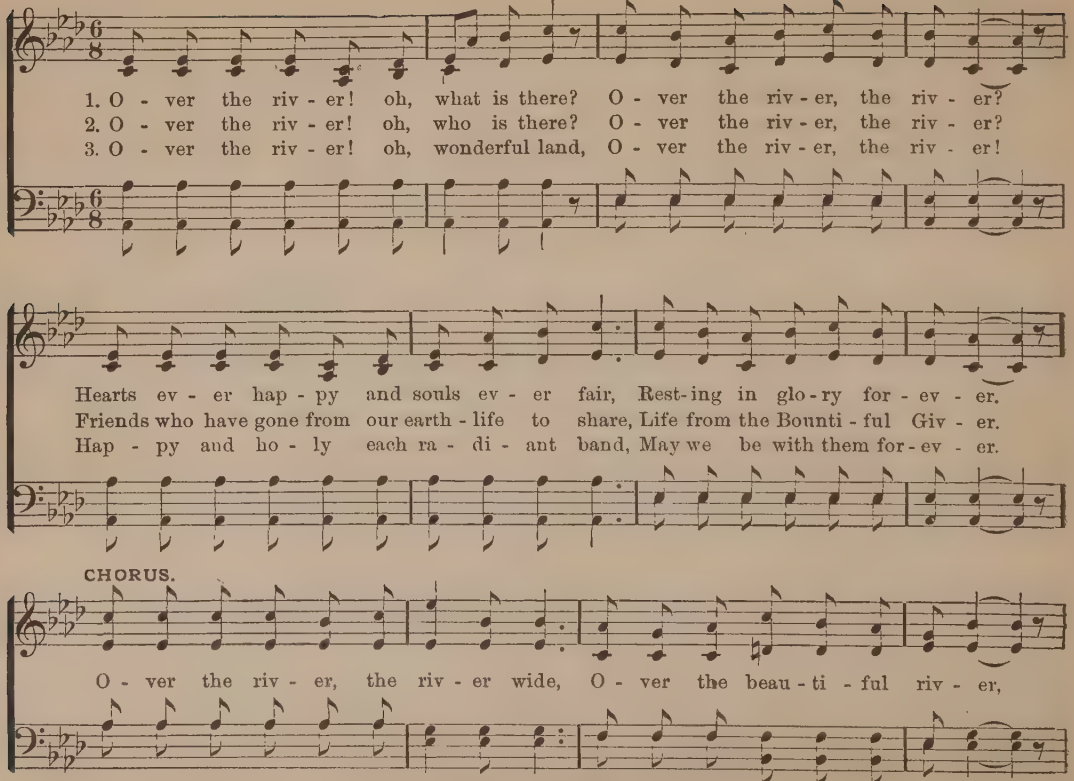
Over the River.

E. E. Rexford. Geo. F. Root.


1. O - ver the riv - er! oh, what is there? O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er?
2. O - ver the riv - er! oh, who is there? O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er?
3. O - ver the riv - er! oh, wonderful land, O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er!
Hearts ev - er hap - py and souls ev - er fair, Rest-ing in glo-ry for - ev - er.
Friends who have gone from our earth - life to share, Life from the Bounti - ful Giv - er.
Hap - py and ho - ly each ra - di - ant band, May we be with them for - ev - er.
CHORUS.
O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er wide, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er,

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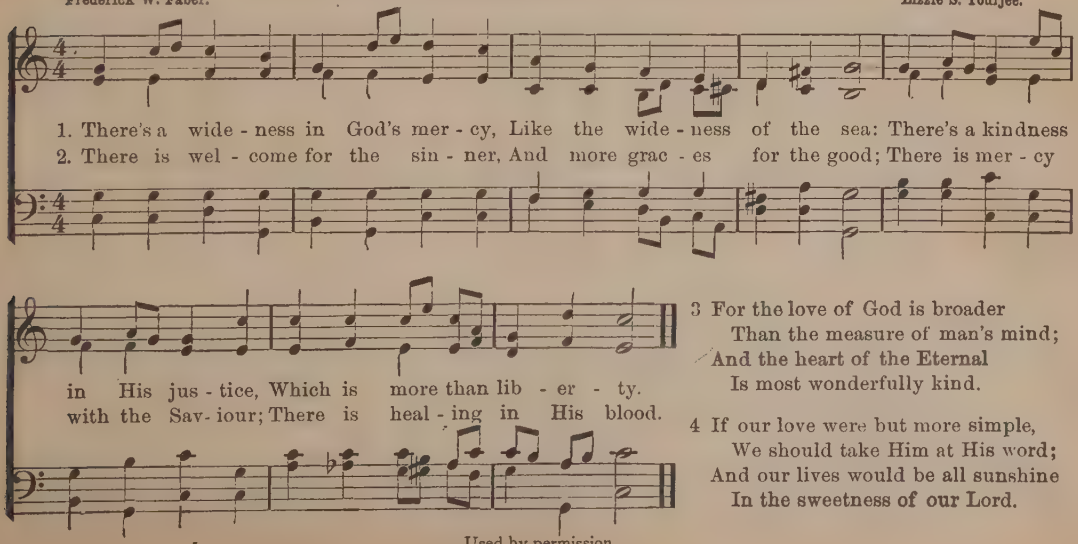
There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjée.


1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea: There's a kindness
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good; There is mer - cy
in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

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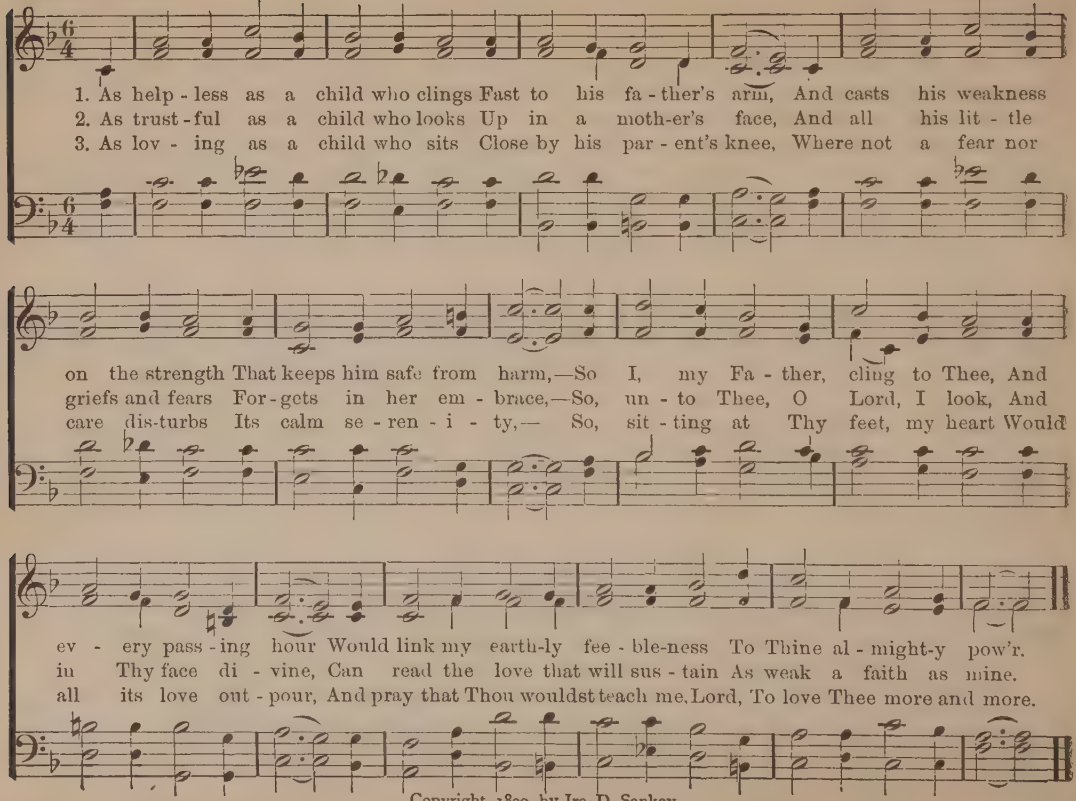
As Helpless as a Child.

James D. Burns. Ira D. Sankey.


1. As help - less as a child who clings Fast to his fa - ther's arm, And casts his weakness
2. As trust - ful as a child who looks Up in a moth-er's face, And all his lit - tle
3. As lov - ing as a child who sits Close by his par - ent's knee, Where not a fear nor
on the strength That keeps him safe from harm,—So I, my Fa - ther, cling to Thee, And
griefs and fears For - gets in her em - brace,—So, un - to Thee, O Lord, I look, And
care dis-turbs Its calm se - ren - i - ty,— So, sit - ting at Thy feet, my heart Would
ev - ery pass - ing hour Would link my earth-ly fee - ble-ness To Thine al - might-y pow'r.
in Thy face di - vine, Can read the love that will sus - tain As weak a faith as mine.
all its love out - pour, And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more.

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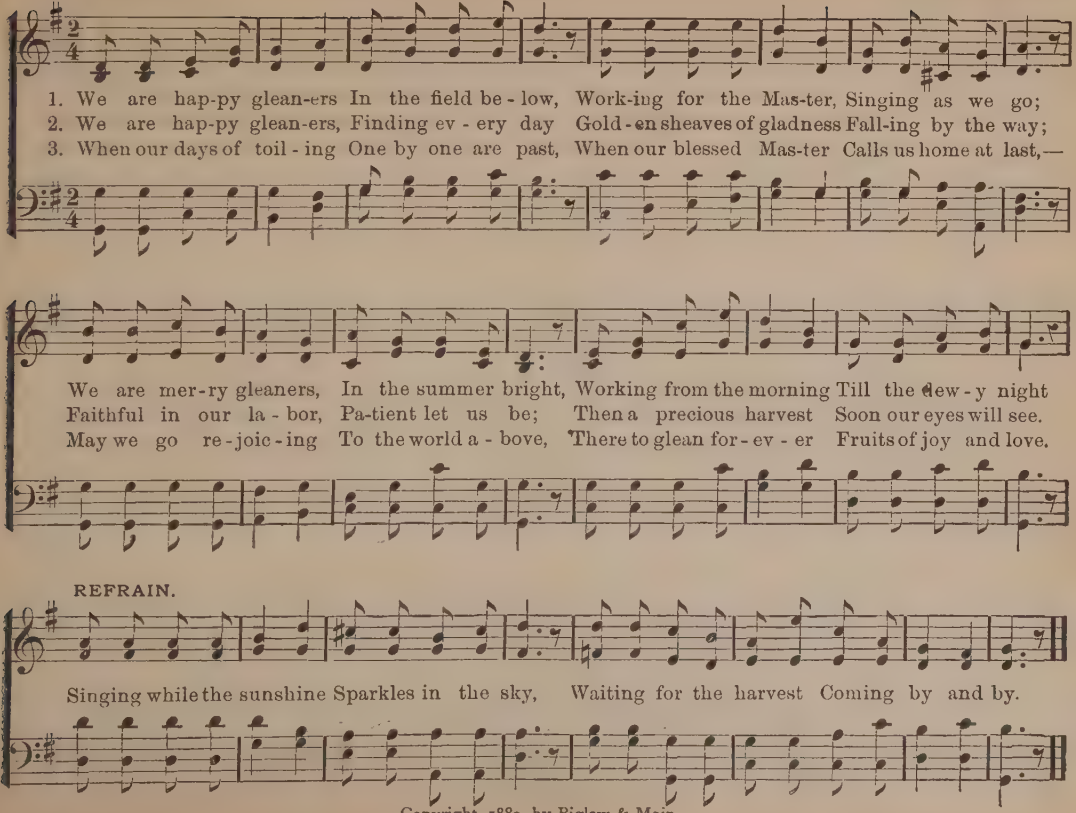
Waiting for the Harvest.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.


1. We are hap-py glean-ers In the field be - low, Work-ing for the Mas-ter, Singing as we go;
2. We are hap-py glean-ers, Finding ev - ery day Gold - en sheaves of gladness Fall-ing by the way;
3. When our days of toil - ing One by one are past, When our blessed Mas-ter Calls us home at last,—
We are mer-ry gleaners, In the summer bright, Working from the morning Till the dew - y night
Faithful in our la - bor, Pa-tient let us be; Then a precious harvest Soon our eyes will see.
May we go re - joic - ing To the world a - bove, There to glean for - ev - er Fruits of joy and love.
REFRAIN.
Singing while the sunshine Sparkles in the sky, Waiting for the harvest Coming by and by.

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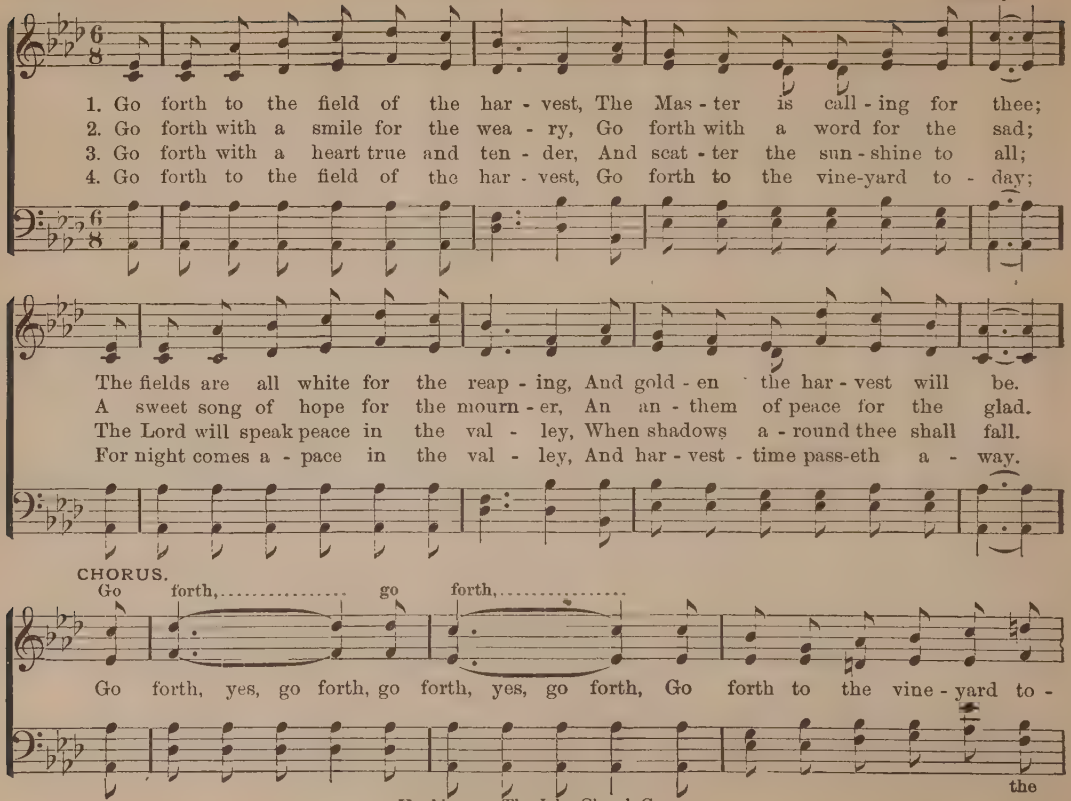
Go Forth to the Field.

Eliza M. Sherman. J. R. Murray.


1. Go forth to the field of the har - vest, The Mas - ter is call - ing for thee;
2. Go forth with a smile for the wea - ry, Go forth with a word for the sad;
3. Go forth with a heart true and ten - der, And scat - ter the sun - shine to all;
4. Go forth to the field of the har - vest, Go forth to the vine-yard to - day;
The fields are all white for the reap - ing, And gold - en the har - vest will be.
A sweet song of hope for the mourn - er, An an - them of peace for the glad.
The Lord will speak peace in the val - ley, When shadows a - round thee shall fall.
For night comes a - pace in the val - ley, And har - vest - time pass-eth a - way.
CHORUS.
Go forth,..... go forth,.....
Go forth, yes, go forth, go forth, yes, go forth, Go forth to the vine - yard to -
the

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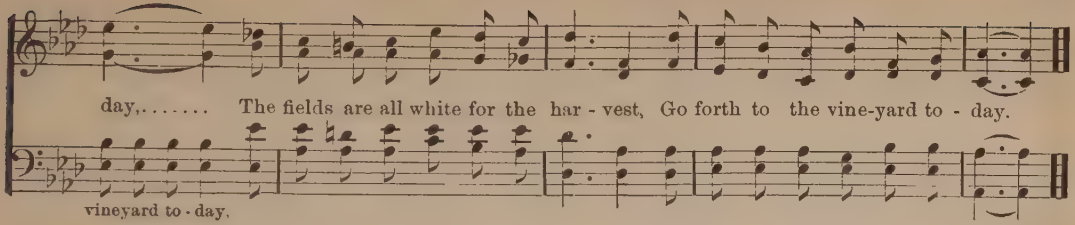
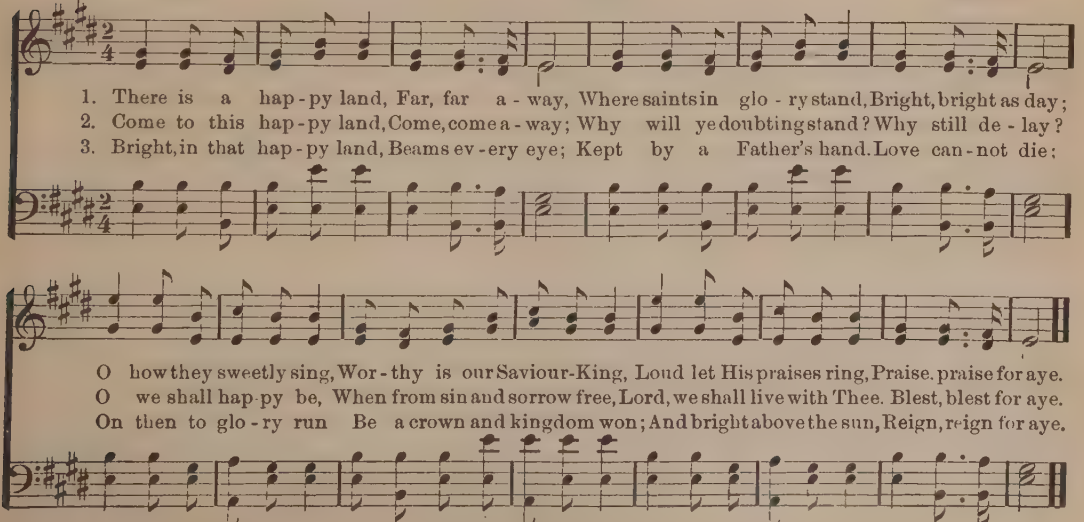


Andrew Young.*

There is a Happy Land.

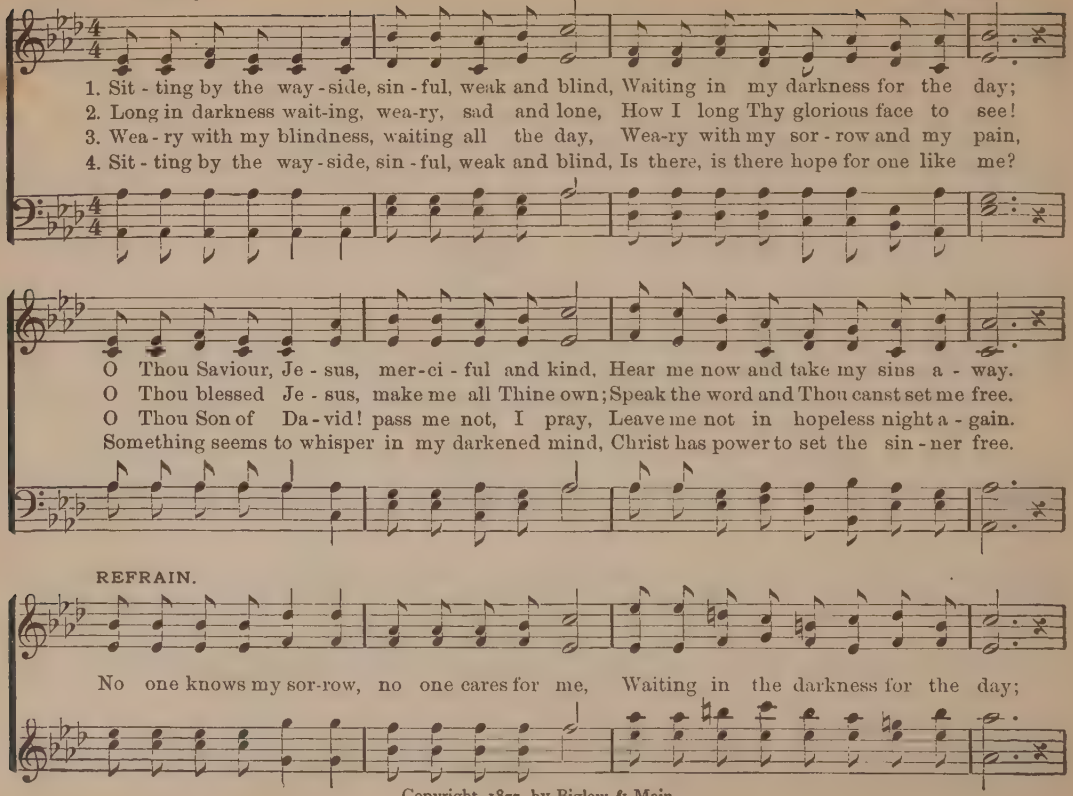
Hindoo Air.


1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
2. Come to this hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubting stand? Why still de - lay?
3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - ery eye; Kept by a Father's hand. Love can - not die;
O how they sweetly sing, Wor - thy is our Saviour-King, Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.
O we shall hap - py be, When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with Thee. Blest, blest for aye.
On then to glo - ry run Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright above the sun, Reign, reign for aye.

* Died in Edinburgh, Nov. 30, 1889.

Sitting by the Way-side.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin.


1. Sit - ting by the way - side, sin - ful, weak and blind, Waiting in my darkness for the day;
2. Long in darkness wait-ing, wea-ry, sad and lone, How I long Thy glorious face to see!
3. Wea - ry with my blindness, waiting all the day, Wea-ry with my sor - row and my pain,
4. Sit - ting by the way - side, sin - ful, weak and blind, Is there, is there hope for one like me?
O Thou Saviour, Je - sus, mer-ci - ful and kind, Hear me now and take my sins a - way.
O Thou blessed Je - sus, make me all Thine own; Speak the word and Thou canst set me free.
O Thou Son of Da - vid! pass me not, I pray, Leave me not in hopeless night a - gain.
Something seems to whisper in my darkened mind, Christ has power to set the sin - ner free.
REFRAIN.
No one knows my sor-row, no one cares for me, Waiting in the darkness for the day;

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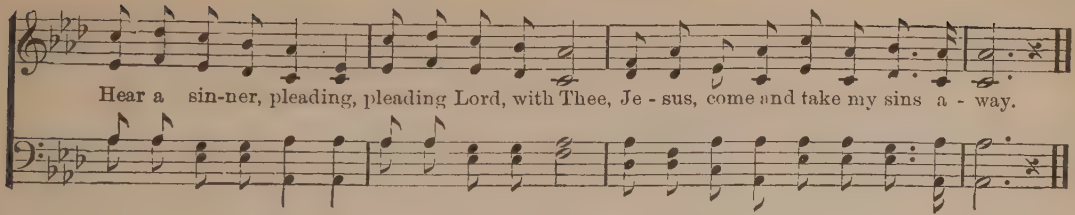
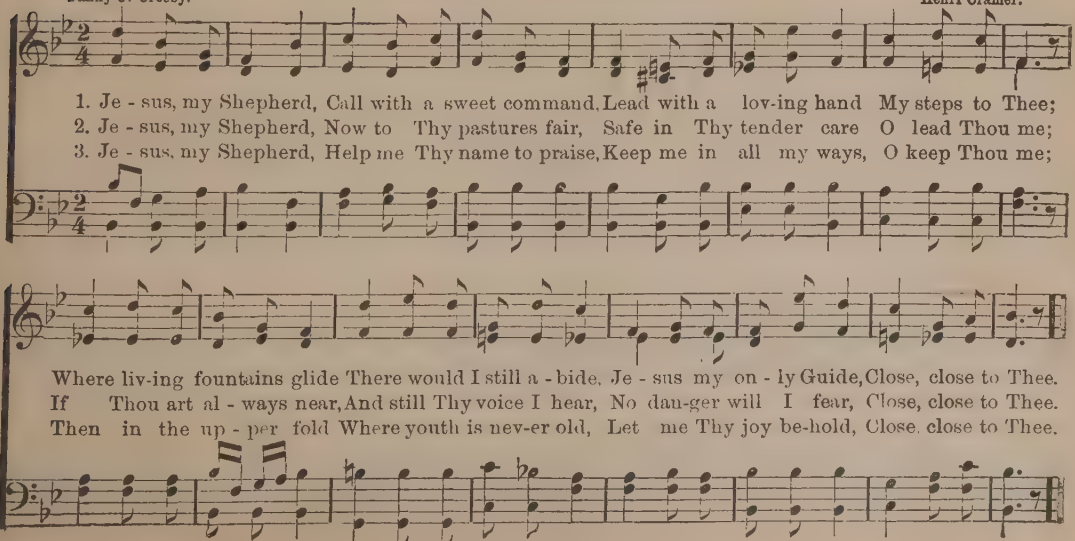


Jesus, my Shepherd.

Fanny J. Crosby. Henri Cramer.


1. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Call with a sweet command, Lead with a lov-ing hand My steps to Thee;
2. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Now to Thy pastures fair, Safe in Thy tender care O lead Thou me;
3. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Help me Thy name to praise, Keep me in all my ways, O keep Thou me;
Where liv-ing fountains glide There would I still a - bide, Je - sus my on - ly Guide, Close, close to Thee.
If Thou art al - ways near, And still Thy voice I hear, No dan-ger will I fear, Close, close to Thee.
Then in the up - per fold Where youth is nev-er old, Let me Thy joy be-hold, Close, close to Thee.

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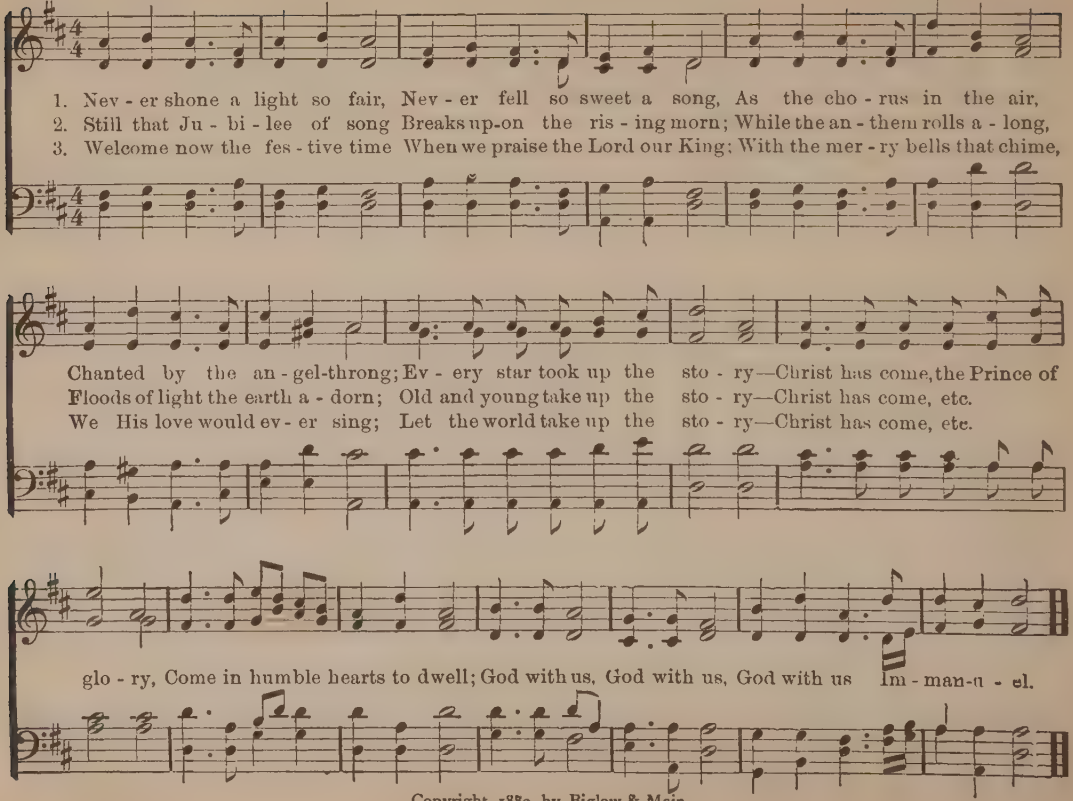
Never Shone a Light so Fair.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Nev - er shone a light so fair, Nev - er fell so sweet a song, As the cho - rus in the air,
2. Still that Ju - bi - lee of song Breaks up-on the ris - ing morn; While the an - them rolls a - long,
3. Welcome now the fes - tive time When we praise the Lord our King; With the mer - ry bells that chime,
Chanted by the an - gel-throng; Ev - ery star took up the sto - ry—Christ has come, the Prince of
Floods of light the earth a - dorn; Old and young take up the sto - ry—Christ has come, etc.
We His love would ev - er sing; Let the world take up the sto - ry—Christ has come, etc.
glo - ry, Come in humble hearts to dwell; God with us, God with us, God with us Im - man-u - el.

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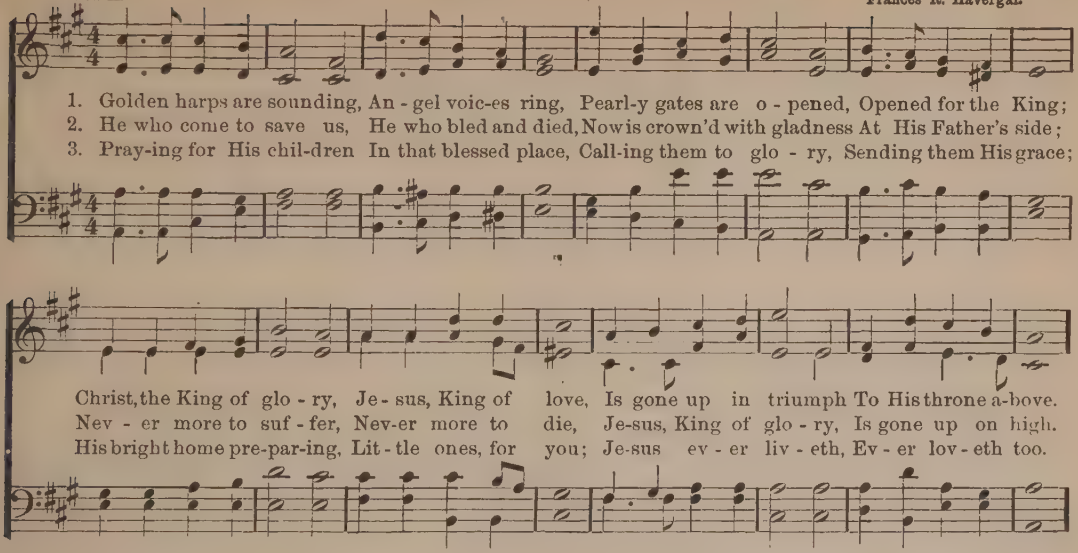
Golden Harps are Sounding. 163

F. R. H. Frances R. Havergal.


1. Golden harps are sounding, An - gel voic-es ring, Pearl-y gates are o - pened, Opened for the King;
2. He who come to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with gladness At His Father's side;
3. Pray-ing for His chil-dren In that blessed place, Call-ing them to glo - ry, Sending them His grace;
Christ, the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in triumph To His throne a-bove.
Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev-er more to die, Je-sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
His bright home pre-par-ing, Lit - tle ones, for you; Je-sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.
REFRAIN.
All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend-ed! Glo - ry to our King!

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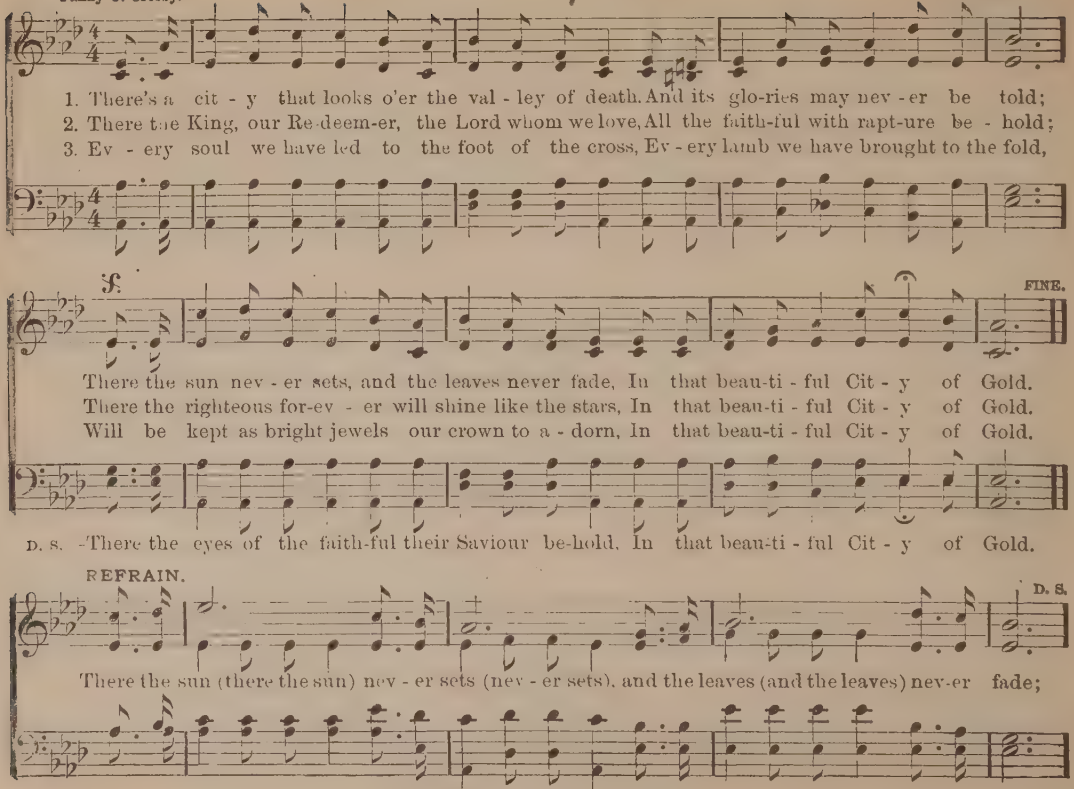
City of Gold.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death. And its glo-ries may nev - er be told;
2. There the King, our Re-deem-er, the Lord whom we love, All the faith-ful with rapt-ure be - hold;
3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - ery lamb we have brought to the fold,
f.
FINE.
There the sun nev - er sets, and the leaves never fade, In that beau-ti - ful Cit - y of Gold.
There the righteous for-ev - er will shine like the stars, In that beau-ti - ful Cit - y of Gold.
Will be kept as bright jewels our crown to a - dorn, In that beau-ti - ful Cit - y of Gold.
D. S. There the eyes of the faith-ful their Saviour be-hold, In that beau-ti - ful Cit - y of Gold.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
There the sun (there the sun) nev - er sets (nev - er sets), and the leaves (and the leaves) nev-er fade;

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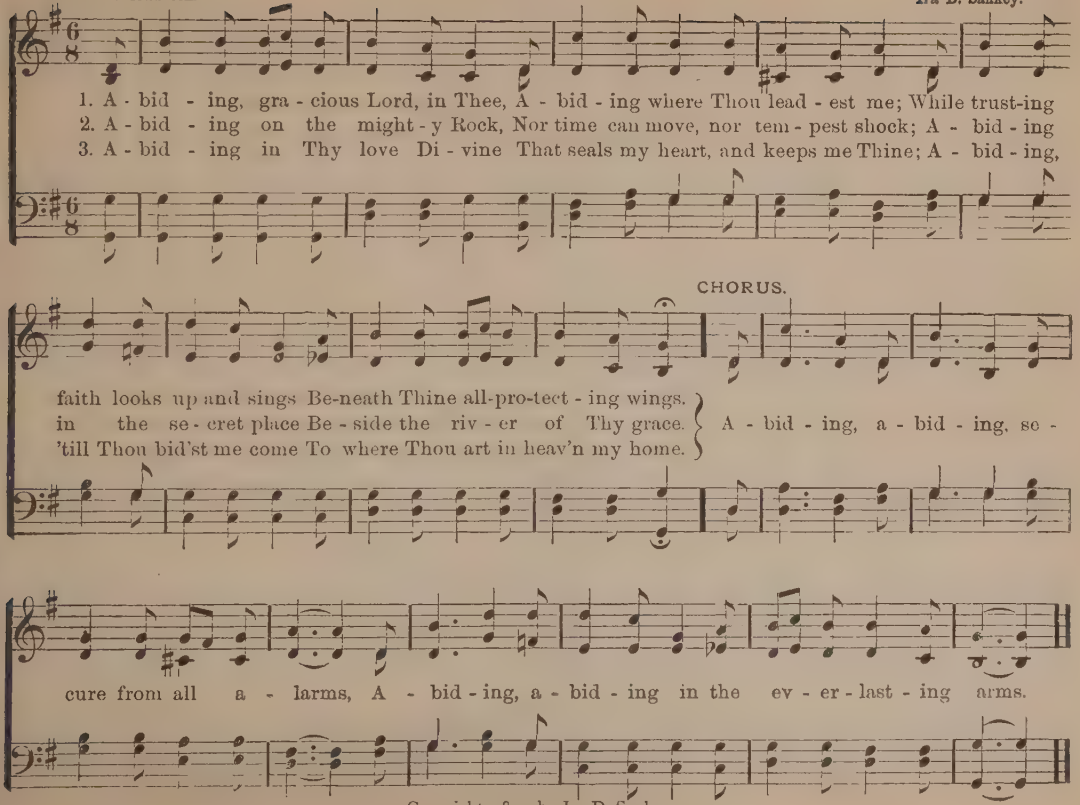
Abiding.

Eleanor Craddock. Ira D. Sankey.


1. A - bid - ing, gra - cious Lord, in Thee, A - bid - ing where Thou lead - est me; While trust-ing
2. A - bid - ing on the might - y Rock, Nor time can move, nor tem - pest shock; A - bid - ing
3. A - bid - ing in Thy love Di - vine That seals my heart, and keeps me Thine; A - bid - ing,
CHORUS.
faith looks up and sings Be-neath Thine all-pro-tect - ing wings.
in the se - cret place Be - side the riv - er of Thy grace.
'till Thou bid'st me come To where Thou art in heav'n my home.
A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, se -
cure from all a - larms, A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing in the ev - er - last - ing arms.

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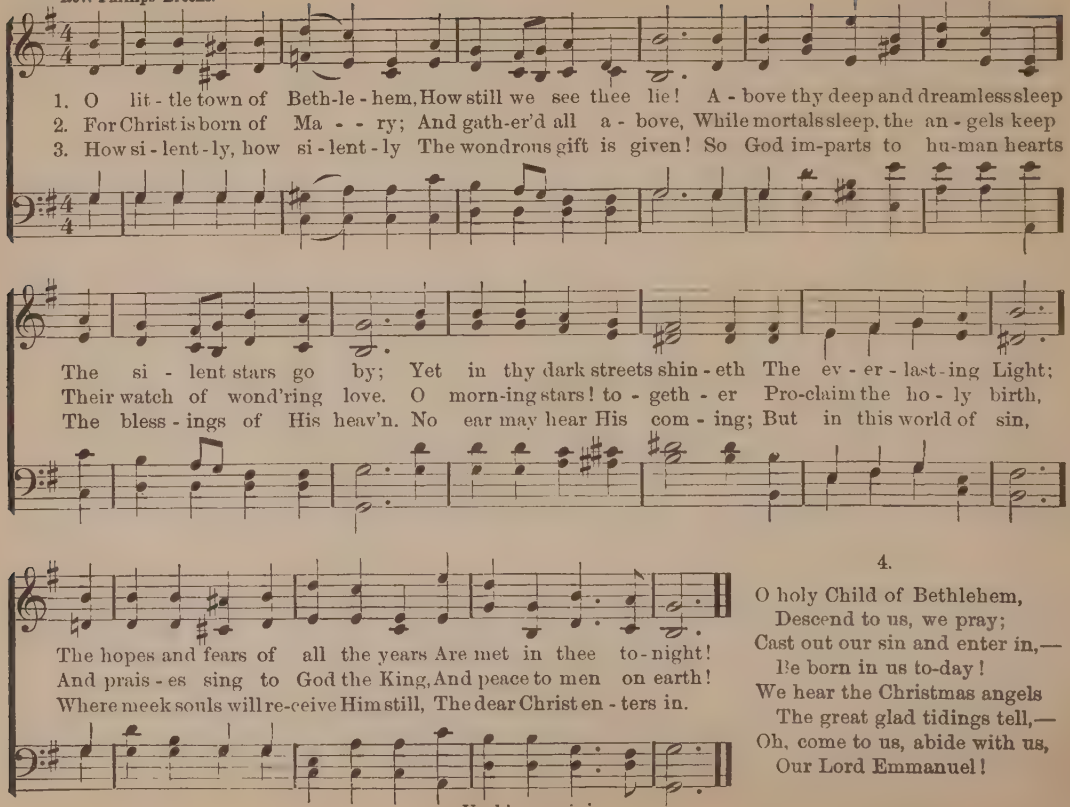
Bethlehem.

Rev. Phillips Brooks.

Lewis H. Redner.


1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep
2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry; And gath-er'd all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the an - gels keep
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is given! So God im-parts to hu-man hearts
The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars! to - geth - er Pro-claim the ho - ly birth,
The bless - ings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin,
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night!
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
Where meek souls will re-ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.

4.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,—
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,—
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

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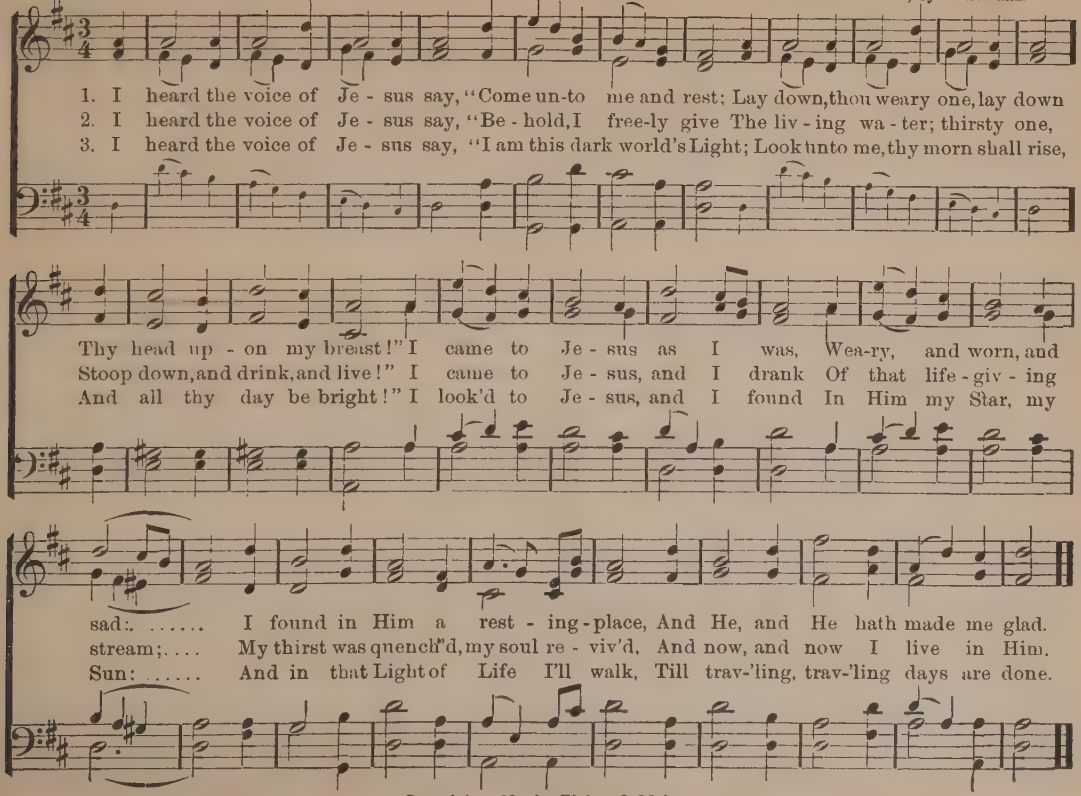
I Heard the Voice of Jesus say. 167

Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Arr. from Franz Abt, by H. P. Main.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free-ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirsty one,
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light; Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and
Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing
And all thy day be bright!" I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my
sad: ..... I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He, and He hath made me glad.
stream; .... My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - viv'd, And now, and now I live in Him.
Sun: ..... And in that Light of Life I'll walk, Till trav-'ling, trav-'ling days are done.

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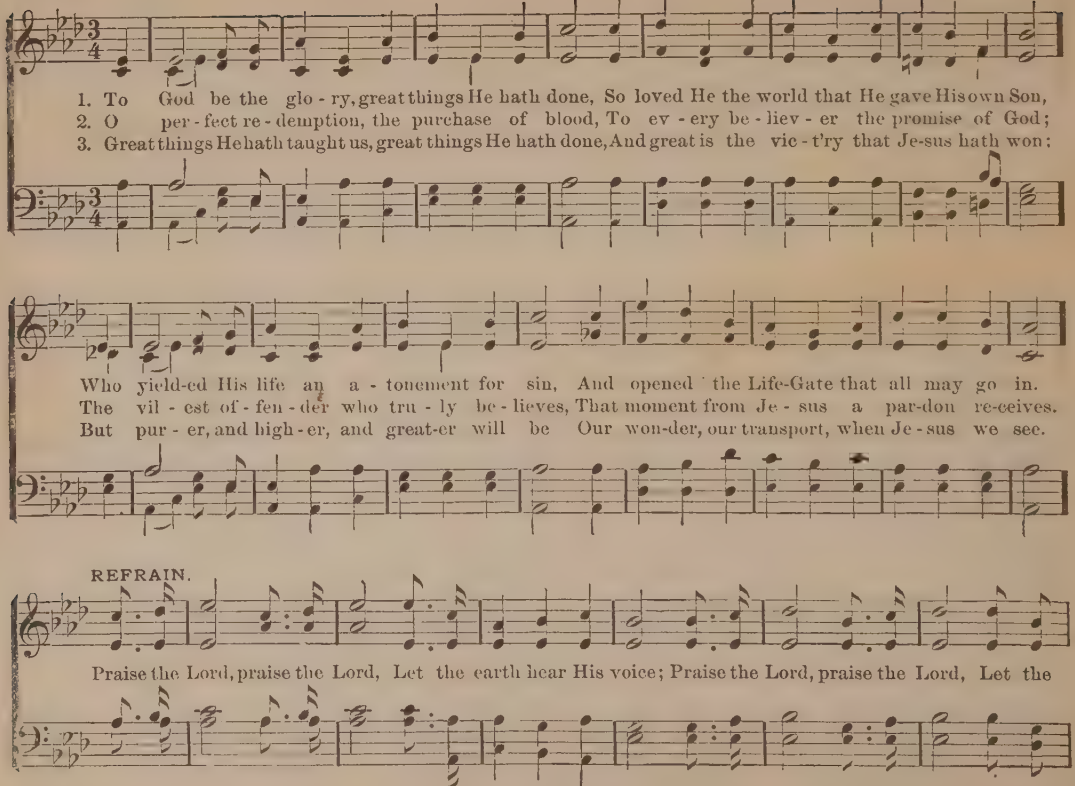
To God be the Glory.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done, So loved He the world that He gave His own Son,
2. O per - fect re - demption, the purchase of blood, To ev - ery be - liev - er the promise of God;
3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great is the vic - t'ry that Je-sus hath won:
Who yield-ed His life an a - tonement for sin, And opened the Life-Gate that all may go in.
The vil - est of - fen - der who tru - ly be - lieves, That moment from Je - sus a par-don re-ceives.
But pur - er, and high - er, and great-er will be Our won-der, our transport, when Je - sus we see.
REFRAIN.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His voice; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the

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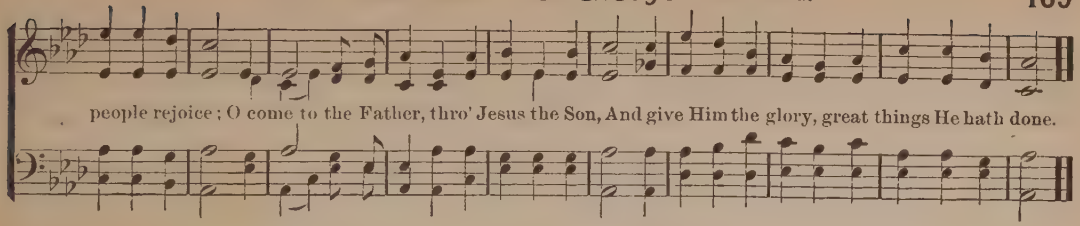
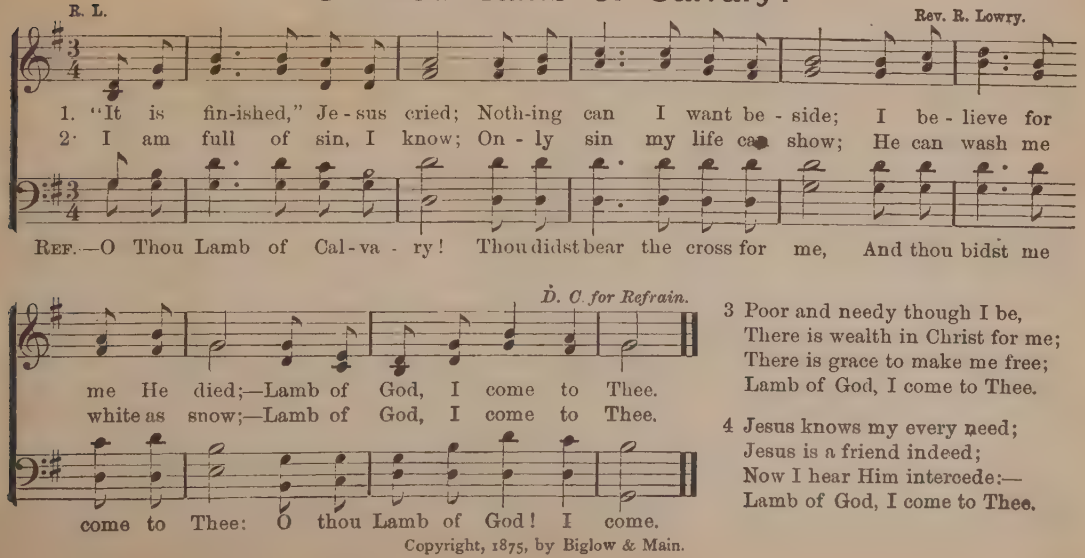
To God be the Glory.—Concluded.



O Thou Lamb of Calvary!


R. L.
Rev. R. Lowry.
1. "It is fin-ished," Je-sus cried; Noth-ing can I want be-side; I be-lieve for
2. I am full of sin, I know; On-ly sin my life can show; He can wash me
Ref.—O Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry! Thou didst bear the cross for me, And thou bidst me
D. C for Refrain.
me He died;—Lamb of God, I come to Thee.
white as snow;—Lamb of God, I come to Thee.
come to Thee: O thou Lamb of God! I come.

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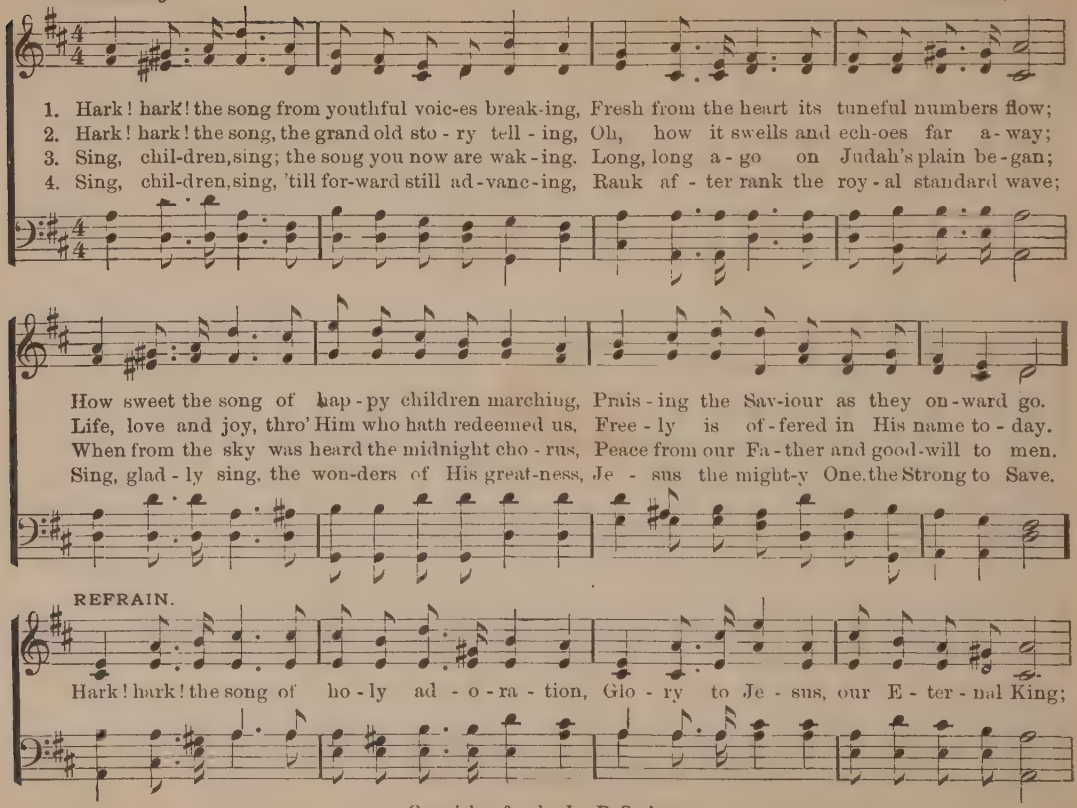
3 Poor and needy though I be,
There is wealth in Christ for me;
There is grace to make me free;
Lamb of God, I come to Thee.

4 Jesus knows my every need;
Jesus is a friend indeed;
Now I hear Him intercede:—
Lamb of God, I come to Thee.

Hark! Hark! the Song.

Julia Sterling. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Hark! hark! the song from youthful voic-es break-ing, Fresh from the heart its tuneful numbers flow;
2. Hark! hark! the song, the grand old sto - ry tell - ing, Oh, how it swells and ech-oes far a - way;
3. Sing, chil-dren, sing; the song you now are wak - ing. Long, long a - go on Judah's plain be - gan;
4. Sing, chil-dren, sing, 'till for-ward still ad - vanc - ing, Rank af - ter rank the roy - al standard wave;
How sweet the song of hap - py children marching, Prais - ing the Sav-iour as they on - ward go.
Life, love and joy, thro' Him who hath redeemed us, Free - ly is of - fered in His name to - day.
When from the sky was heard the midnight cho - rus, Peace from our Fa - ther and good-will to men.
Sing, glad - ly sing, the won-ders of His great-ness, Je - sus the might-y One, the Strong to Save.
REFRAIN.
Hark! hark! the song of ho - ly ad - o - ra - tion, Glo - ry to Je - sus, our E - ter - nal King;

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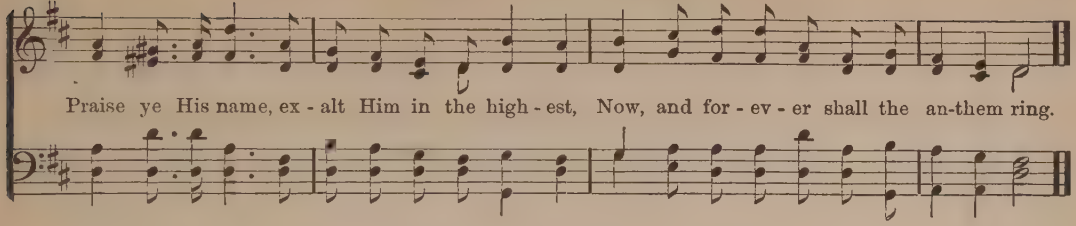
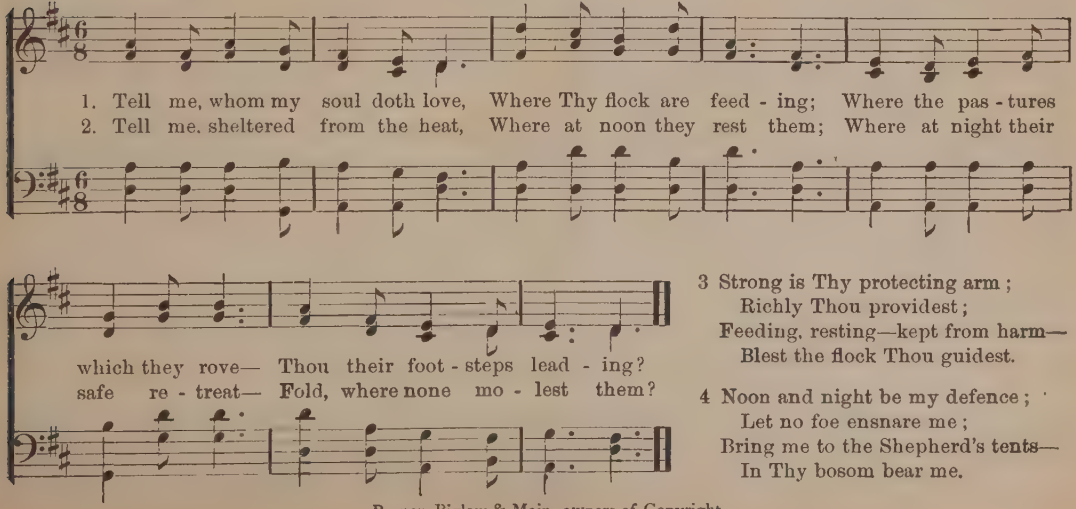


Where Feedeth Thy Flock?

Samuel Wolcott, D. D. Wm. F. Sherwin.


1. Tell me, whom my soul doth love, Where Thy flock are feed - ing; Where the pas - tures
2. Tell me, sheltered from the heat, Where at noon they rest them; Where at night their
which they rove— Thou their foot - steps lead - ing?
safe re - treat— Fold, where none mo - lest them?

3 Strong is Thy protecting arm;
Richly Thou providest;
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
Blest the flock Thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my defence;
Let no foe ensnare me;
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—
In Thy bosom bear me.

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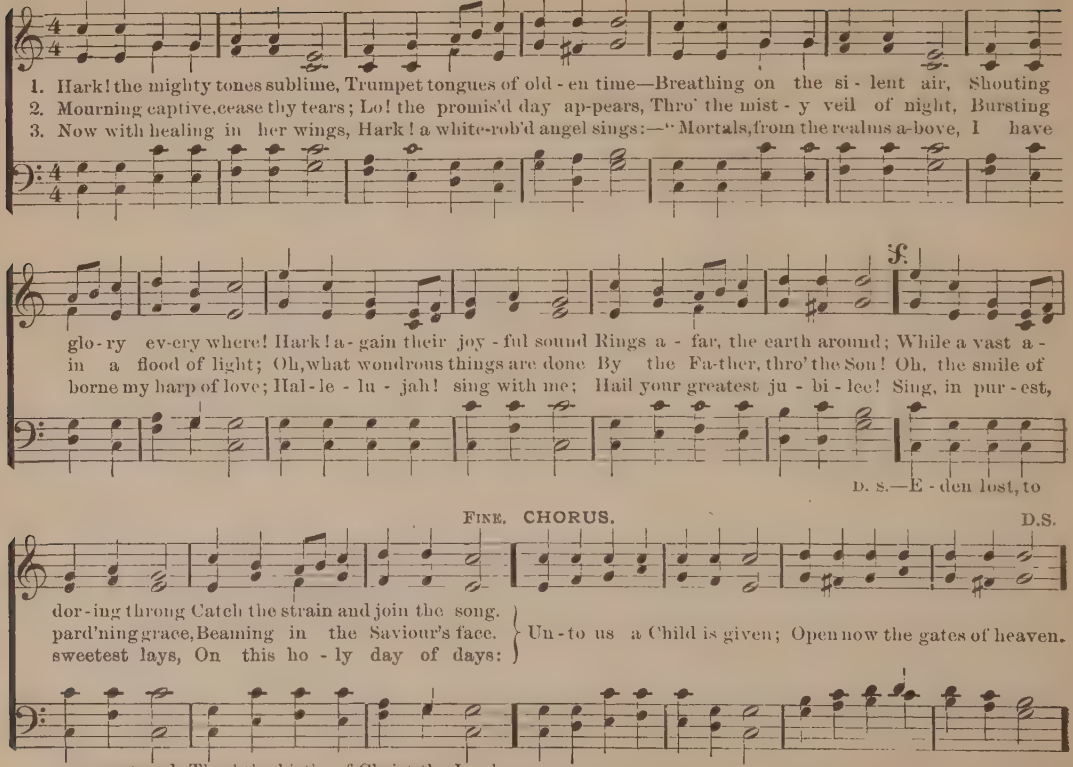
The Angel's Proclamation.

Fanny J. Crosby. Theo. E. Perkins.


1. Hark! the mighty tones sublime, Trumpet tongues of old - en time—Breathing on the si - lent air, Shouting
2. Mourning captive, cease thy tears; Lo! the promis'd day ap-pears, Thro' the mist - y veil of night, Bursting
3. Now with healing in her wings, Hark! a white-rob'd angel sings:—"Mortals, from the realms a-bove, I have
glo - ry ev-ery where! Hark! a - gain their joy - ful sound Rings a - far, the earth around; While a vast a -
in a flood of light; Oh, what wondrous things are done By the Fa-ther, thro' the Son! Oh, the smile of
borne my harp of love; Hal - le - lu - jah! sing with me; Hail your greatest ju - bi - lee! Sing, in pur - est,
D. S.—E - den lost, to
FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
dor - ing throng Catch the strain and join the song.
pard'ning grace, Beaming in the Saviour's face.
sweetest lays, On this ho - ly day of days:
Un - to us a Child is given; Open now the gates of heaven.
man restored, Thro' the birth of Christ the Lord.

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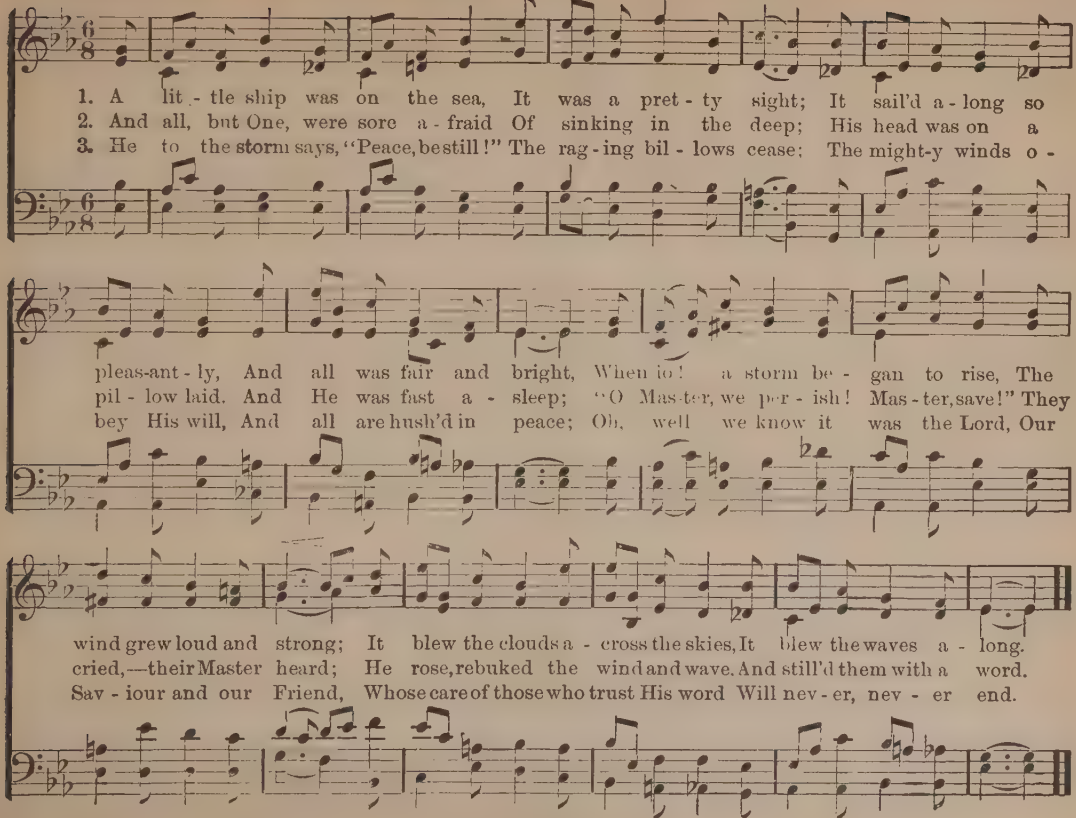
Dorothy A. Thrupp.

A Little Ship was on the Sea.

Hubert P. Main. 173


1. A lit - tle ship was on the sea, It was a pret - ty sight; It sail'd a - long so
pleas-ant - ly, And all was fair and bright, When lo! a storm be - gan to rise, The
wind grew loud and strong; It blew the clouds a - cross the skies, It blew the waves a - long.
2. And all, but One, were sore a - fraid Of sinking in the deep; His head was on a
pil - low laid. And He was fast a - sleep; "O Mas-ter, we per - ish! Mas - ter, save!" They
cried,—their Master heard; He rose, rebuked the wind and wave. And still'd them with a word.
3. He to the storm says, "Peace, be still!" The rag - ing bil - lows cease; The might-y winds o -
bey His will, And all are hush'd in peace; Oh, well we know it was the Lord, Our
Sav - iour and our Friend, Whose care of those who trust His word Will nev - er, nev - er end.

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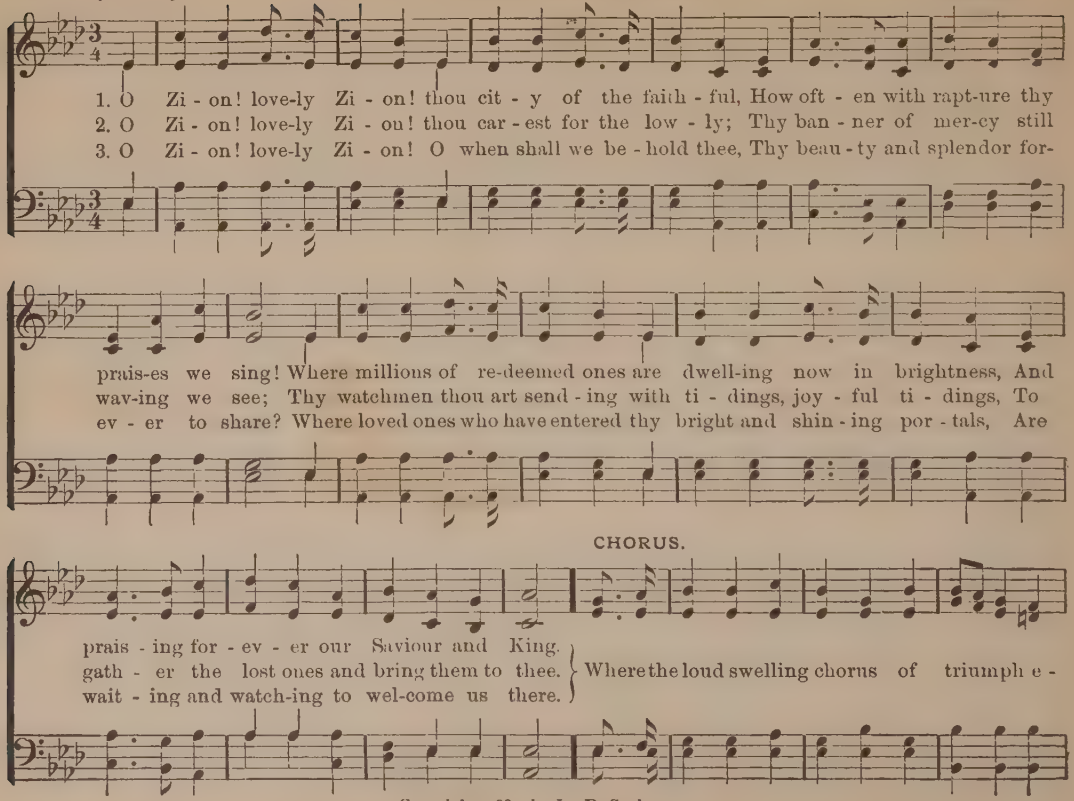
O Zion! Lovely Zion!

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. O Zi - on! love-ly Zi - on! thou cit - y of the faith - ful, How oft - en with rapt-ure thy
2. O Zi - on! love-ly Zi - on! thou car - est for the low - ly; Thy ban - ner of mer-cy still
3. O Zi - on! love-ly Zi - on! O when shall we be - hold thee, Thy beau - ty and splendor for-
prais-es we sing! Where millions of re-deemed ones are dwell-ing now in brightness, And
wav-ing we see; Thy watchmen thou art send - ing with ti - dings, joy - ful ti - dings, To
ev - er to share? Where loved ones who have entered thy bright and shin - ing por - tals, Are
CHORUS.
prais - ing for - ev - er our Saviour and King.
gath - er the lost ones and bring them to thee.
wait - ing and watch-ing to wel-come us there.
Where the loud swelling chorus of triumph e -

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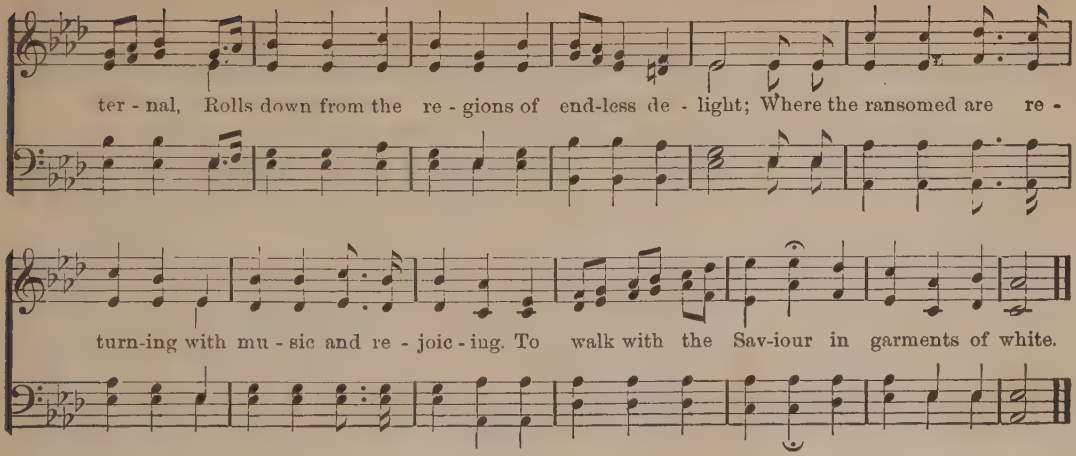
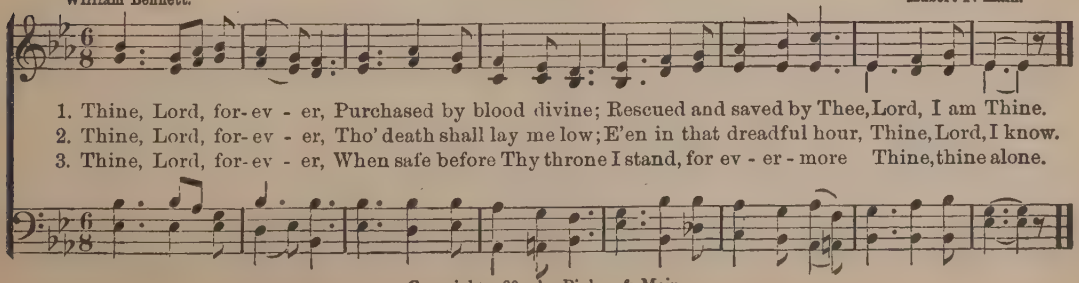

ter - nal, Rolls down from the re - gions of end-less de - light; Where the ransomed are re -
turn-ing with mu - sic and re - joic - ing. To walk with the Sav-iour in garments of white.

Thine Forever.

William Bennett. Hubert P. Main.


1. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er, Purchased by blood divine; Rescued and saved by Thee, Lord, I am Thine.
2. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er, Tho' death shall lay me low; E'en in that dreadful hour, Thine, Lord, I know.
3. Thine, Lord, for-ev - er, When safe before Thy throne I stand, for ev - er - more Thine, thine alone.

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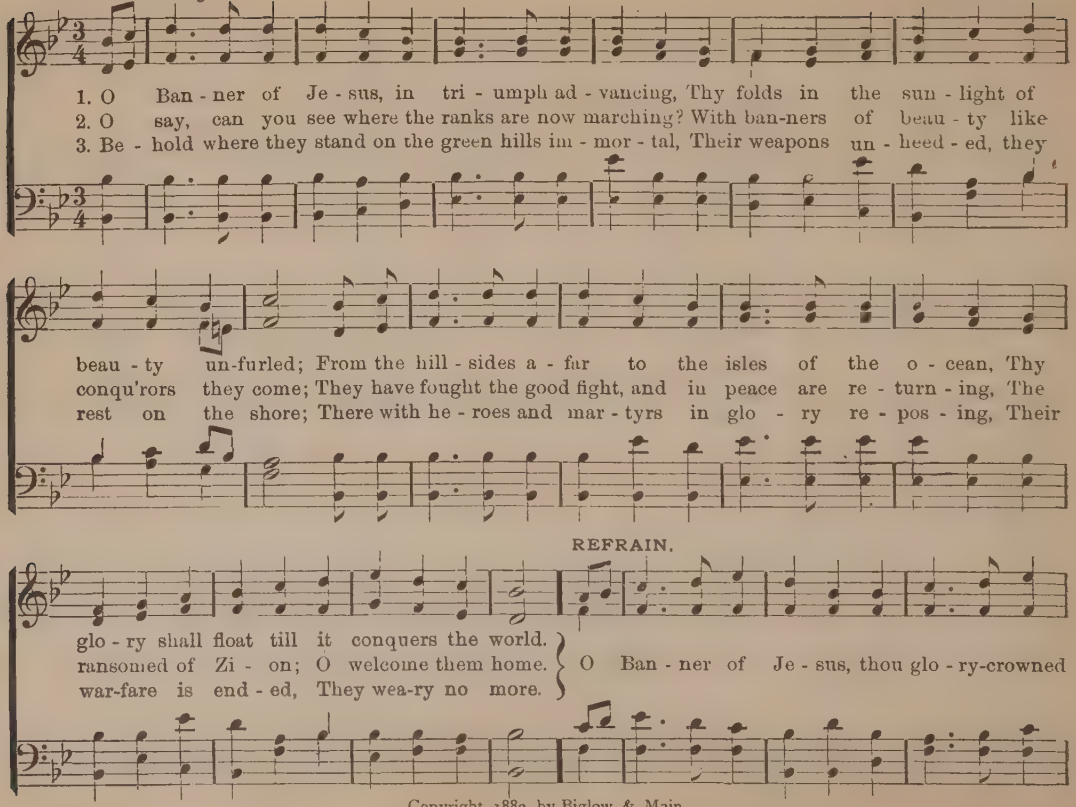
March on, O Banner of Jesus.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. W. H. Doane.


1. O Ban - ner of Je - sus, in tri - umph ad - vancing, Thy folds in the sun - light of
2. O say, can you see where the ranks are now marching? With ban-ners of beau - ty like
3. Be - hold where they stand on the green hills im - mor - tal, Their weapons un - heed - ed, they
beau - ty un-furled; From the hill - sides a - far to the isles of the o - cean, Thy
conqu'rors they come; They have fought the good fight, and in peace are re - turn - ing, The
rest on the shore; There with he - roes and mar - tyrs in glo - ry re - pos - ing, Their
REFRAIN.
glo - ry shall float till it conquers the world.
ransomed of Zi - on; O welcome them home.
war-fare is end - ed, They wea-ry no more.
O Ban - ner of Je - sus, thou glo - ry-crowned

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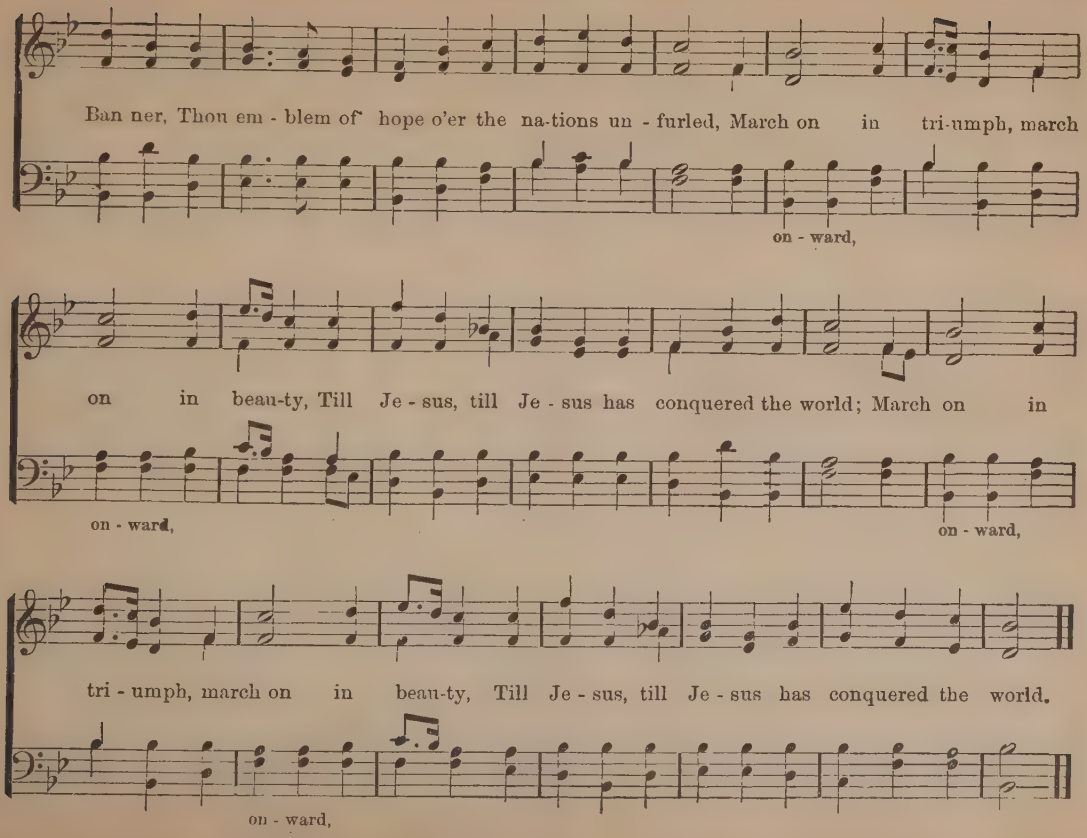
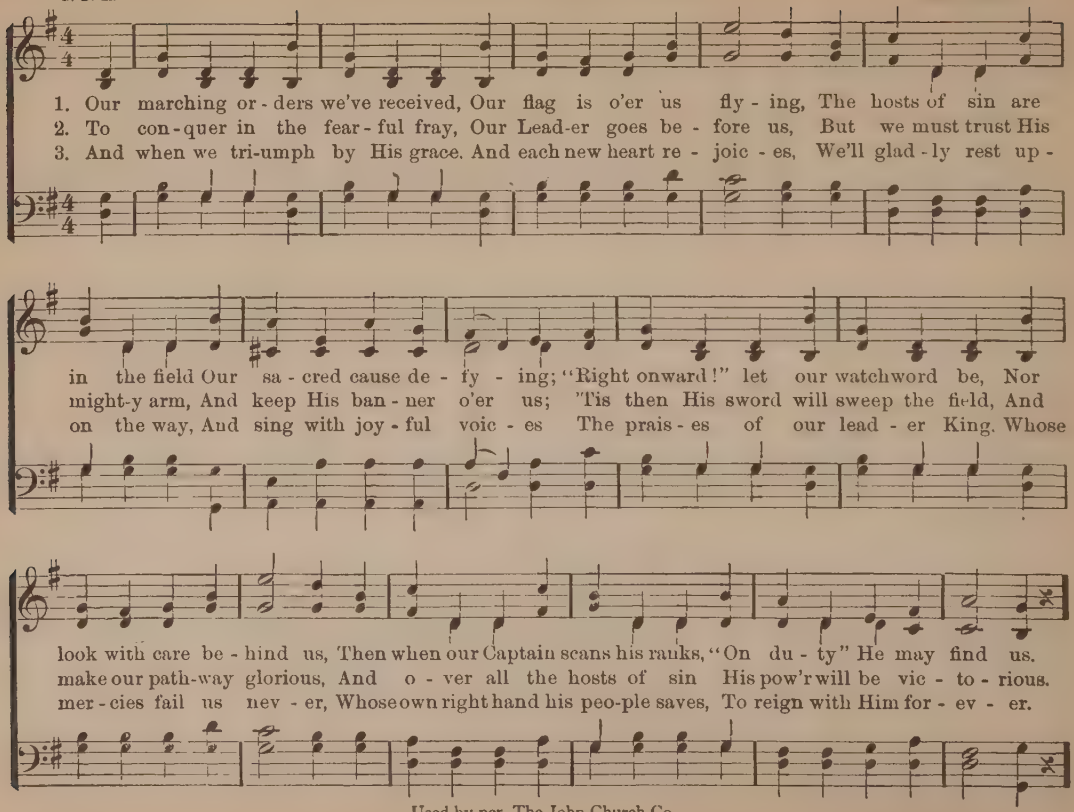

Ban ner, Thou em - blem of hope o'er the na-tions un - furled, March on in tri-umph, march
on - ward,
on in beau-ty, Till Je - sus, till Je - sus has conquered the world; March on in
on - ward,
on - ward,
tri - umph, march on in beau-ty, Till Je - sus, till Je - sus has conquered the world.
on - ward,

Our Marching Orders.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.


1. Our marching or - ders we've received, Our flag is o'er us fly - ing, The hosts of sin are
2. To con - quer in the fear - ful fray, Our Lead-er goes be - fore us, But we must trust His
3. And when we tri-umph by His grace. And each new heart re - joic - es, We'll glad - ly rest up -
in the field Our sa - cred cause de - fy - ing; "Right onward!" let our watchword be, Nor
might-y arm, And keep His ban - ner o'er us; 'Tis then His sword will sweep the field, And
on the way, And sing with joy - ful voic - es The prais - es of our lead - er King. Whose
look with care be - hind us, Then when our Captain scans his ranks, "On du - ty" He may find us.
make our path-way glorious, And o - ver all the hosts of sin His pow'r will be vic - to - rious.
mer - cies fail us nev - er, Whose own right hand his peo-ple saves, To reign with Him for - ev - er.

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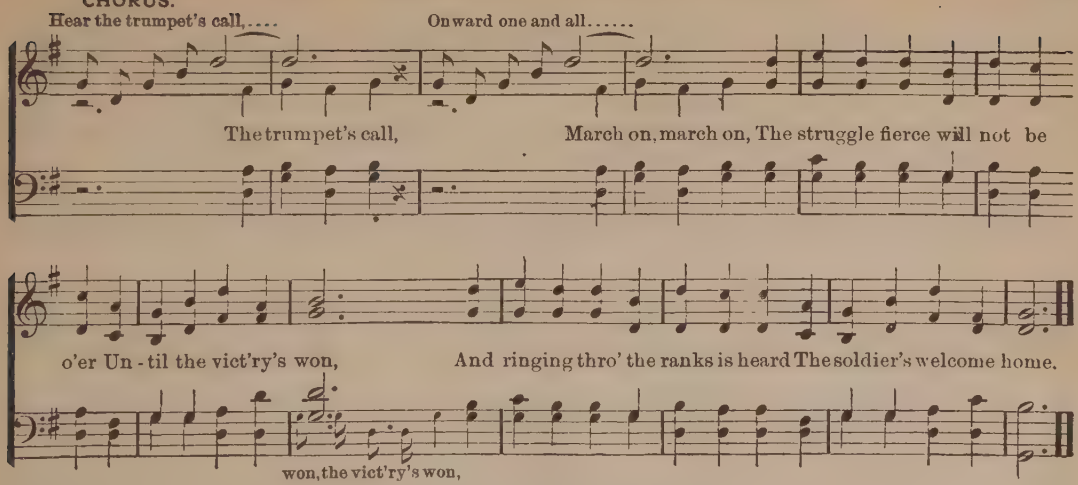
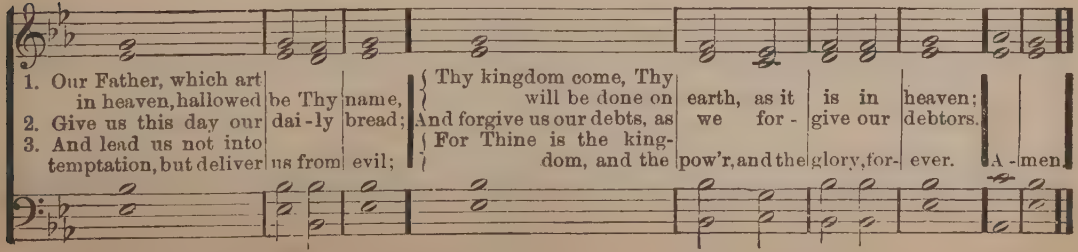
Our Marching Orders.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


Hear the trumpet's call,....
Onward one and all.....
The trumpet's call,
March on, march on, The struggle fierce will not be
o'er Un - til the vict'ry's won,
And ringing thro' the ranks is heard The soldier's welcome home.
won, the vict'ry's won,

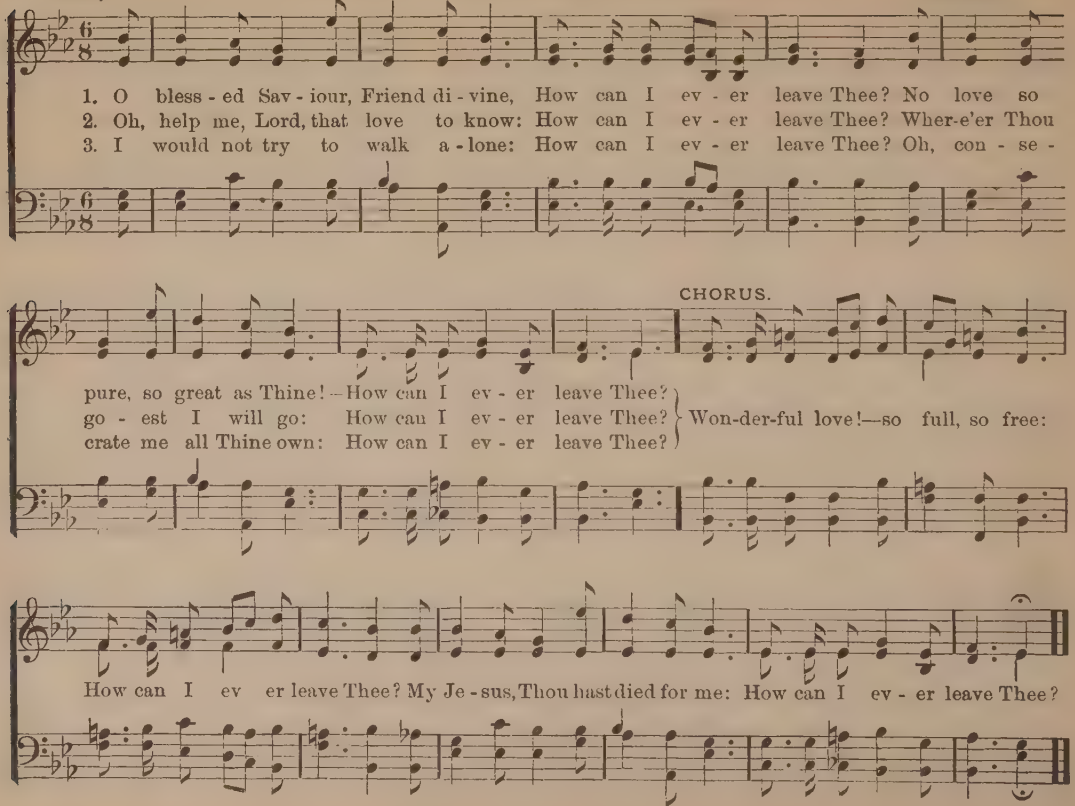
The Lord's Prayer.

Thomas Tallis.


1. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name,
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors.
For Thine is the king- dom, and the pow'r, and the glory, for- ever. A - men.

180 O Blessed Saviour, Friend Divine.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.


1. O bless - ed Sav - iour, Friend di - vine, How can I ev - er leave Thee? No love so
2. Oh, help me, Lord, that love to know: How can I ev - er leave Thee? Wher-e'er Thou
3. I would not try to walk a - lone: How can I ev - er leave Thee? Oh, con - se -
CHORUS.
pure, so great as Thine! — How can I ev - er leave Thee?
go - est I will go: How can I ev - er leave Thee?
crate me all Thine own: How can I ev - er leave Thee?
Won-der-ful love! — so full, so free:
How can I ev er leave Thee? My Je - sus, Thou hast died for me: How can I ev - er leave Thee?

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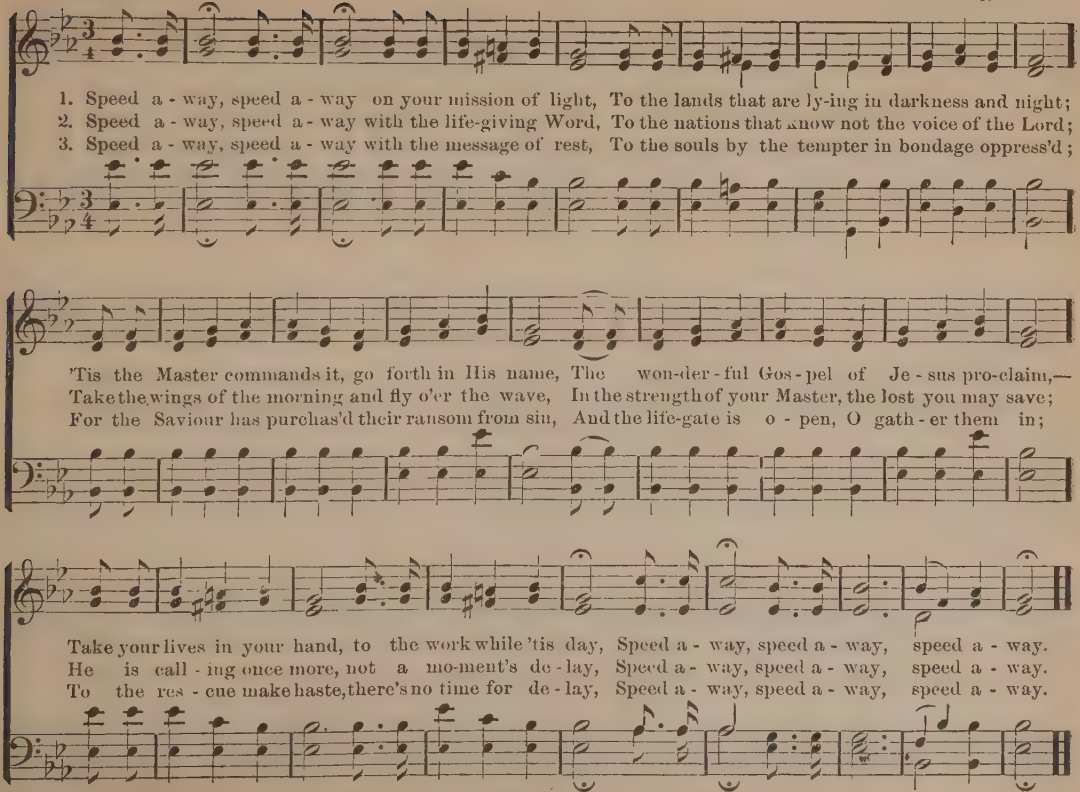
Speed Away.

Fanny J. Crosby.

I. B. Woodbury, arr.


1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mission of light, To the lands that are ly-ing in darkness and night;
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life-giving Word, To the nations that know not the voice of the Lord;
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the message of rest, To the souls by the tempter in bondage oppress'd;
'Tis the Master commands it, go forth in His name, The won-der - ful Gos - pel of Je - sus pro-claim,—
Take the wings of the morning and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your Master, the lost you may save;
For the Saviour has purchas'd their ransom from sin, And the life-gate is o - pen, O gath - er them in;
Take your lives in your hand, to the work while 'tis day, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
He is call - ing once more, not a mo-ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
To the res - cue make haste, there's no time for de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

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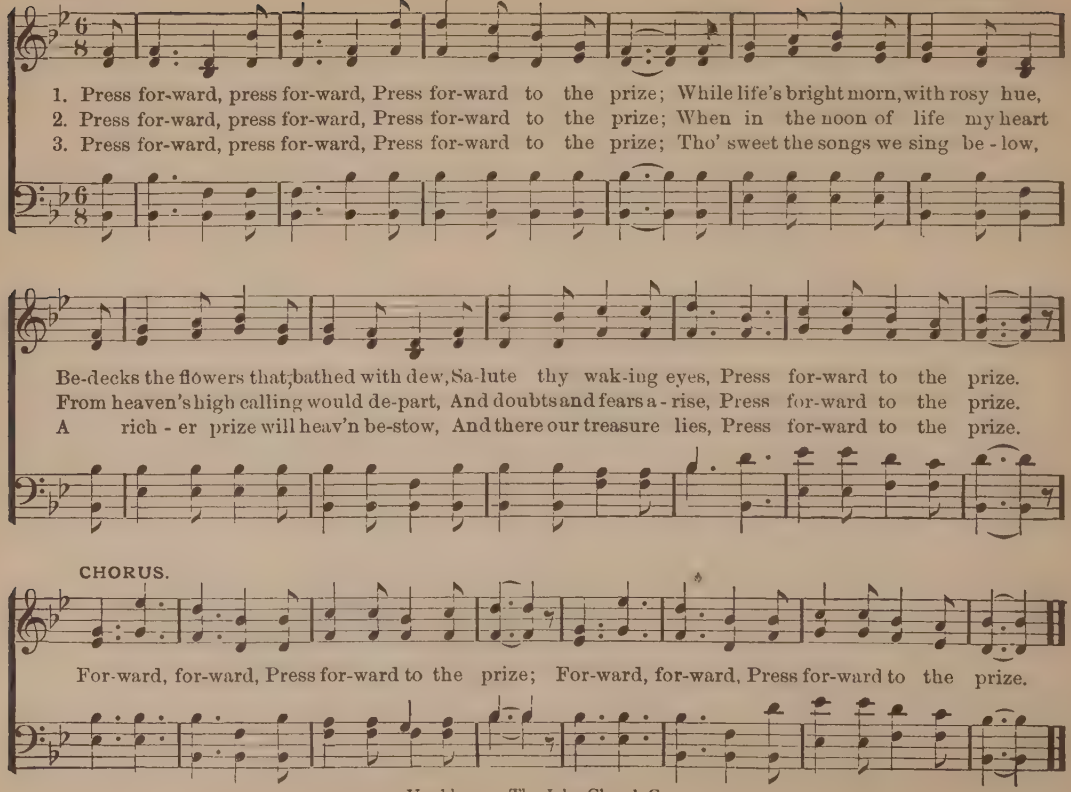
Press Forward.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Press for-ward, press for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize; While life's bright morn, with rosy hue,
2. Press for-ward, press for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize; When in the noon of life my heart
3. Press for-ward, press for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize; Tho' sweet the songs we sing be - low,
Be-decks the flowers that, bathed with dew, Sa-lute thy wak-ing eyes, Press for-ward to the prize.
From heaven's high calling would de-part, And doubts and fears a - rise, Press for-ward to the prize.
A rich - er prize will heav'n be-stow, And there our treasure lies, Press for-ward to the prize.
CHORUS.
For-ward, for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize; For-ward, for-ward, Press for-ward to the prize.

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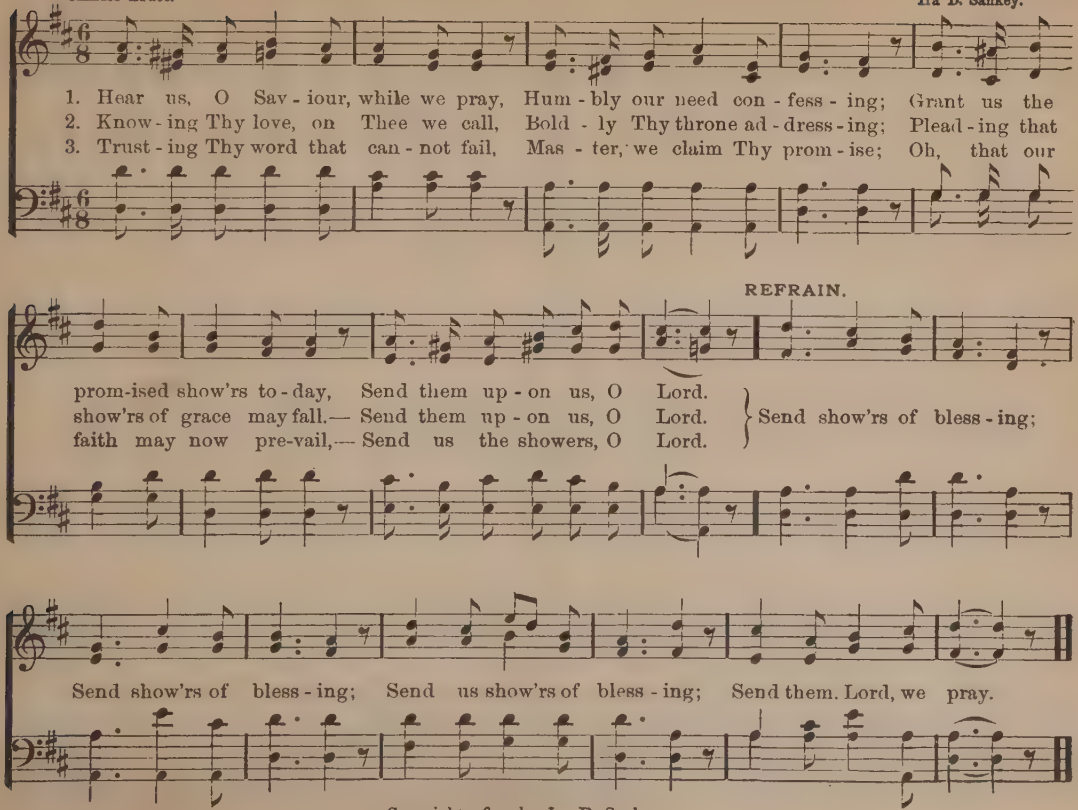
Send Us Showers of Blessing.

Charles Bruce. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Hear us, O Sav - iour, while we pray, Hum - bly our need con - fess - ing; Grant us the
2. Know - ing Thy love, on Thee we call, Bold - ly Thy throne ad - dress - ing; Plead - ing that
3. Trust - ing Thy word that can - not fail, Mas - ter, we claim Thy prom - ise; Oh, that our
REFRAIN.
prom-ised show'rs to - day, Send them up - on us, O Lord.
show'rs of grace may fall.— Send them up - on us, O Lord.
faith may now pre-vail,— Send us the showers, O Lord.
Send show'rs of bless - ing;
Send show'rs of bless - ing; Send us show'rs of bless - ing; Send them, Lord, we pray.

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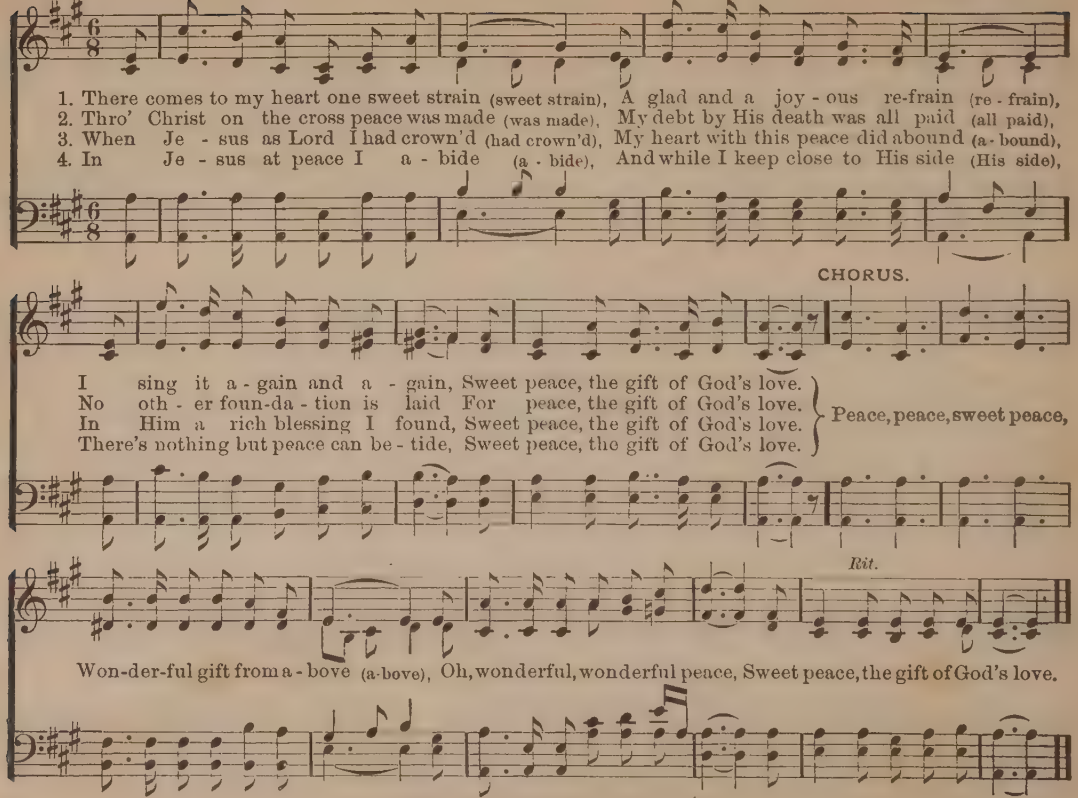
Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. Roblin. Peter Bilhorn.


1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A glad and a joy - ous re-frain (re - frain),
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My debt by His death was all paid (all paid),
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crown'd (had crown'd), My heart with this peace did abound (a - bound),
4. In Je - sus at peace I a - bide (a - bide), And while I keep close to His side (His side),
CHORUS.
I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er foun-da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In Him a rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace can be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
Peace, peace, sweet peace,
Rit.
Won-der-ful gift from a - bove (a-bove), Oh, wonderful, wonderful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

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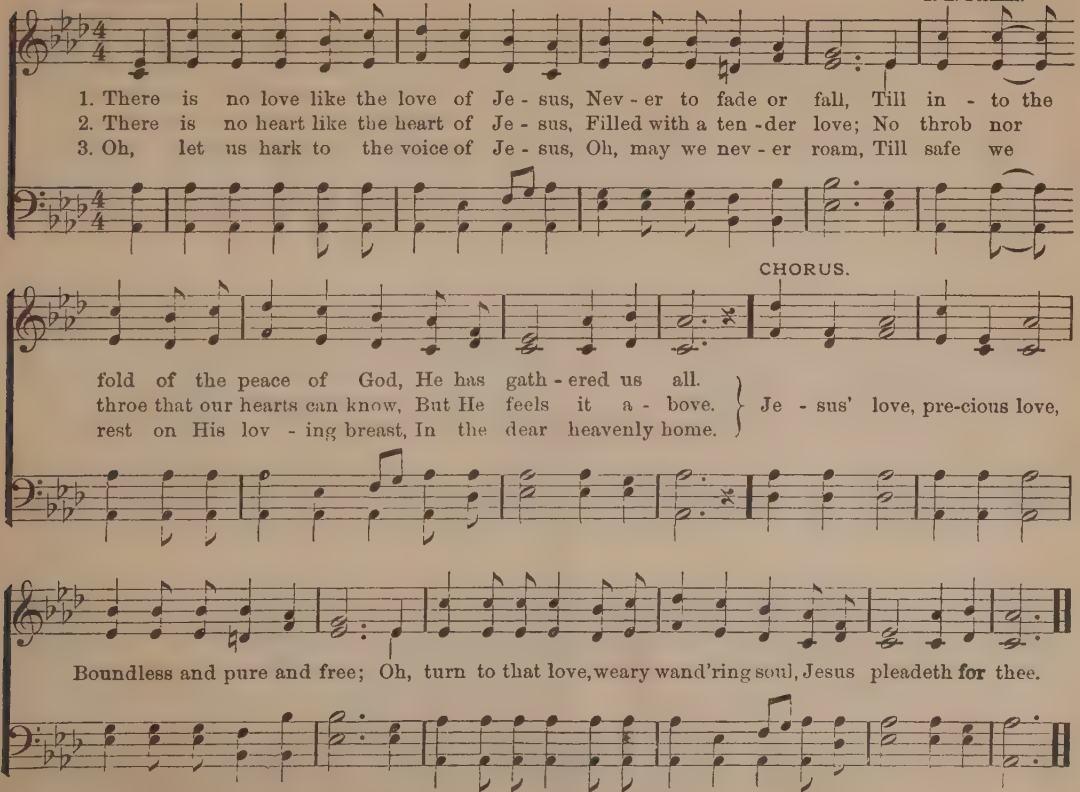
There is no Love like the Love of Jesus.

W. E. Littlewood. T. E. Perkins.


1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall, Till in - to the
2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a ten - der love; No throb nor
3. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Je - sus, Oh, may we nev - er roam, Till safe we
CHORUS.
fold of the peace of God, He has gath - ered us all.
throe that our hearts can know, But He feels it a - bove.
rest on His lov - ing breast, In the dear heavenly home.
Je - sus' love, pre-cious love,
Boundless and pure and free; Oh, turn to that love, weary wand'ring soul, Jesus pleadeth for thee.

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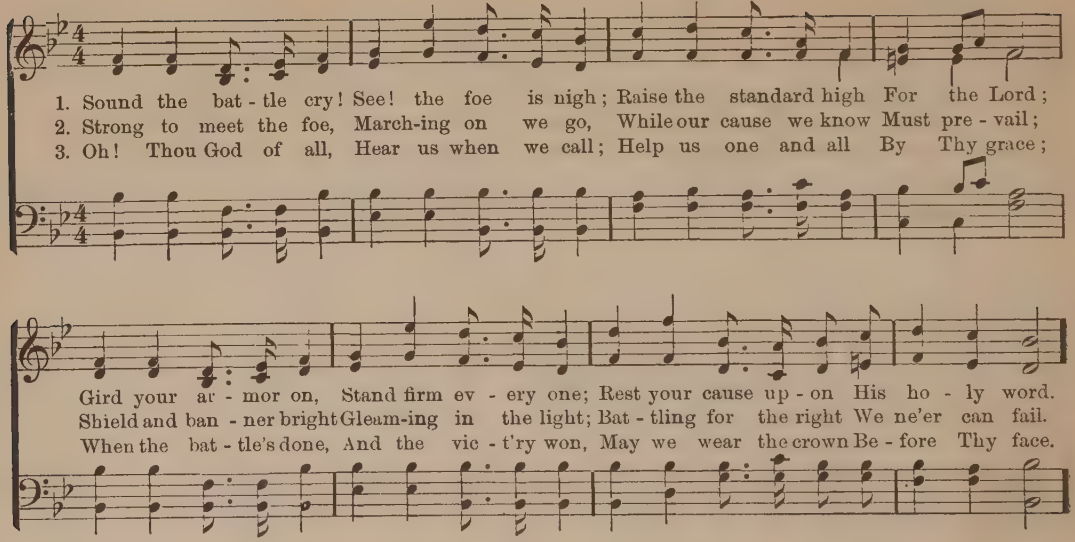
Sound the Battle Cry!

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin.


1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;
2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause we know Must pre - vail;
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all By Thy grace;
Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.
Shield and ban - ner bright Gleam-ing in the light; Bat - tling for the right We ne'er can fail.
When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won, May we wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.
CHORUS.
Rouse then, soldiers! ral - ly round the banner! Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long;

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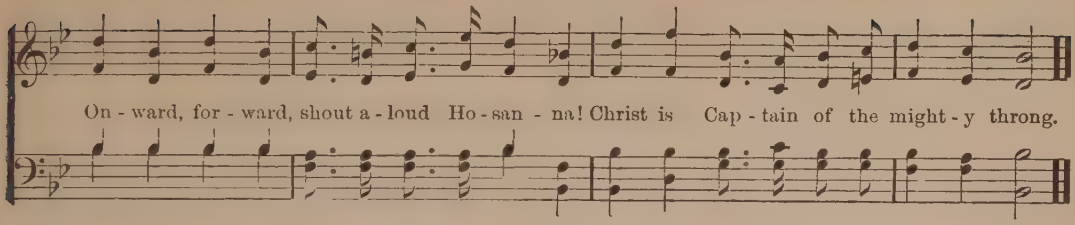
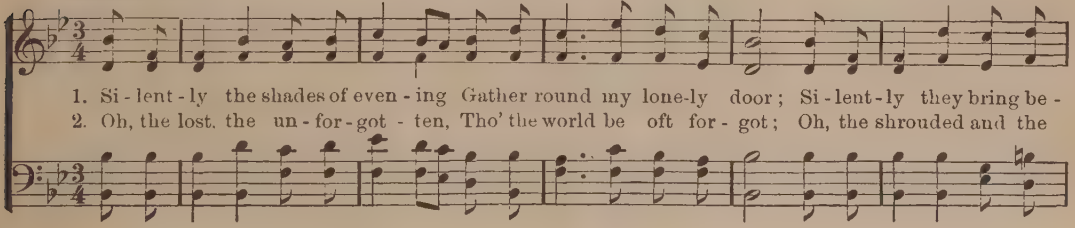
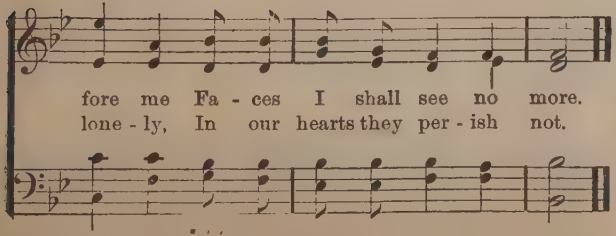


Evening Shadows.

Christopher C. Cox. Rev. D. E. Jones.


1. Si - lent - ly the shades of even - ing Gather round my lone-ly door; Si - lent - ly they bring be -
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got; Oh, the shrouded and the

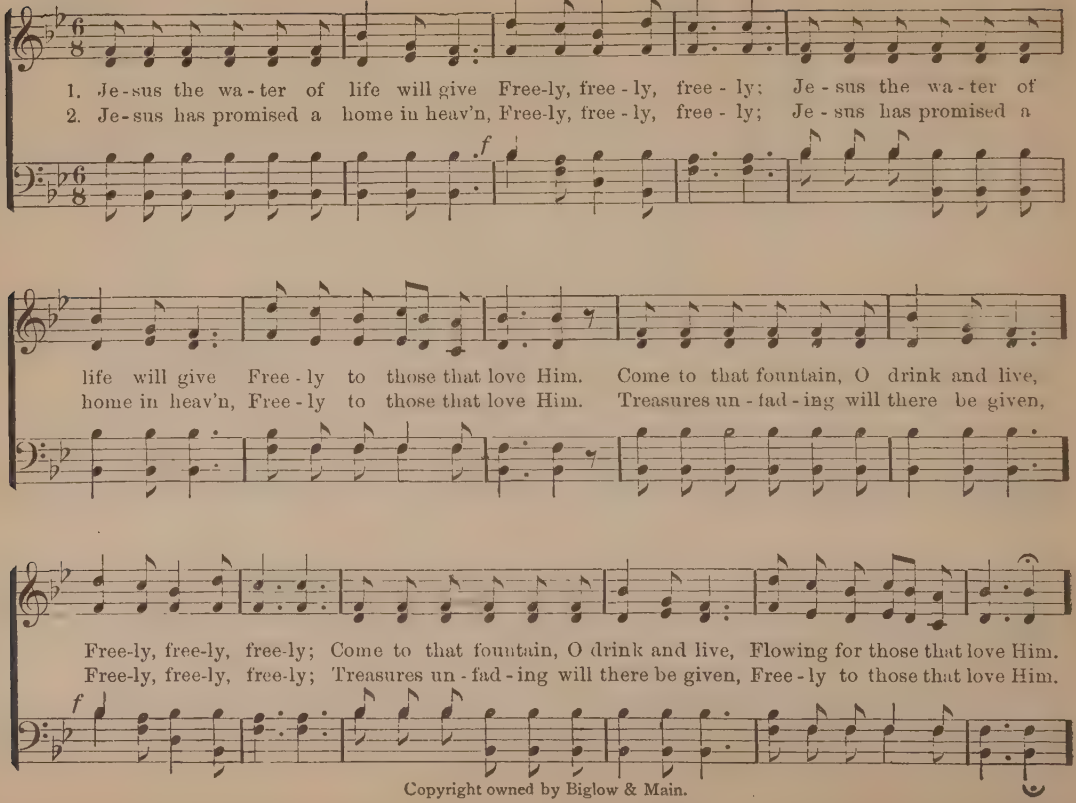


3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,—
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven,
Which we hope to gain at last.

The Water of Life.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je-sus the wa-ter of life will give Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly; Je-sus the wa-ter of
2. Je-sus has promised a home in heav'n, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly; Je-sus has promised a
f
life will give Free-ly to those that love Him. Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
home in heav'n, Free-ly to those that love Him. Treasures un-fad-ing will there be given,
Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly; Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Flowing for those that love Him.
Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly; Treasures un-fad-ing will there be given, Free-ly to those that love Him.
f

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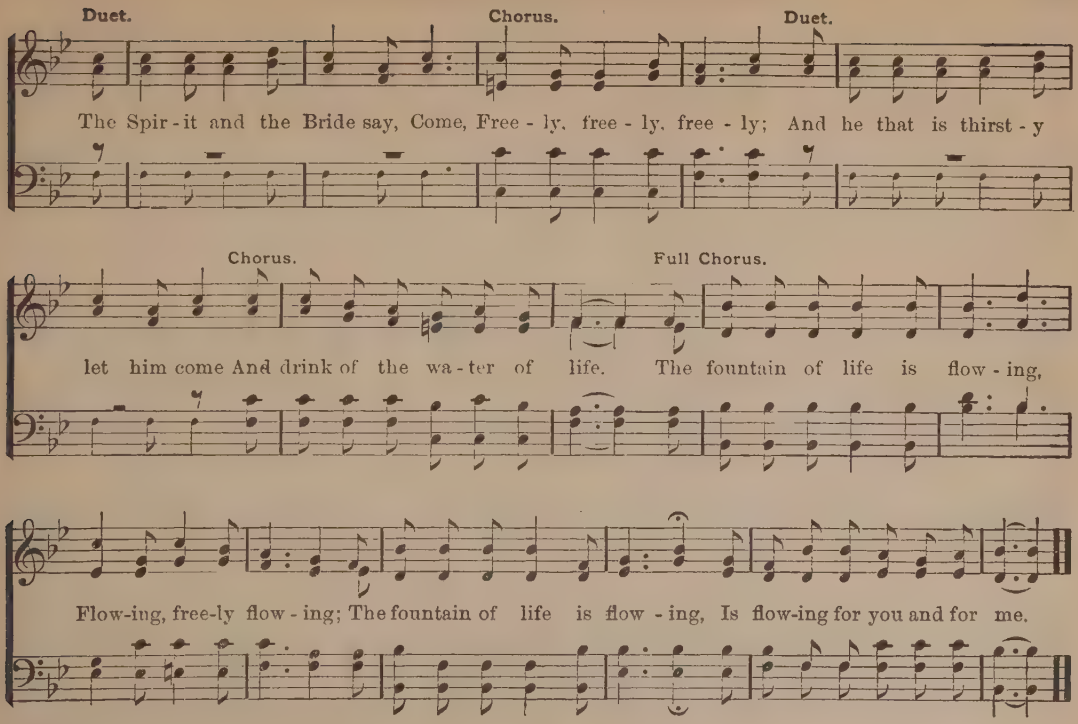
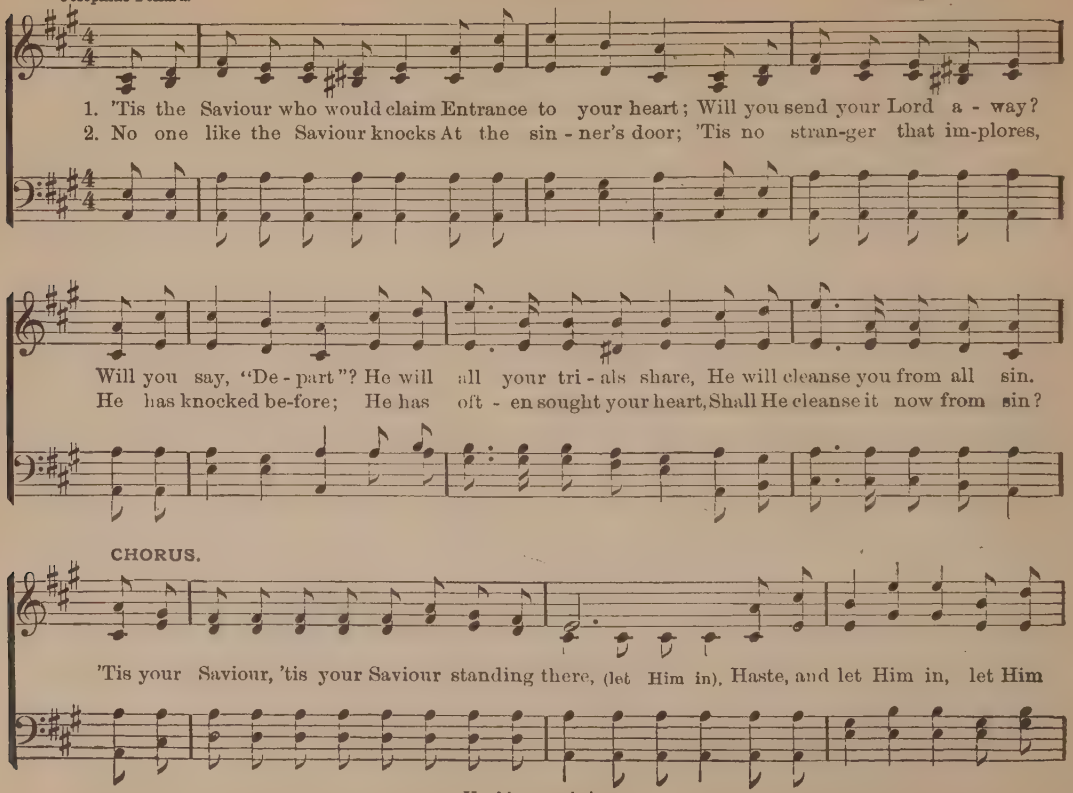

Duet.
Chorus.
Duet.
The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly; And he that is thirst - y
Chorus.
Full Chorus.
let him come And drink of the wa - ter of life. The fountain of life is flow - ing,
Flow-ing, free-ly flow - ing; The fountain of life is flow - ing, Is flow-ing for you and for me.

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love Him.

Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love Him.

Let the Saviour in.

Josephine Pollard. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.


1. 'Tis the Saviour who would claim Entrance to your heart; Will you send your Lord a - way?
2. No one like the Saviour knocks At the sin - ner's door; 'Tis no stran-ger that im-plores,
Will you say, "De - part"? He will all your tri - als share, He will cleanse you from all sin.
He has knocked be-fore; He has oft - en sought your heart, Shall He cleanse it now from sin?
CHORUS.
'Tis your Saviour, 'tis your Saviour standing there, (let Him in), Haste, and let Him in, let Him

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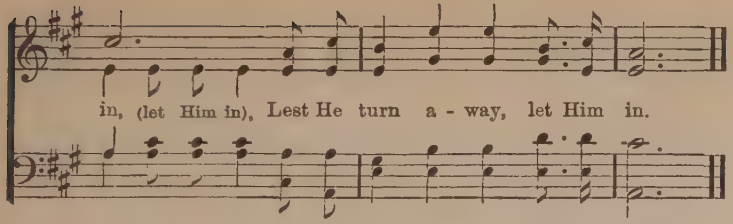
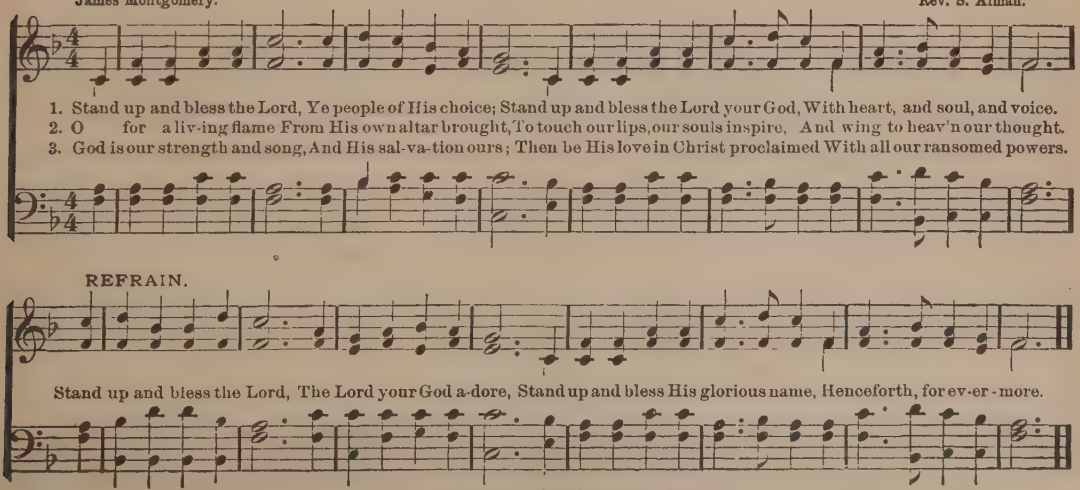


3.
O how can you bid Him wait
Till another day,
When already Jesus weeps
At the long delay?
'Twas for you that Jesus died,
And 'tis you He longs to win;
Cho.—'Tis your Saviour, etc.

Bless the Lord.

James Montgomery. Rev. S. Alman.


1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye people of His choice; Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. O for a liv-ing flame From His own altar brought, To touch our lips, our souls inspire, And wing to heav'n our thought.
3. God is our strength and song, And His sal-va-tion ours; Then be His love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransomed powers.
REFRAIN.
Stand up and bless the Lord, The Lord your God a-dore, Stand up and bless His glorious name, Henceforth, for ev-er - more.

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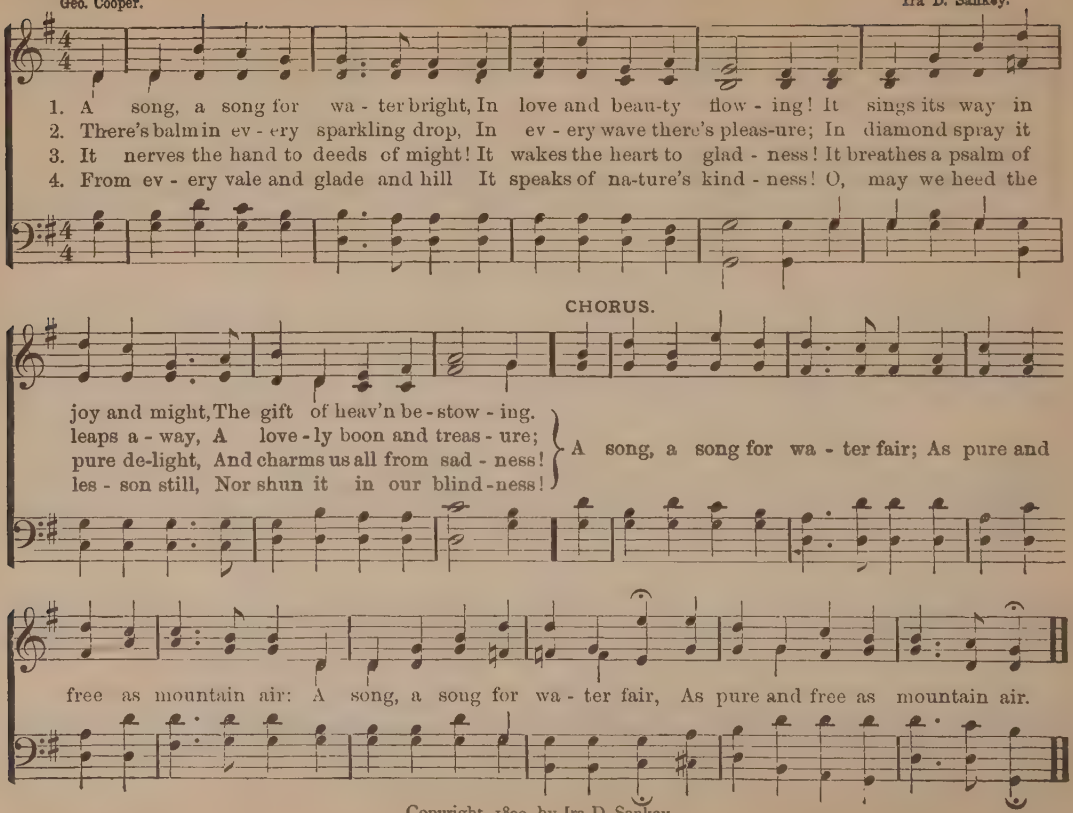
A Song for Water Bright.

Geo. Cooper. Ira D. Sankey.


1. A song, a song for wa - ter bright, In love and beau-ty flow - ing! It sings its way in
2. There's balm in ev - ery sparkling drop, In ev - ery wave there's pleas-ure; In diamond spray it
3. It nerves the hand to deeds of might! It wakes the heart to glad - ness! It breathes a psalm of
4. From ev - ery vale and glade and hill It speaks of na-ture's kind - ness! O, may we heed the
CHORUS.
joy and might, The gift of heav'n be - stow - ing.
leaps a - way, A love - ly boon and treas - ure;
pure de-light, And charms us all from sad - ness!
les - son still, Nor shun it in our blind - ness!
A song, a song for wa - ter fair; As pure and
free as mountain air: A song, a song for wa - ter fair, As pure and free as mountain air.

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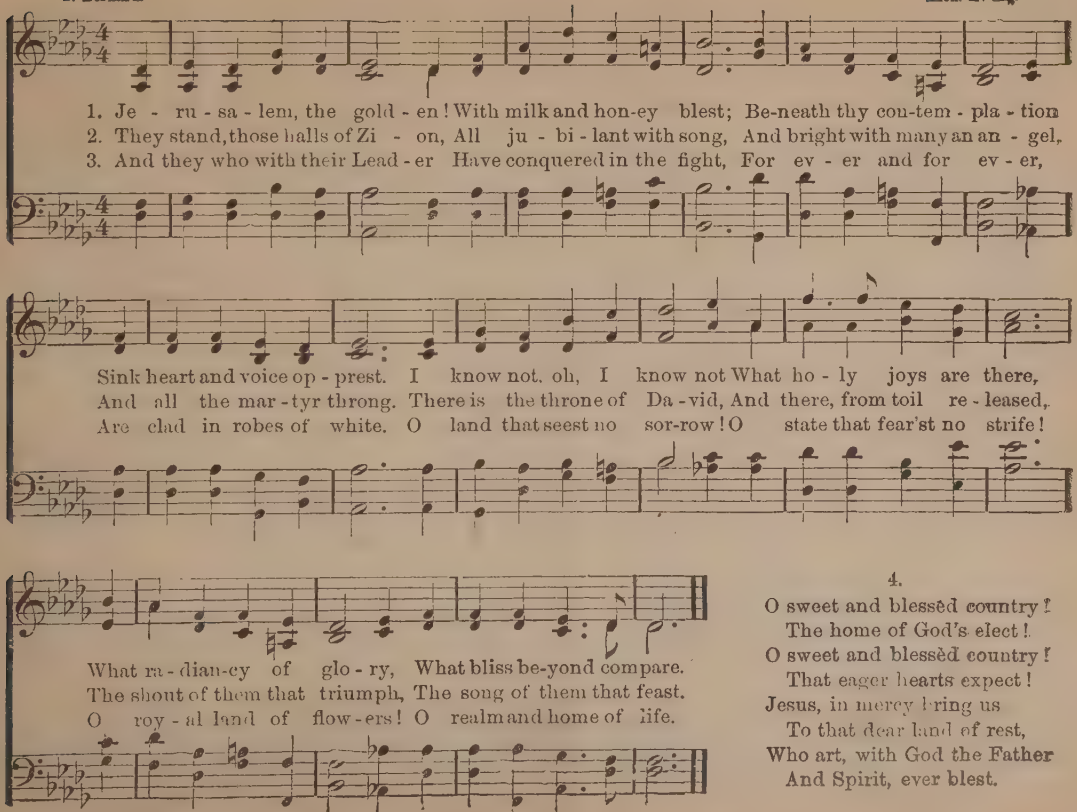
Jerusalem, the Golden!

S. Bernard. Alex. Ewing.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon-ey blest; Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel,
3. And they who with their Lead - er Have conquered in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er,
Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not What ho - ly joys are there,
And all the mar - tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,
Are clad in robes of white. O land that seest no sor-row! O state that fear'st no strife!
What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond compare.
The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.
O roy - al land of flow - ers! O realm and home of life.

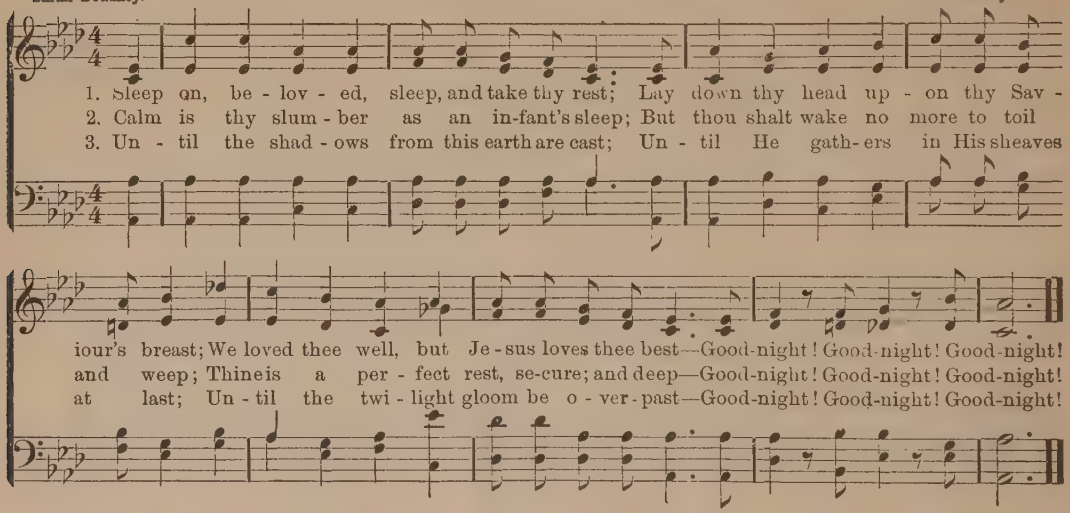
4.

O sweet and blessèd country!
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country!
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

The Christian's "Good-Night."

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good-night," so sure were they of their awakening on the "Resurrection Morning."

Sarah Doudney. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy head up - on thy Sav - iour's breast; We loved thee well, but Je - sus loves thee best—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in-fant's sleep; But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep; Thine is a per - fect rest, se-cure; and deep—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
3. Un - til the shad - ows from this earth are cast; Un - til He gath-ers in His sheaves at last; Un - til the twi - light gloom be o - ver - past—Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

5 Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

6 Only "good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible—
Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

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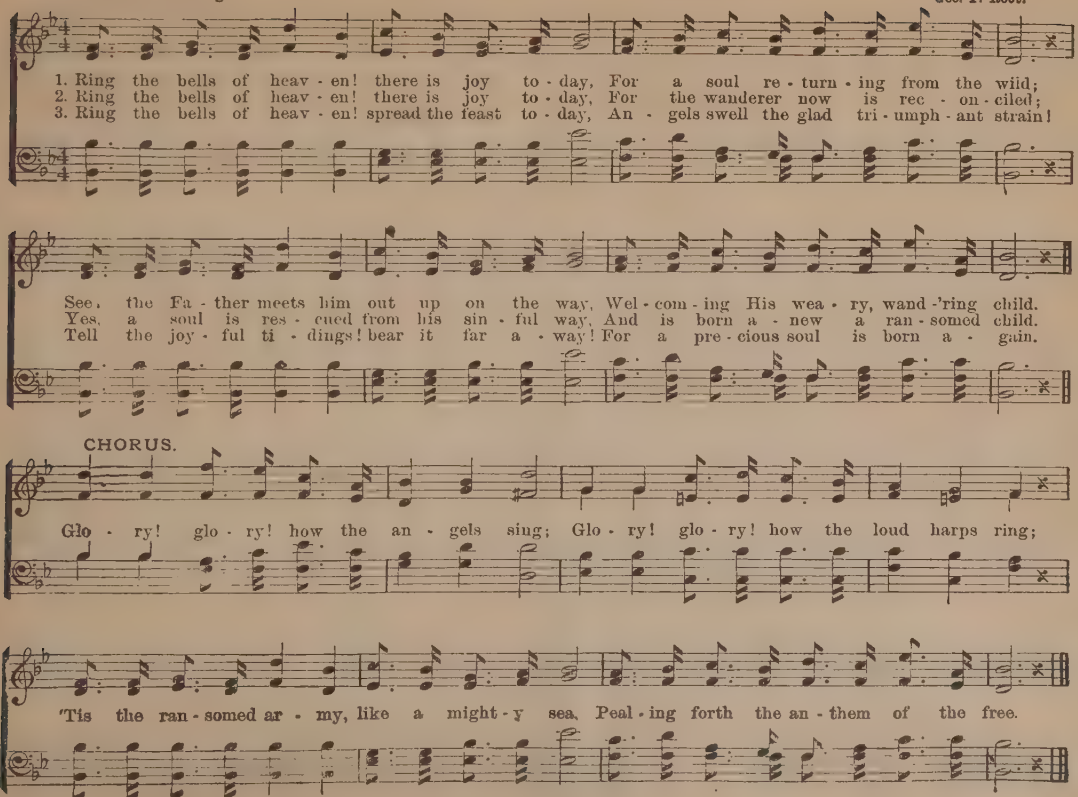
Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.


1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re - turn - ing from the wild;
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wanderer now is rec - on - ciled;
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels swell the glad tri - umph - ant strain!
See, the Fa - ther meets him out up on the way, Wel - com - ing His wea - ry, wand -'ring child.
Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ran - somed child.
Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way! For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;
'Tis the ran - somed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.

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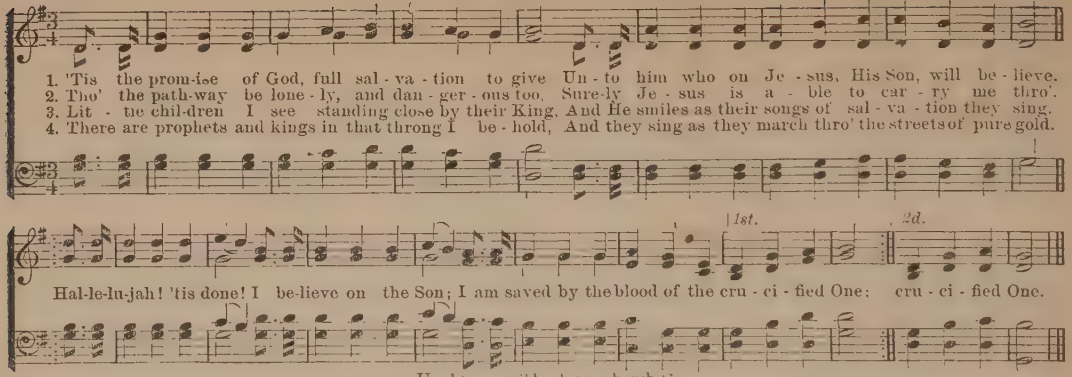
Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

P. P. Bliss.


1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
2. Tho' the path-way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure-ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me thro'.
3. Lit - tle chil-dren I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their songs of sal - va - tion they sing.
4. There are prophets and kings in that throng I be - hold, And they sing as they march thro' the streets of pure gold.
1st.
2d.
Hal-le-lu-jah! 'tis done! I be-lieve on the Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

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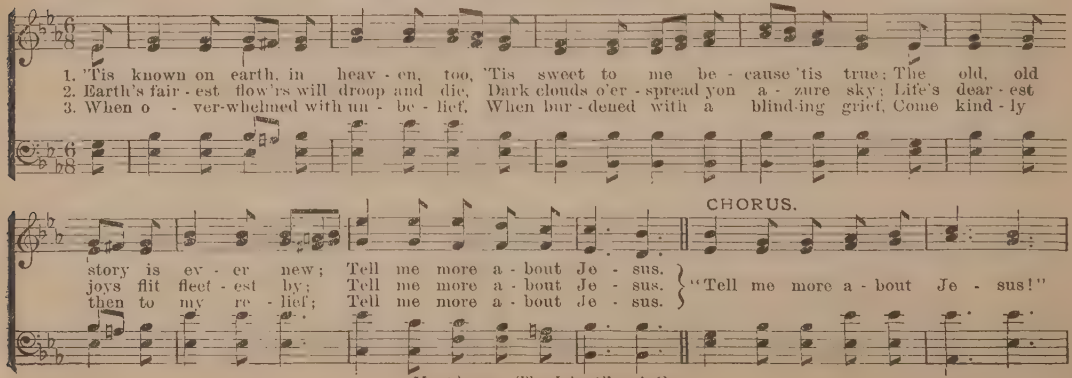
P. P. Bliss.

Tell me More about Jesus.

James McGranahan.


1. 'Tis known on earth, in heav - en, too, 'Tis sweet to me be - cause 'tis true; The old, old
2. Earth's fair - est flow'rs will droop and die, Dark clouds o'er - spread yon a - zure sky; Life's dear - est
3. When o - ver-whelmed with un - be - lief, When bur - dened with a blind-ing grief, Come kind - ly
CHORUS.
story is ev - er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
joys flit fleet - est by; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
then to my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
"Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!"

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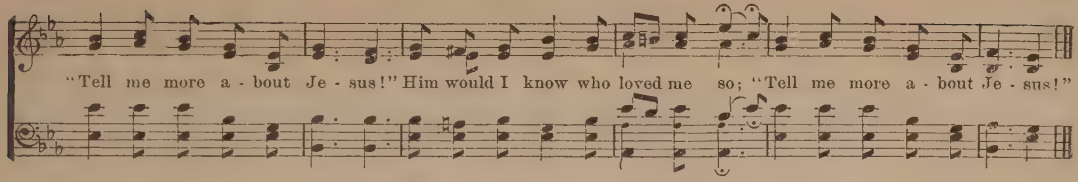
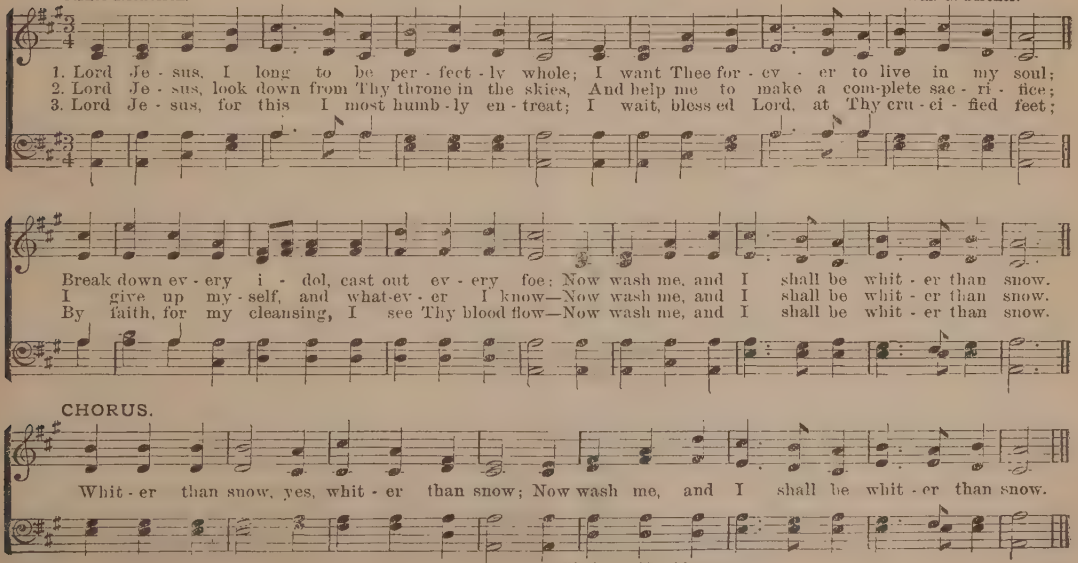


Whiter than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice;
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humb - ly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet;
Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
I give up my - self, and what-ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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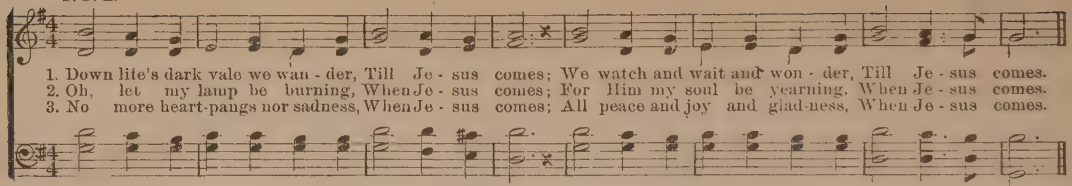
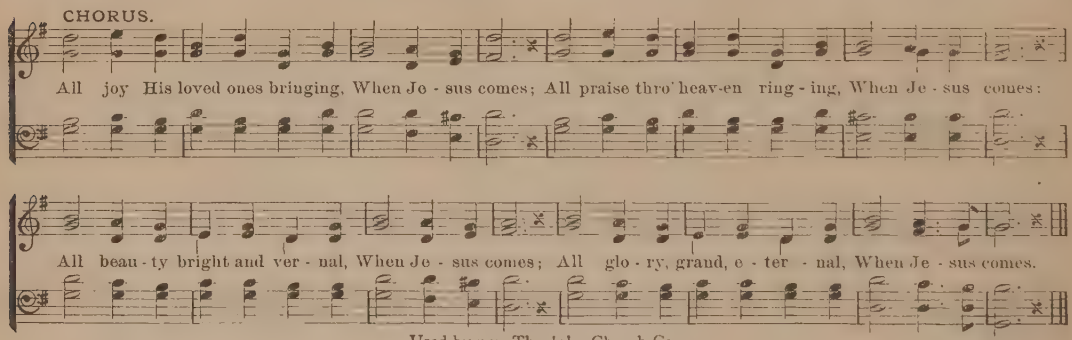
When Jesus Comes.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Down life's dark vale we wan - der, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and wait and won - der, Till Je - sus comes.
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning, When Je - sus comes; For Him my soul be yearning. When Je - sus comes.
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Je - sus comes; All peace and joy and glad-ness, When Je - sus comes.


CHORUS.
All joy His loved ones bringing, When Je - sus comes; All praise thro' heav-en ring - ing, When Je - sus comes:
All beau - ty bright and ver - nal, When Je - sus comes; All glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

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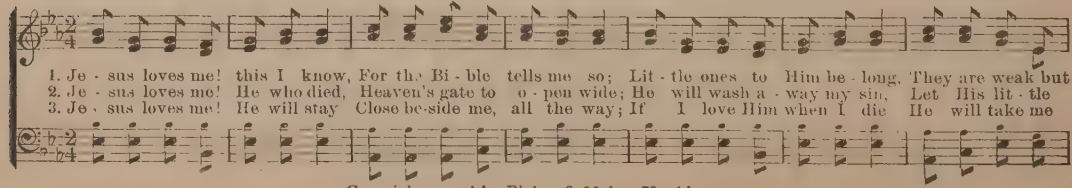
Anna B. Warner.

Jesus Loves Me!

Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak but
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle
3. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be-side me, all the way; If I love Him when I die He will take me

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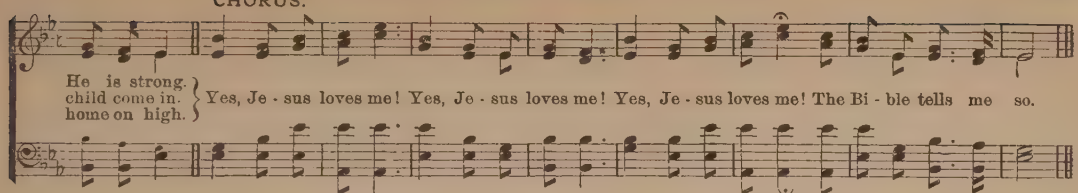
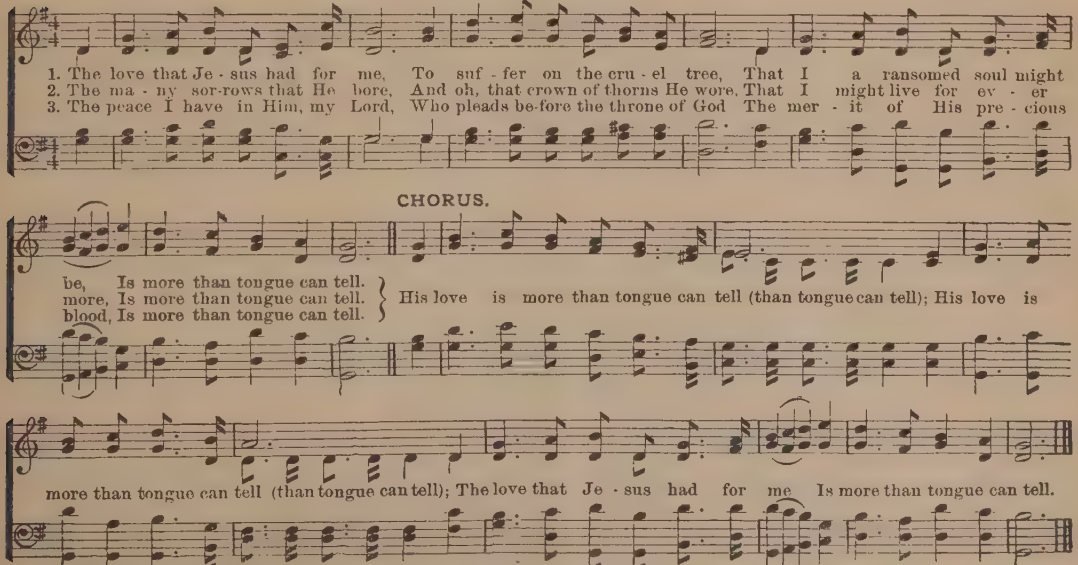


More than Tongue can Tell.

J. E. H., arr. J. E. Hall.


1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree, That I a ransomed soul might
2. The ma - ny sor-rows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He wore, That I might live for ev - er
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be-fore the throne of God The mer - it of His pre - cious
CHORUS.
be, Is more than tongue can tell.
more, Is more than tongue can tell.
blood, Is more than tongue can tell.
His love is more than tongue can tell (than tongue can tell); His love is
more than tongue can tell (than tongue can tell); The love that Je - sus had for me Is more than tongue can tell.

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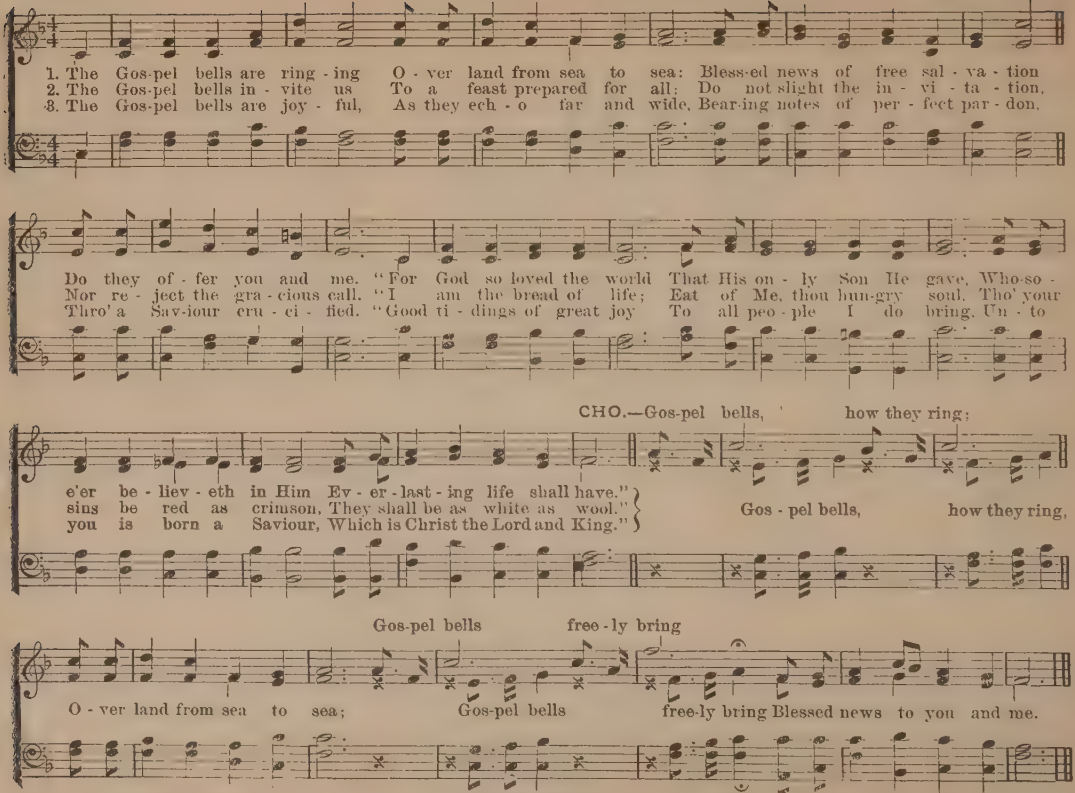
The Gospel Bells.

S. W. M.

S. Wesley Martin.


1. The Gos-pel bells are ring - ing O - ver land from sea to sea: Bless-ed news of free sal - va - tion
2. The Gos-pel bells in - vite us To a feast prepared for all; Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion,
3. The Gos-pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and wide, Bear-ing notes of per - fect par - don,
Do they of - fer you and me. "For God so loved the world That His on - ly Son He gave, Who so -
Nor re - ject the gra - cious call. "I am the bread of life; Eat of Me, thou hun-gry soul, Tho' your
Thro' a Sav-iour cru - ci - fied. "Good ti - dings of great joy To all peo - ple I do bring, Un - to
CHO.—Gos-pel bells, how they ring;
e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."
sins be red as crimson, They shall be as white as wool."
you is born a Saviour, Which is Christ the Lord and King."
Gos - pel bells, how they ring,
Gos-pel bells free - ly bring
O - ver land from sea to sea; Gos-pel bells free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.

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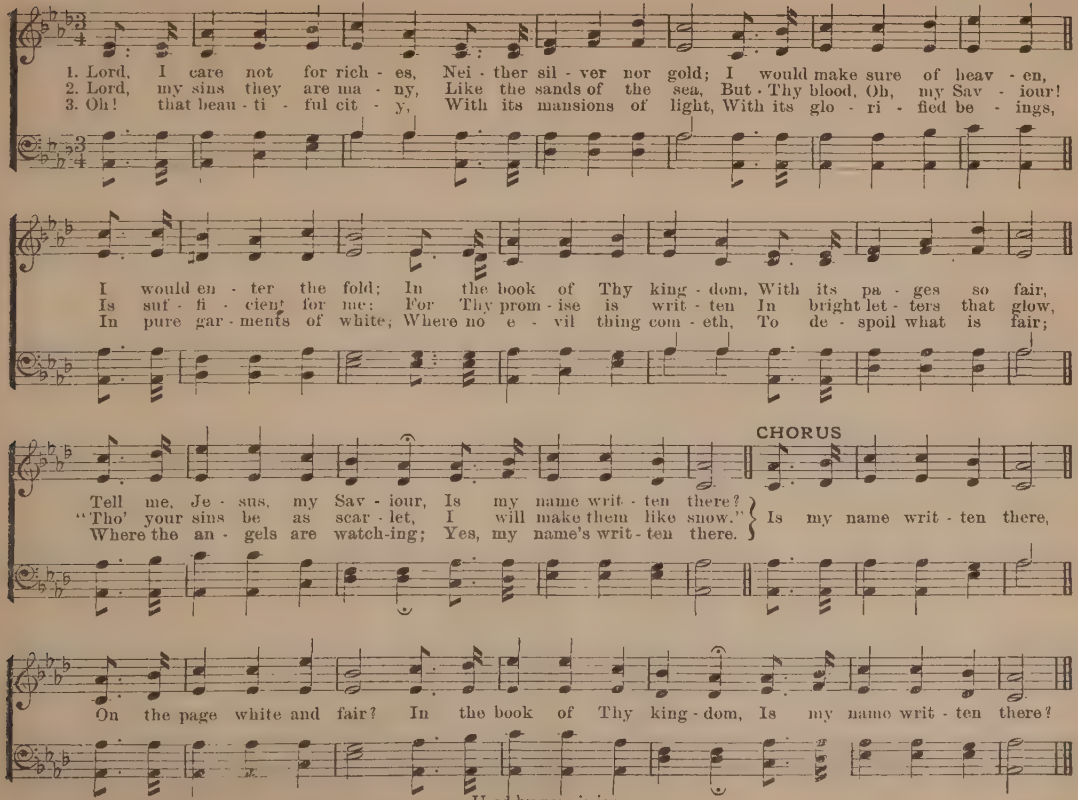
Is My Name Written There? 201

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Frank M. Davis.


1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of heav - en,
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, Oh, my Sav - iour!
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied be - ings,
I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow,
In pure gar - ments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;
CHORUS
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch-ing; Yes, my name's writ - ten there.
Is my name writ - ten there,
On the page white and fair? In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

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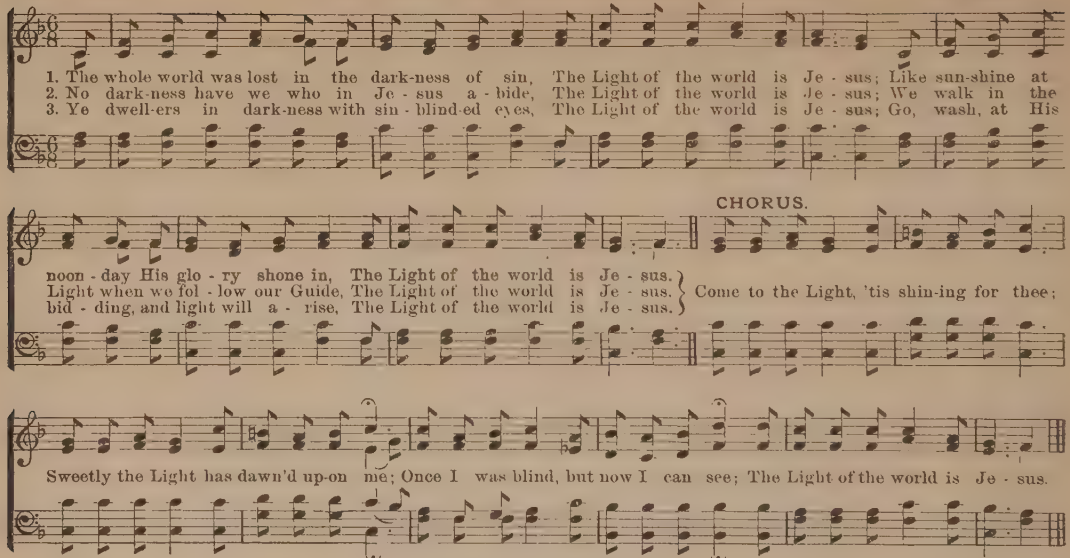
202 P. P. B. The Light of the World is Jesus. P. P. Bliss.


1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin, The Light of the world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus; We walk in the
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin - blind-ed eyes, The Light of the world is Je - sus; Go, wash, at His
CHORUS.
noon - day His glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Light when we fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
bid - ding, and light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawn'd up-on me; Once I was blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je - sus.

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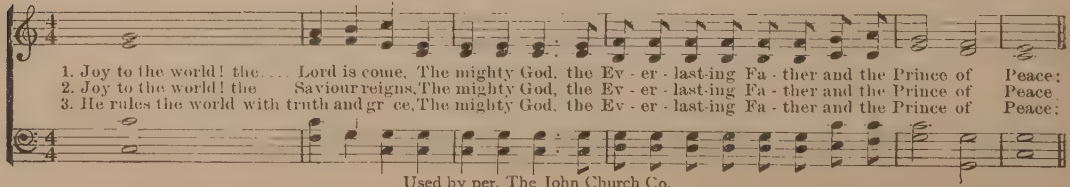
I. Watts, arr. **Joy to the World.** Geo. F. Root.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come, The mighty God, the Ev - er - last-ing Fa - ther and the Prince of Peace;
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns, The mighty God, the Ev - er - last-ing Fa - ther and the Prince of Peace;
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, The mighty God, the Ev - er - last-ing Fa - ther and the Prince of Peace;

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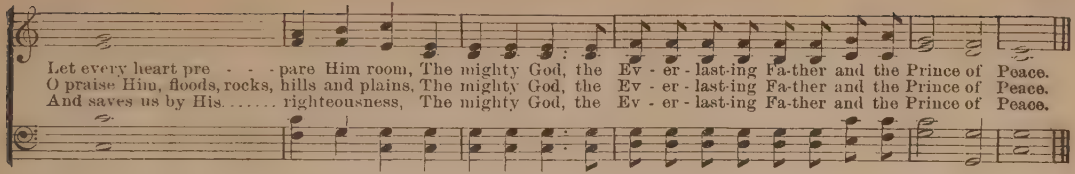
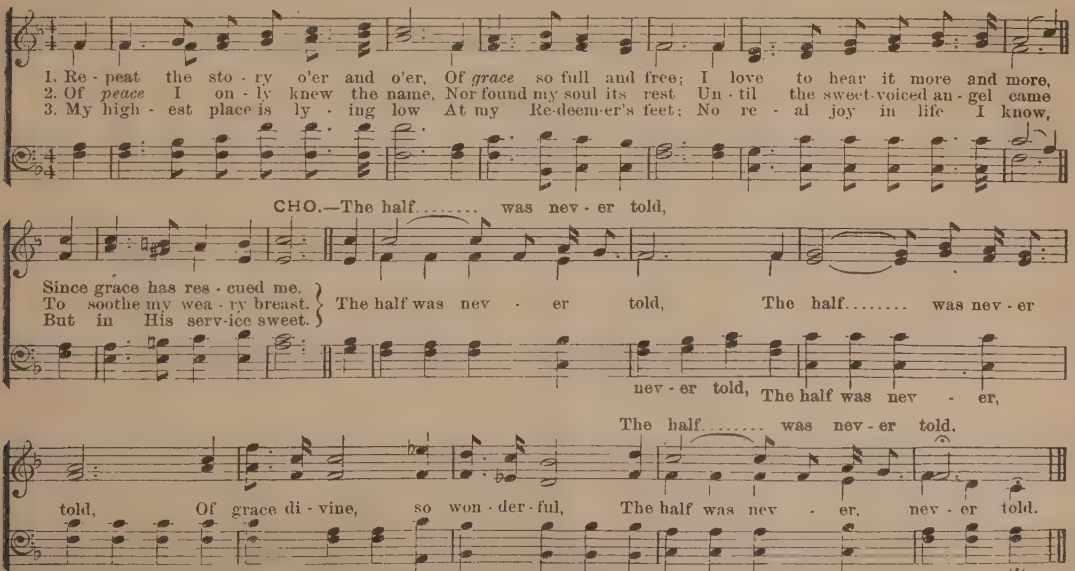
Joy to the World.—Concluded.


Let every heart pre - - - pare Him room, The mighty God, the Ev - er - last-ing Fa-ther and the Prince of Peace.
O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills and plains, The mighty God, the Ev - er - last-ing Fa-ther and the Prince of Peace.
And saves us by His..... righteousness, The mighty God, the Ev - er - last-ing Fa-ther and the Prince of Peace.

P. P. B.

The Half was Never Told.

P. P. Bliss.


1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free; I love to hear it more and more,
2. Of peace I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest Un - til the sweet-voiced an - gel came
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet; No re - al joy in life I know,
CHO.—The half..... was nev - er told,
Since grace has res - cued me.
To soothe my wea - ry breast.
But in His serv-ice sweet.
The half was nev - er told, The half..... was nev - er
nev - er told, The half was nev - er,
The half..... was nev - er told.
told, Of grace di - vine, so won - der - ful, The half was nev - er, nev - er told.
nev - er told. Of grace di - vine, so won - der - ful,

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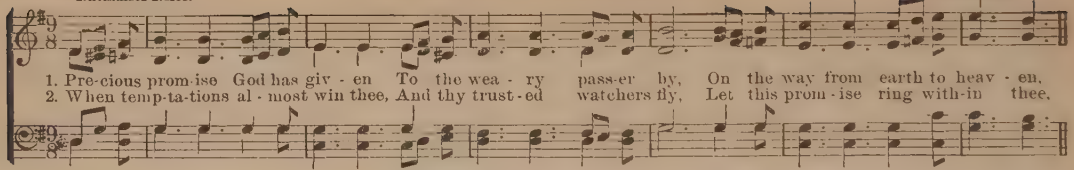
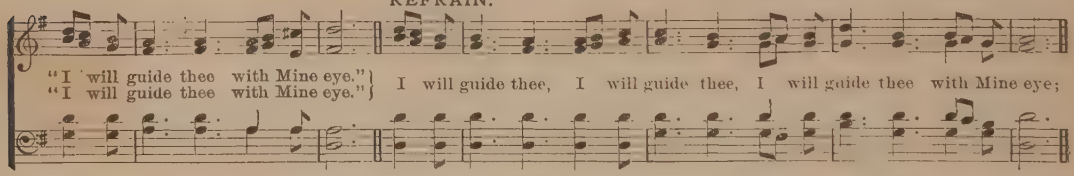
Precious Promise.

Nathaniel Niles. P. P. Bliss.


1. Pre-cious prom-ise God has giv - en To the wea - ry pass-er by, On the way from earth to heav - en,
2. When temp-ta-tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watchers fly, Let this prom - ise ring with-in thee,

REFRAIN.


"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heav - en, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

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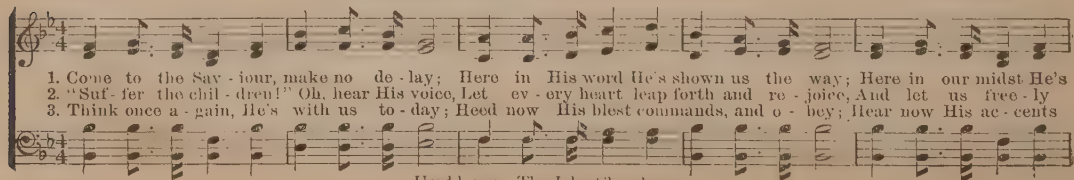
Come to the Saviour.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.


1. Come to the Sav - iour, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way; Here in our midst He's
2. "Suf - fer the chil - dren!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev - ery heart leap forth and re - joice, And let us free - ly
3. Think once a - gain, He's with us to - day; Heed now His blest commands, and o - bey; Hear now His ac - cents

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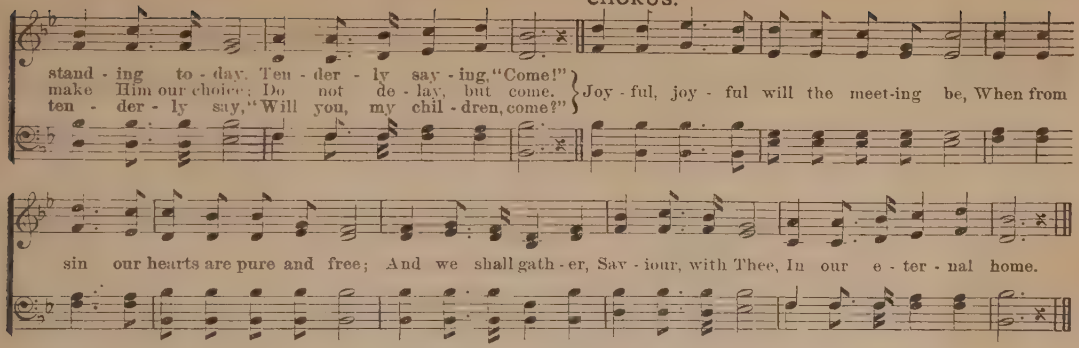
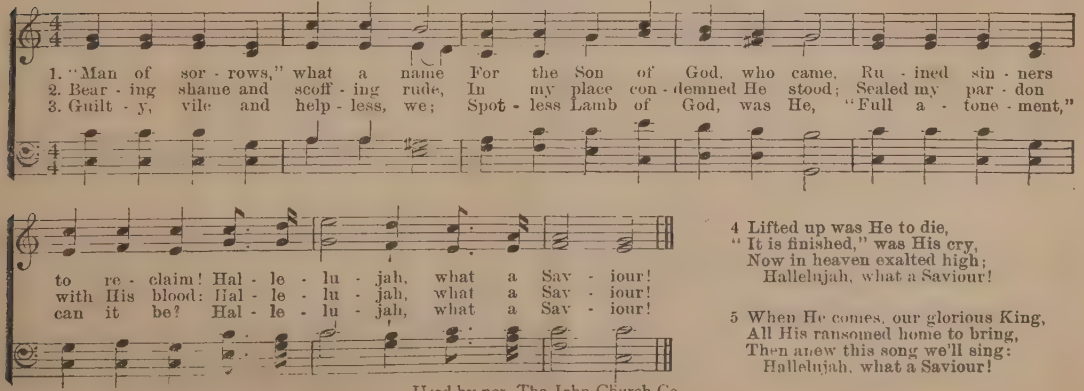
CHORUS.


stand - ing to - day. Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!"
make Him our choice; Do not de - lay, but come.
ten - der - ly say, "Will you, my chil - dren, come?"
Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meet-ing be, When from
sin our hearts are pure and free; And we shall gath - er, Sav - iour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

P. P. B.

Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

P. P. Bliss.


1. "Man of sor - rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came, Ru - ined sin - ners
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con - demned He stood; Sealed my par - don
3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less, we; Spot - less Lamb of God, was He, "Full a - tone - ment,"
to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!
with His blood: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!
can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!

4 Lifted up was He to die,
"It is finished," was His cry,
Now in heaven exalted high;
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

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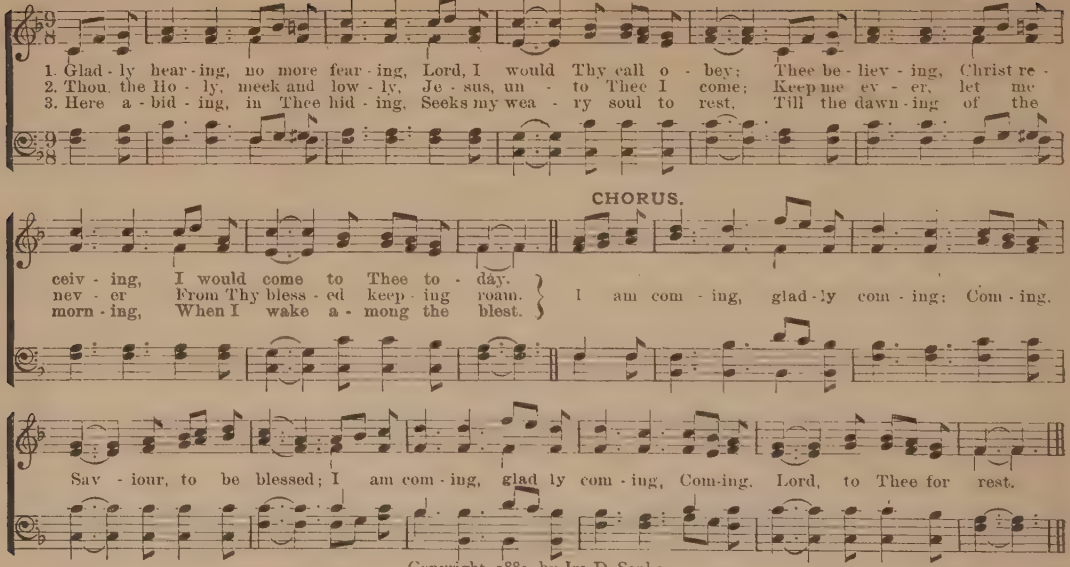
I am Coming.

Helen R. Young. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Glad - ly hear - ing, no more fear - ing, Lord, I would Thy call o - bey; Thee be - liev - ing, Christ re -
2. Thou, the Ho - ly, meek and low - ly, Je - sus, un - to Thee I come; Keep me ev - er, let me
3. Here a - bid - ing, in Thee hid - ing, Seeks my wea - ry soul to rest, Till the dawn - ing of the
CHORUS.
ceiv - ing, I would come to Thee to - day.
nev - er From Thy bless - ed keep - ing roam.
morn - ing, When I wake a - mong the blest.
I am com - ing, glad - ly com - ing; Com - ing.
Sav - iour, to be blessed; I am com - ing, glad ly com - ing, Com-ing. Lord, to Thee for rest.

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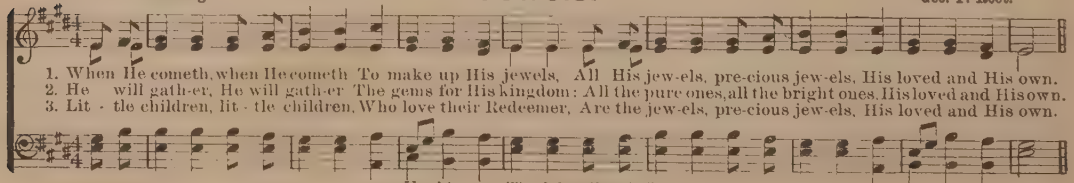
Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.


1. When He cometh, when He cometh To make up His jewels, All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His kingdom: All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
3. Lit - tle children, lit - tle children, Who love their Redeemer, Are the jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.

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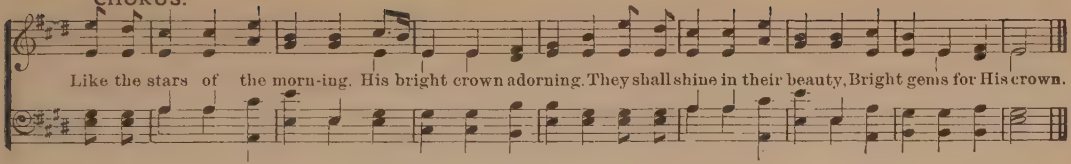
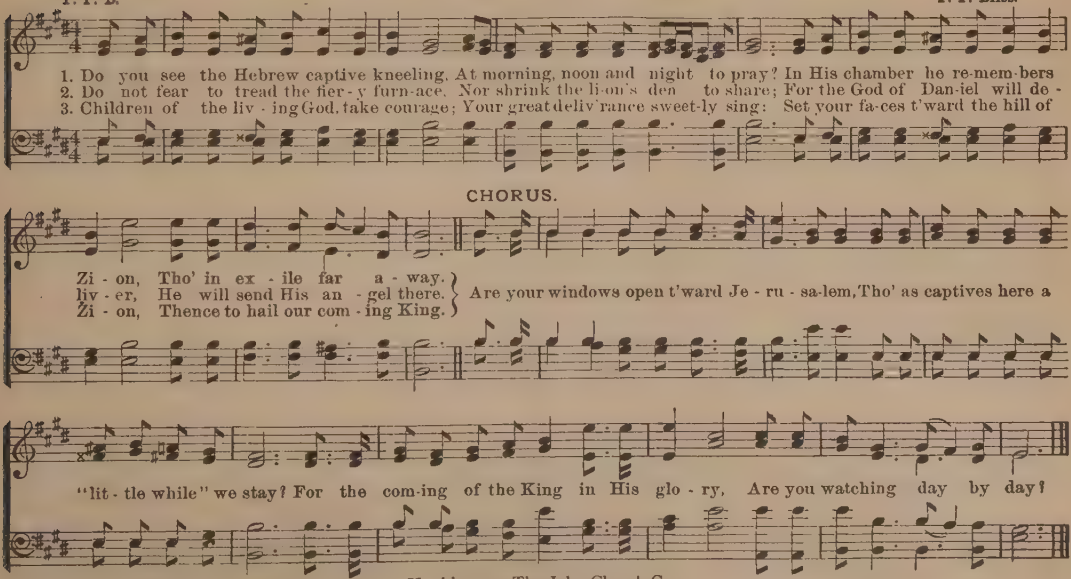
CHORUS.



Windows Open toward Jerusalem.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling, At morning, noon and night to pray? In His chamber he re-mem-bers
2. Do not fear to tread the fier-y furn-ace, Nor shrink the li-on's den to share; For the God of Dan-iel will de-
3. Children of the liv-ing God, take courage; Your great deliv'rance sweet-ly sing: Set your fa-ces t'ward the hill of
CHORUS.
Zi-on, Tho' in ex-ile far a-way.
liv-er, He will send His an-gel there.
Zi-on, Thence to hail our com-ing King.
Are your windows open t'ward Je-ru-sa-lem, Tho' as captives here a
"lit-tle while" we stay? For the com-ing of the King in His glo-ry, Are you watching day by day?

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Who is on the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life - blood,
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the war - rior - psalm; But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died,
For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless - ing fill - ing All who come to Thee,
CHORUS.
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? By Thy

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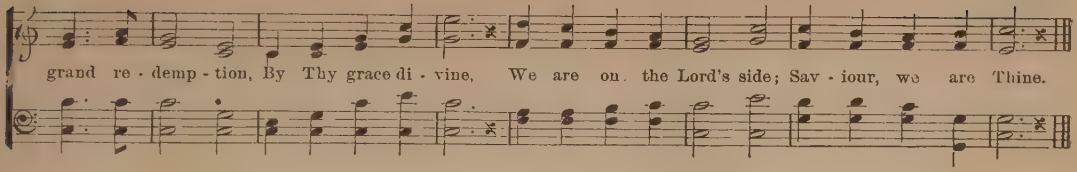
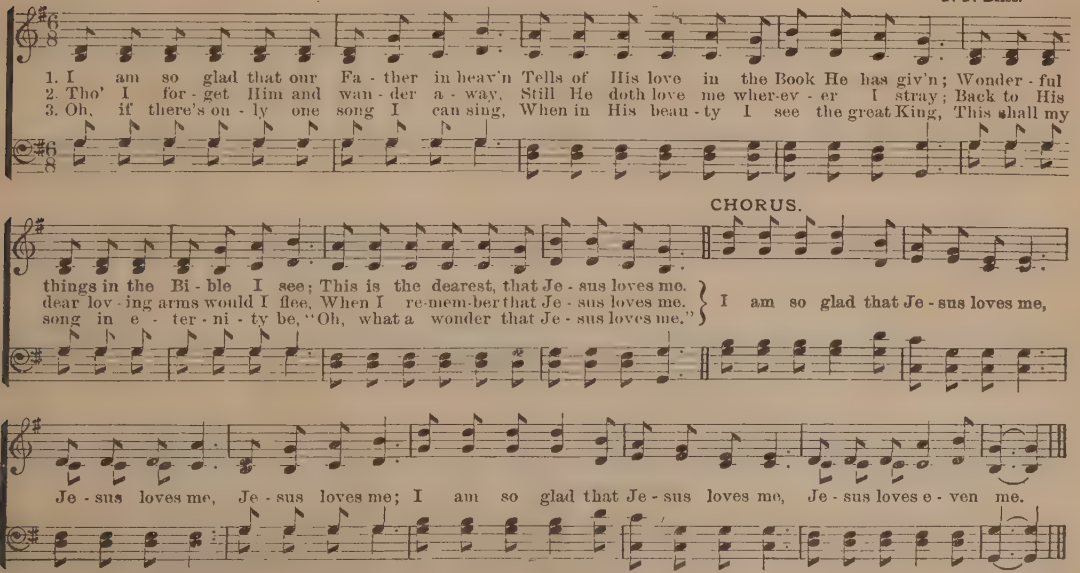


Jesus Loves even Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n; Wonder - ful
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-ev - er I stray; Back to His
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I see the great King, This shall my
CHORUS.
things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dearest, that Je - sus loves me.
dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je - sus loves me.
song in e - ter - ni - ty be, "Oh, what a wonder that Je - sus loves me."
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me,
Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.

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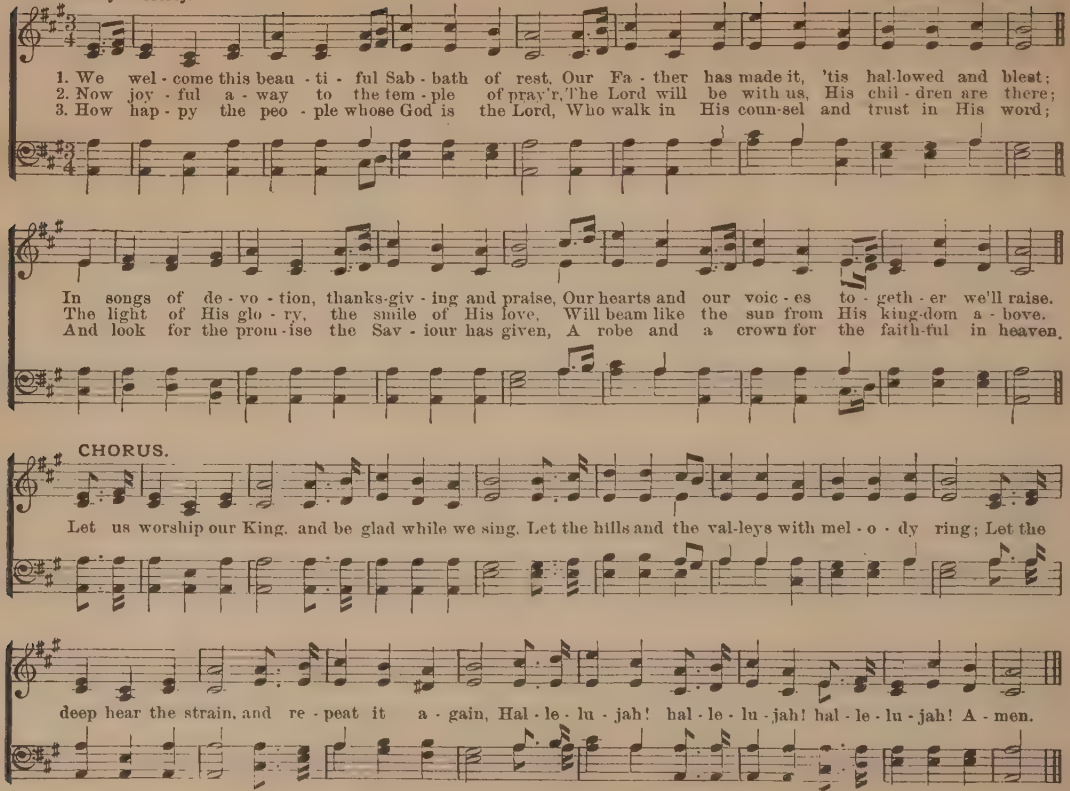
Sabbath Welcome.

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.


1. We wel - come this beau - ti - ful Sab - bath of rest, Our Fa - ther has made it, 'tis hal-lowed and blest;
2. Now joy - ful a - way to the tem - ple of prav'r, The Lord will be with us, His chil - dren are there;
3. How hap - py the peo - ple whose God is the Lord, Who walk in His coun-sel and trust in His word;
In songs of de - vo - tion, thanks-giv - ing and praise, Our hearts and our voic - es to - geth - er we'll raise.
The light of His glo - ry, the smile of His love, Will beam like the sun from His king-dom a - bove.
And look for the prom - ise the Sav - iour has given, A robe and a crown for the faith-ful in heaven.
CHORUS.
Let us worship our King, and be glad while we sing. Let the hills and the val-leys with mel - o - dy ring; Let the
deep hear the strain, and re - peat it a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

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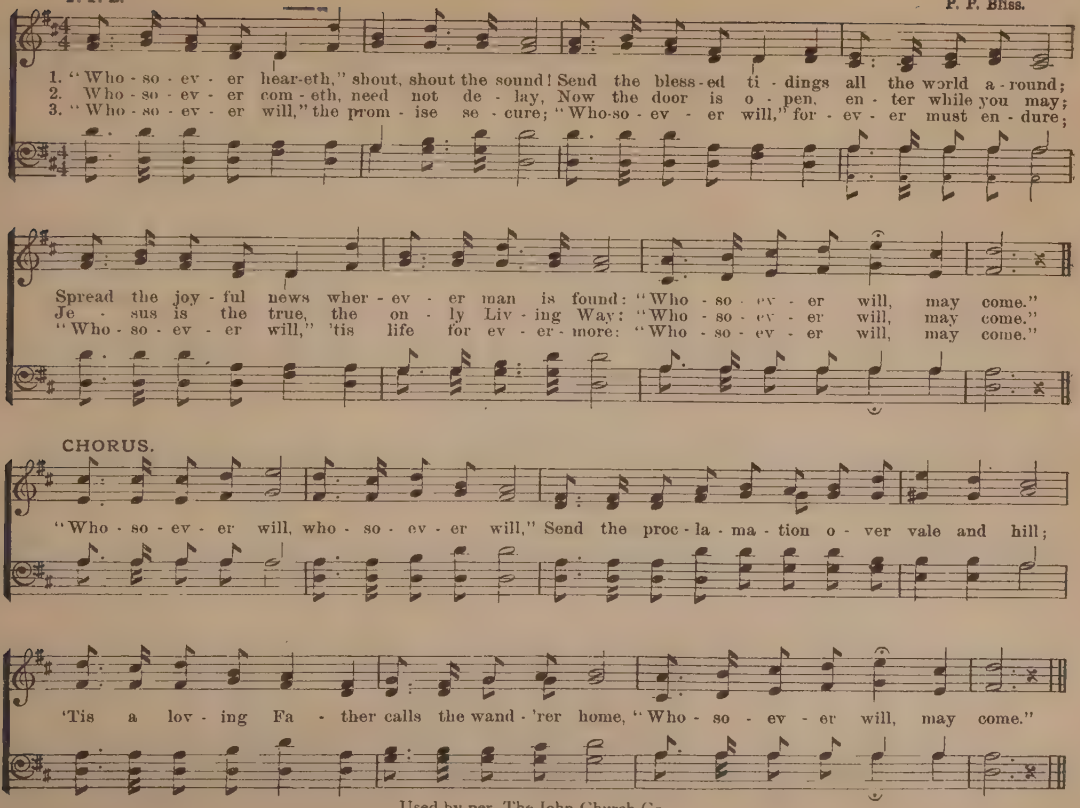
"Whosoever Will."

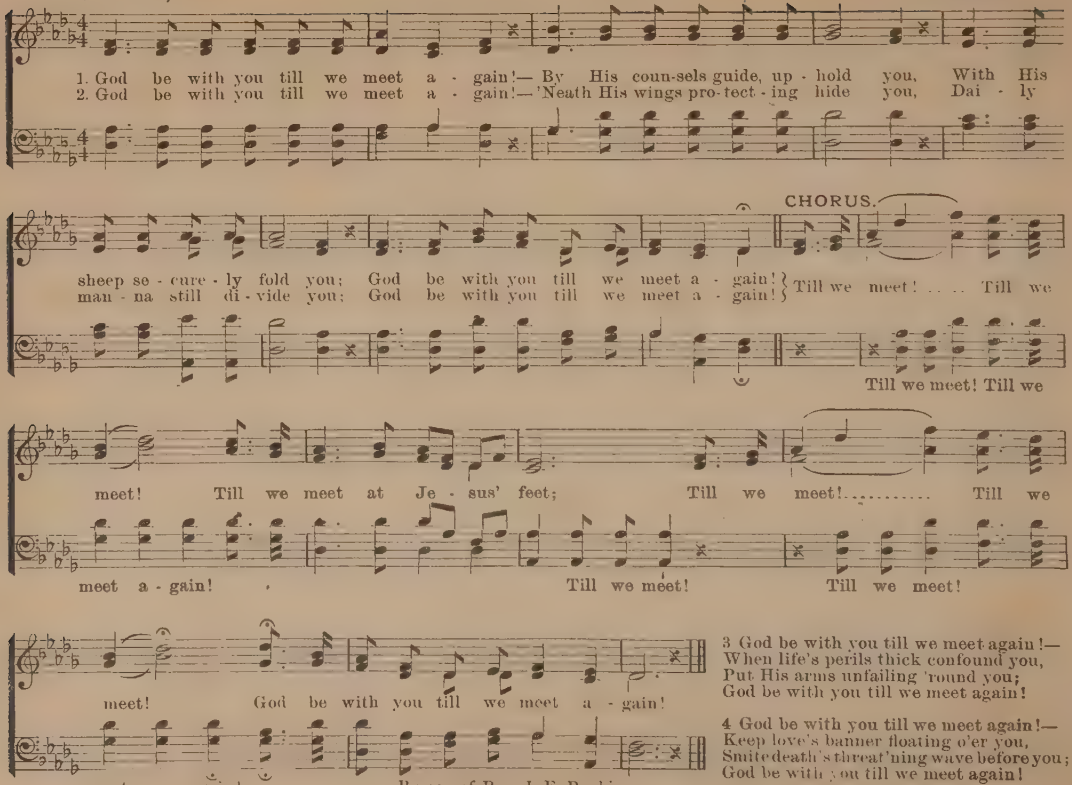
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Who - so - ev - er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the bless-ed ti - dings all the world a - round;
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth, need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen, en - ter while you may;
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure; "Who-so - ev - er will," for - ev - er must en - dure;
Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."
Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."
"Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for ev - er - more: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."
CHORUS.
"Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will," Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill;
'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wand - 'rer home, "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

Used by per. The John Church Co.

God be with You!

J. E. Rankin, D.D. W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you, With His
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— 'Neath His wings pro-tect - ing hide you, Dai - ly
CHORUS.
sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
man - na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! . . . Till we
Till we meet! Till we
meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet! . . . . . Till we
meet a - gain! Till we meet! Till we meet!
meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
meet a - gain!

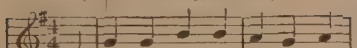
By per. of Rev. J. E. Rankin.

3 God be with you till we meet again!—
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing 'round you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!—
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!

214 CORONATION.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 201)



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
‖: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
‖: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

Rev. E. Perronet.

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215 MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Rev. Reginald Heber.

216 THE LORD'S OUR ROCK.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 55.)

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure, whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land;
Oh! Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defence by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

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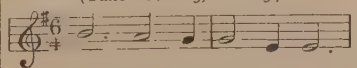
217 BETHANY.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 223.)



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee:
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

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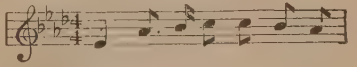
218 FOLLOW ON!

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 148.)



1 Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the flow'rs are blooming and the sweet waters flow;
Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on,
Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

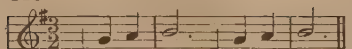
REFRAIN.

Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!
Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!
Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow on!

2 Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow;
With His hand to lead me I will never, never fear,
Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

219 HAPPY DAY.



1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

Rev. P. Doddridge.

220 EVEN ME.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 87.)

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

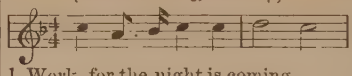
2 Pass me not, O God, my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
While Thou'rt calling, O call me—
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

221 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 224.)



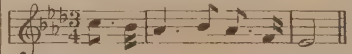
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Annie L. Walker.

222 EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 48.)



1 Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REFRAIN.

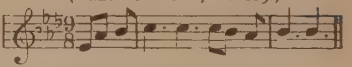
Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

223 MY REDEEMER.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 229.)



1 I will sing of my Redeemer
And His wond'rous love to me:
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me;
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free,
And made me free.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death and hell.

P. P. Bliss.

224 DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 158.)

1 Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!

CHO.—Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's band.

P. P. Bliss.

225 **WE PRAISE THEE.**

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 24.)

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory; Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.

4 Revive us again: fill each heart with Thy love:
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Rev. W. P. Mackay.

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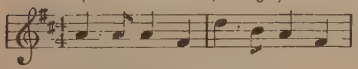
226 **OH, HOW HE LOVES!**

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 36.)



1 One there is above all others,
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh, how He loves! [Him,
Think, oh, think how much we owe
Oh, how He loves! [us,
With His precious blood He bought
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
Oh, how He loves!

Marianne Nunn.

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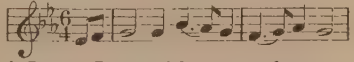
227 **WOODWORTH.**

Tune—G. H. C., No. 54.)



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me.
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

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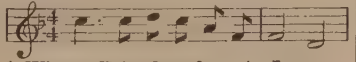
228 **WHAT A FRIEND.**

Tune—G. H. C., No. 29.)



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Joseph Scriven.

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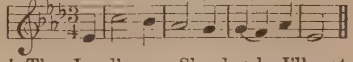
229 **BELMONT.**

Tune—G. H. C., No 412.)



1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the path of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

Rous' Version.

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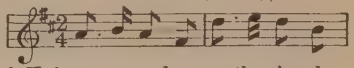
230 **HOLD THE FORT.**

Tune—G. H. C, No. 14.)



1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHORUS.

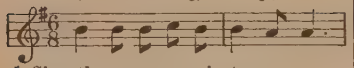
"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

P. P. Bliss.

231 WONDERFUL WORDS.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 163.)



1 Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life.
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;
‖: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :‖

2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life.
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life.
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.
‖: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life. :‖

P. P. Bliss.

232 NEAR THE CROSS.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 182.)

1 Jesus, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

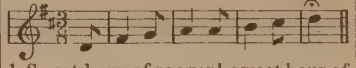
CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby.

233 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 77.)



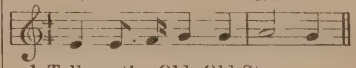
1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Rev. W. W. Walford.

234 THE OLD, OLD STORY.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 37.)



1 Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

REFRAIN.

Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Kate Hankey.

235 I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 179.)

1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee.
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming, now, to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

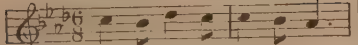
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

236 TRUSTING JESUS.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 165.)



1 Simply trusting every day,
Trusting thro' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Rev. Edgar Page Stites.

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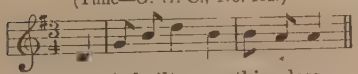
237 THE SOLID ROCK.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 162.)



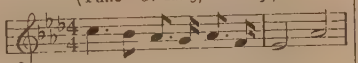
1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote.

238 PASS ME NOT.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 169.)



1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry:
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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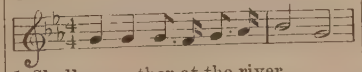
239 THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod—
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing from the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

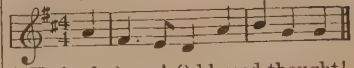
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Rev. R. Lowry.

240 HE LEADETH ME.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 51.)



1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

Rev. J. H. Gilmore.

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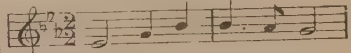
241 MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 229.)



1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

242 DRAW ME NEARER.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 156.)

1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

REFRAIN.

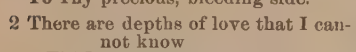
Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw we nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

243 RESCUE THE PERISHING.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 176.)



1 Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

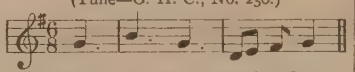
2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that Christ can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Fanny J. Crosby.

244 MARCHING TO ZION.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 250.)



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.

CHORUS.

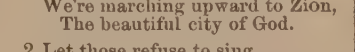
We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

Rev. I. Watts.

245 THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 225.)



1 There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

REF.—‖: Lose all their guilty stains, :‖
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

W. Cowper.

246 IT IS WELL.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 157.)

1 When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

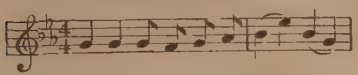
‖: It is well with my soul, :‖
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

H. G. Spafford.

247 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.



1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; Thine we are. :‖

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way:
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :‖

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

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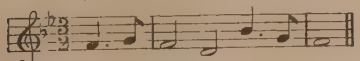
248 TOPLADY.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 200.)



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Rev. A. M. Toplady.

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249 THE PRECIOUS NAME.

(Tune—G. H. C., No. 72.)

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

2 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

3 At the name of Jesus bowing;
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

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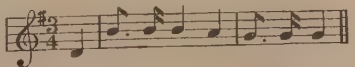
250 BEULAH LAND.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 192.)



1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine:
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea.
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home for evermore!

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

Rev. E. P. Stites.

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251 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 193.)

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

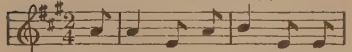
CHO.—‖: Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves. :‖

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

252 **PORTUGUESE HYMN.**

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 217.)



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! [word!
Is laid for your faith in His excellent
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—
‖: To you, who for refuge to Jesus hath fled? :‖

2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed, [thee aid:
For I am thy God, I will still give
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
‖: Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand. :‖

George Keith.

253 **YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.**

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 166.)

1 Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

H. R. Palmer.

254 **I NEED THEE.**

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 181.)

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

Annie S. Hawks.

255 **JESUS IS CALLING.**

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 42.)

1 Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam
Farther and farther away?

REFRAIN.

Calling to-day, calling to-day,
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.

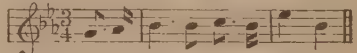
2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh! come to Him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.

Fanny J. Crosby.

256 **I WILL SING.**

(Tune—G. H. 5, No. 141.)



1 I will sing the wondrous story,
Of the Christ who died for me,
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

3 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
But He freed me from them all.

F. H. Rawley.

257 **DOXOLOGY.**

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken.

Index of Subjects.

Christ the Saviour..7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 31, 51, 52, 57, 93, 105, 112, 136, 138, 153, 173, 180, 196, 202, 205, 223, 237, 249, 256.

Christmas.....38, 162, 166, 170, 172.

Coming of Christ..56, 126, 139, 198, 206.

Coming to Christ..14, 45, 79, 95, 125, 160, 167, 169, 206, 227, 235, 238, 254.

Consecration..33, 101, 175, 241, 242.

Daily Life....40, 59, 74, 77, 82, 118, 140, 144, 151, 222, 224, 229, 236, 254.

Easter. .....52, 123, 163.

Faith and Trust..20, 35, 52, 68, 76, 141, 196, 236, 341.

Guidance.....15, 66, 128, 141, 149, 161, 204, 218, 229, 240, 247.

Heaven .....32, 46, 50, 60, 71, 78, 94, 96, 100, 103, 106, 111, 114, 119, 121, 126, 140, 150, 154, 157, 159, 164, 174, 193, 201, 239.

Infant Songs..31, 37, 38, 52, 57, 61, 93, 115, 118, 135, 143, 159, 163, 198, 206, 209, 224.

Invitation.....12, 21, 25, 26, 34, 35, 62, 64, 71, 80, 85, 87, 109, 115, 116, 142, 189, 190, 204, 211, 255.

Joy .....17, 23, 48, 53, 67, 86, 195, 200, 202, 219.

Love. .....19, 27, 54, 70, 72, 84, 91, 143, 152, 155, 185, 198, 199, 209, 222, 223, 234.

Meeting and Parting..29, 32, 46, 75, 194, 212.

Missionary ...8, 176, 181, 200, 214, 215.

Peace and Rest..28, 41, 74, 92, 98, 120, 133, 184, 203, 237, 246.

Praise .....3, 9, 10, 29, 36, 42, 47, 65, 69, 97, 110, 123, 124, 127, 134, 168, 191, 196, 214, 225, 244, 257.

Prayer.....5, 24, 55, 57, 73, 83, 89, 99, 107, 117, 145, 183, 197, 207, 217, 220, 228, 233.

Refuge.....41, 147, 156, 165, 171, 216, 248, 252.

Temperance..130, 188, 192, 224, 226, 243, 253.

The Cross....16, 90, 129, 146, 232.

The Sabbath..22, 73, 139, 210.

Warfare ....4, 39, 43, 49, 132, 178, 225, 230.

Warning .....18, 44, 58, 63, 131.

Work .....4, 30, 56, 81, 105, 108, 122, 130, 135, 137, 157, 158, 182, 186, 208, 221, 230, 243, 251.

Worship .....3, 5, 29, 36, 42, 73, 75, 88, 147, 148, 217, 245, 248, 252, 257.

INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPS; First Lines in Roman.

The Figures refer to the Page.

A

ABIDE WITH ME 107
ABIDING 165
Abiding, gracious Lord, in Thee 165
ABIDING REST 74
A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY 146
ABLE TO SAVE 35
A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL 58
ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED 11
A LAST PRAYER 145
A LITTLE SHIP WAS ON THE SEA 173
ALL, ALL IS WELL 141
All hail the power of Jesus' name 213
ALTOGETHER LOVELY 136
Am I a soldier of the cross 43
ARISE, GO OVER JORDAN 62
AS FLIES THE BIRD 114
AS HELPLESS AS A CHILD 153
Ask, and it shall be given 24
ASK, SEEK, KNOCK 24
A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS 43
A SONG FOR WATER BRIGHT 192
AS PANTS THE HART 99
AWAKE, AND SHOUT HOSANNA 81
AWAKE AND SING 17
AWAKE AND WATCH 56
AWAKE, MY SOUL 36

B

Beautiful sea, O beautiful sea 94
Beautiful the fields beyond the 136
BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO 143
Before the Cross with all my sins 16
BEHOLD HIM! BEHOLD HIM! 8
BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE 70
BE JOYFUL IN GOD 86
BETHLEHEM 166
BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD 32
BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN 102
BLESSED HOME-LAND 121
BLESS THE LORD 191
BLEST JESUS! GRANT US STRENGTH 77
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER 66

C

CARRY THE STANDARD BRAVELY 49
CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS 122
Children of the heavenly King 144
CHRIST IS ALL 7
CHRIST IS KING 38
Christ is knocking at my sad heart 45
CITY OF GOLD 164
COME, COME AWAY 71
COME, COME TO JESUS! 109
COME, LEARN OF THE MEEK AND LOWLY 59
Come, tell the story of His love 72
COME TO JESUS, COME AWAY! 87
COME TO THE SAVIOUR 204
Come ye that love the Lord 218
Coming, coming, we are coming 73
COMING TO-DAY 116
CONSTRAINED BY LOVE 91

D

DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME 83
Doubt no more thy Saviour's power 35
Down in the Valley with my Saviour 213
Down life's dark vale we wander 198
Do you see the Hebrew Captive 207

E

EVENING SHADOWS 187

F

Father, I scarcely dare to pray 145
FIRM AS A ROCK 76
For the beauty of the earth 47
FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS 39
From Greenland's icy mountains 213

G

GATHER THE REAPERS HOME 126
GENTLE JESUS 31
Gladly hearing, no more fearing 206
GLAD TIDINGS 152
Gliding o'er life's fitful waters 121
GLORIA PATRI 29
Glory be to the Father 29
Glory, and praise, and honor 9
GLORY, PRAISE, AND HONOR 9
GOD BE WITH YOU! 212
GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU 118
GO FORTH TO THE FIELD 158
GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING 163

H

HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE 196
HALLELUJAH, WHAT A SAVIOUR 205
HAPPY, EVER HAPPY 23
HARK! HARK THE SONG 170
Hark! the mighty tones sublime 172
Have ye heard the song from the 126
Hear the voice of Jesus pleading 34
Hear us, O Saviour, while we pray 183
He leadeth me! O Blessed thought 217
HIDE ME 6
HOLY FATHER, GREAT CREATOR 5
HOLY, HOLY IS THE LORD 148
HOLY! HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY 42
Ho! my Comrades, see the signal 215
How firm a Foundation, ye Saints 220
HUSHED WAS THE EVENING HYMN 55

I

I Am Coming 208
I am not skilled to understand 105
I am so glad that our Father in 209
I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard 218
I Heard the Voice of Jesus say 167
I hear Thy welcome Voice 216
I'll Live for Thee 101
I love to hear the story 143
I need Thee every hour 220
In robes made white thro' Jesus' 32
In the early spring-time 115
In the Morning 96
In the Shadow of the Rock 23
I rest in the shadow of Jesus 98
I saw the reapers one by one 92
Is it for Me? 13
Is My Name written there? 201
Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing? 108
I Think when I Read 37
"It is finished," Jesus cried 169
I've reached the land of corn and 219
I will Never Leave Thee 120
I will Praise Thee 110
I will praise the Lord, my glory 110
I will sing the wondrous story 220
I will sing of my Redeemer 214

J

Jerusalem, the Beautiful 111
Jerusalem, the Golden! 193
Jesus Christ is Passing by 85
Jesus died upon the tree 23
Jesus, I come, I come for light 95
Jesus is tenderly calling thee 220
Jesus, keep me near the Cross 216
Jesus, Lover of my Soul 147
Jesus Loves even Me! 209
Jesus Loves Me! 198
Jesus, My All 125
Jesus, My Rock 98
Jesus, My Shepherd 161
Jesus, Tender Saviour 93
Jesus, Tender Shepherd 57
Jesus the water of life will give 188
Jewels 205
Joy Bells 49
Joy to the World 202
Just as I am, without one plea 215
Just Beyond the Silent River 60

K

King of Glory 10

L

Leave me not, for I am lonely 15
Leave Me not, O Gentle Saviour 15
Let the Children Come 115
Let the Saviour In 190
Lift up, O Little Children 52
Little children, come and learn 38
Lo! a fountain full and free 113
Look and Live 142
Look away to the Cross of the 90
Looking unto Jesus 82
Look up! look up! ye weary ones 8
Look to Jesus, weary one 142
Look at Thy mercy-seat 125
Lord, I care not for riches 201
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing 214
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly 197
Love Divine 19

M

"Man of Sorrows!" what a name 205
Marching On! 132
March on, O Banner of Jesus! 176
March Steadily Onward 88
May Thy life be pure and holy 151
More than Tongue can Tell 199
Morning on the Mountains 124
My faith looks up to Thee 217
My hope is built on nothing less 217
My life, my love I give to Thee 101
My Prayer for Thee 151
My Sabbath Home 22
My Saviour 105
My soul at last a rest hath found 41
My soul has found abiding rest 74

N

Nearer, my God, to Thee 213
Never shone a Light so Fair 162
No Hope in Jesus 44
Not Now but By and By 92
Now the Day is Over 89

O

O Banner of Jesus, in triumph 176
O Beautiful Sea 94
O Believe Him 34
O Blessed Saviour, Friend Divine 180
O Come, dear Saviour 139
O happy day, that fixed my choice 214
Oh, Christ, He is the Fountain 138
Oh, how great His loving kindness 84
Oh, list to the watchman crying 71
Oh, my Redeemer! 20
Oh, Sinner, Come 12
Oh, that each day may bring 33
Oh, the changes, constant changes 140
Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour 44
Oh, what can little hands do 135
O little town of Bethlehem 166
O Lord, my soul is happy in Thee 55
One there is above all others 215
Only a Little Way 150
Onward, onward, ever pressing 4
Onward, Pressing Onward 4
O praise ye the Lord with a trumpet 10
O Rock of Ages 41
O Saviour, we ask that Thy Spirit 139
O Songs of the Beautiful 53
O Thou from whom all blessings 83
O Thou Lamb of Calvary 169
Our Father which art in heaven 179
Our Song of Praise 47
Out on the desert, seeking 116
Our Marching Orders 178
Our Song of Jubilee 134
Over and Over Again 112
Overflowing Ever 113
Over the Threshold 80
Over the River 154
O wondrous words of truth divine 70
O Zion! Lovely Zion 174

P

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour 217
Peace, Perfect Peace! 133

Praise God from whom all blessings.. 220
Praise, My Soul, the King of 69
Praise Ye the Father..... 127
Precious Promise..... 204
Press Forward 182

R

Remember in Youth Thy Creator.. 18
Repeat the story o'er and o'er..... 203
Rescue the perishing..... 218
Ride on in Majesty 51
Ring the Bells of Heaven..... 195
Rock of Ages cleft for me..... 219
Room at the Cross..... 90

S

Sabbath Welcome 210
Satisfied 50
Saviour, again to Thy Dear..... 75
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us..... 219
Saviour, Listen to our Prayer..... 14
Saviour, more than life to me 214
Saviour, who Thy Flock 149
Send us Showers of Blessing..... 183
Shall I let Him in? 45
Shall we gather at the river..... 217
Silently the shades of evening 187
Simply trusting every day 217
Sing them over again to me..... 216
Sinner, Come, Will You Go 21
Sitting by the Wayside 160
Sleep on beloved, sleep and take 194
Something each Day..... 33
So near to the Kingdom..... 63
Songs of Praise..... 97
Sound the Battle Cry! 186
Sowing in the morning, sowing 219
Speed Away 181
Standing by a purpose true..... 214
Stand up and bless the Lord 191
Step over the threshold 80
Sunday School Volunteer Song..... 104
Sun of my Soul..... 117
Sweet are the Bells 123
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour ... 216
Sweet Peace the Gift of God's..... 184
Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to.. 22

T

Take the name of Jesus with you..... 219
Take Time to be Holy..... 40
Tell me More about Jesus..... 196
Tell me the Old, Old Story..... 216
Tell me whom my soul doth 171
Tenderly Calling 64
Tenderly Guide Us 128
The Angels' Proclamation 172
The Christian's Good-night..... 194
The Cross of Christ 16
The Gospel Bells..... 200
The Half was never Told 203
The Light of the World is Jesus.. 202
The Lord is in His Holy Temple.. 3, 17
The Lord Loveth a Cheerful..... 137
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not..... 215
The Lord's our Rock, in Him we 213
The Lord's Prayer..... 179
The love that Jesus had for me 199
The Near To-morrow 140
There comes to my heart one sweet.. 184
There is a fountain filled with blood.. 218
There is a green hill far away 146
There is a Happy Land..... 159
There is a Land 103
There is a Land Immortal 106
There is a Paradise of Rest 46
There's a city that looks o'er the 164
There's a gentle voice within 79
There's a Wideness in God's 155
There is no Love like the Love.... 185
There'll be Joy By and By..... 67
The Saviour Calls 26
The Saviour's Hand..... 25
The Story of His Love..... 72
The Water of Life 188
The whole world was lost in the 202
Thine Forever..... 175
Thine, Lord, forever 175
Tho' the night be dark and dreary... 67
Through the Valley..... 78
Throw out the Life-Line 130
'Tis known on earth, in heaven too... 196
'Tis only a little way..... 150
'Tis the promise of God full 196
'Tis the Saviour who should claim.... 190
To-day the Saviour Calls..... 131
To God be the Glory 168
To Jesus I will Go..... 79
To Thee I come 85
Traveling Homeward 145
True-hearted, Whole-hearted ... 58
Turn thee, O lost one, care-worn..... 64

U

Uplift the Banner 129
Upward where the Stars are..... 119

W

Waiting for the Harvest 157
We are but Little Children..... 61
We are Coming..... 73
We are marching on with shield 104
We are happy gleaners 157
We are pilgrims looking home..... 96
Weary soul with sin oppressed 7
We praise Thee, O God! for the Son.. 215
We sing our song of jubilee..... 134
We welcome this beautiful Sabbath.. 210
What a Friend we have in Jesus..... 215
What can Little Hands do?..... 135
What Wonderful Love 27
When He cometh, when He cometh.. 203
When I shall wake in that fair..... 50
When Jesus Comes 198
When Morning Gilds the Skies.... 65
When my sins as mountains rise..... 120
When peace, like a river attendeth .. 218
When we Meet Safe at Home 100
Where'er my Father's hand may..... 141
Where Feedeth Thy Flock..... 171
Whiter than Snow..... 197
Who is on the Lord's Side?..... 208
Who is He?..... 153
"Whosoever heareth," shout, shout.. 211
Whosoever Will 211
Wonderful Love 54
Windows Open toward Jerusalem. 207
With a Steadfast Faith 68
Wonderful Kindness..... 84
Work, for the night is coming..... 214

Y

Yield not to temptation 220

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